THE

1. 1. London

SYLPH.

VOLUME THE FIRST.

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PRINTED BY J. DELAHOY, DEPTYORD, KBNT.

PUBLISHED BY T. LONGMAN, PATER-MOSTER-ROW !

J. DEBRETT, PICCADILLY,

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THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

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INDING that a fufficient number of the following papers were published to make a volume, I have here colleded them together; and upon this occasion I cannot omit to offer a few observations upon their authenticity. There are some among the readers of these papers, who are most firmly persuaded of the existence of the Sylph, and of the reality of his revelation to mankind: thefe I must, however, confess are a very small number; and chiefly vifionaries, old maids, methodifts, and country-girls. The far greater part treat the whole as a fiction, refule to acknowledge the authority, or even the existence of ARIEL; and. with a monttrous affurance, accule me of being the fole inventer of this fabulous work (as they are pleased to term it) for my own advantage and profit. This acculation is fo evidently improbable, that it needs no refutation. God knows I am innocent of the charge, and I cannot help fufpetting that these men, numerous as they are, have combined to accuse me of such a forgery, merely that they might have a plaufible pretence for neglecting the precepts, and disavowing the authority, of this work. There is a . third party, which fleers between thele extremes. They believe the author to be a MAN, like themselves: they suppole him, moreover, to be of a fanciful and enthuliastic humour; and that, under the influence of a warm imagination, he has really worked himself up into an opinion of his own Sylphic existence, or that he has assumed the character he supports, under an idea that it gives a novelty to his performance, and a peculiar authority to his advice and censure. To this latter opinion I must confess myself fomewhat inclined; the only difficulty, which prevents me from yielding entirely to it, arises from those nightly visions of which the reader is informed. This, however, has been in a great measure removed by the repeated arguments of that gentleman, whom I have formerly mentioned as being fuperior to prejudice and superstition. He has taken pains to convince me that those visions could be no other than

the dreaming fantalies of fleep; and I must own that the impression they made on my mind, has been much weakened by their discontinuance, and by my having been accultomed to fee and know the Sylve fince that time, no otherwise than as a man. But without venturing to affirm any thing politively on this intricate subject, I shall leave the matter to the reader's own judgment, content with having fairly flated the prevailing opinions, and with the honour of having opened a fource of ingenious speculation, which may not, perhaps, be deemed less worthy of critical enquiry, and fage investigation, than some other subjects which have lately engaged the public attention. - I will only add, that by whomfoever, or by whatfoever, the following papers were written, they feem to have been composed with a good intention, and with a laudable view: whether they have any merit as literary performances, is not for me to judge, or to fay; they are going before a tribunal where they will be impartially tried. I cannot, indeed, help acknowledging, fub rofa, that the author himself, be he what he will, seems to me to entertain what, if I were fure he was not a spirit, I would call doubts and fears. When I informed him I had collected his papers into a volume, I certainly observed in him those marks of anxious trepidation, which I have frequently feen in other authors, and am very skilful in discovering. But of this enough; whatever be his errors, I dare venture to Tay he is

and for others, he must rely on that candour and liberality, which the public is ever ready to adopt towards those, whose pretentions are unaffurning and moderate.



SYLPH

Number I.

TUESDAY, September 22, 1795

Quodque patet terras inter lunæque meatus
Semides manes habitant.
Lucari

Know that unnumber'd Spirits fill the air.
To each is given a peculiar care.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high.
Or roll the planets thro' the boundlets sky.
Others on earth o'er human race prefide.
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide.
Of these am I, who thy protection claim.
A watchful sprite, and ARIEL is my name.
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

The BOOKSELLER to the READER.

HAD, at divers times, for more than a year previous to the 4th of June last, been troubled with strange dreams and omens, which alarmed me exceedingly: for my family, for many generations past, have been noted dreamers, and believers in dreams; and I must confess I inherit a portion of their nature, thought with a cast of incredulity. My conscience would not suffer

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me wholly to discredit the influence of these nightly warnings on human affairs, yet the fear of ridicule prevented me from openly avowing my belief of it. With regard therefore to these matters, my mind was, as it were, in equilibrio, till the ominous occurrences of the last year shook the balance of my opinions. I was more than usually agitated about the time of the publication of Brothers' Prophecies, and absolutely trembled, as if the hour of judgment was come, on the day that Hatbed's Testimony came out. My mind, during this period, dwelt continually, with awful expectation, on the idea of some uncommon event shortly to take place. I continued in this alarming state. till the day above mentioned, on which, as the world well knows, it was folemnly predicted that, London should be swallowed up. The thunder ftorm, that happened on the evening of that day, terrified me into an apprehension, that the prediction was actually beginning to be accomplished; but, as it abated, my fears gradually went off with the danger, and I laid myself in bed that night with more than usual composure, at the thoughts of having escaped so threat'ning a day. It was then that in a vision of the night there appeared unto me a figure of angelic form.

Post mediam nostem visus, cum somnia vera.

OVID. MET.

Seen at the turn of night, when dreams are true.

His features, as far as I was able to difcern them. were of " celestial refy bue," but so exceeding bright, that they could not long be looked upon by mortal eyes. His habit was a loofe robe of filk, of the pureft white; and over his shoulders hung a mantle of light azure. His feet, legs, and arms were bare, and of the fame rofy colour. On his head, from which waved the finest tresses of flaxen hair my eyes ever beheld, he had a chaplet, confifting of two sprigs of myrtle, entwined with a cord of filver tiffue; and in his hand was a fmall, elegant sceptre, of the clearest ivory, sprinkled at distances of about half an inch, with drops of inlaid gold, and crowned with a very large and brilliant diamond, doubtless of the first water, but evidently eclipsed by the furrounding glory. I remarked that he rested not on any support, but appeared suspended in an attitude inclining towards me. The whole room was filled with an effulgence that feemed to emanate in rays from his head, while his breath diffused an odour around, that ravished my fenses. A strain of seraphic harmony, which had at first roused my attention, now broke only, at intervals, on my ear, like the diftant found of the harp of Æolus, when swept faintly by the dving gale. In a moment it ceased, when a voice, fomewhat shrill methought, but mild and gentle, thus addressed me.

A 2

" Mortal,

" Mortal, thou feeft the Sylph ARIEL, chief of those aerial beings, whose office it is to er protect and watch over the race of men. Thou knowest that the regions around thee are filled with innumerable Spirits, who, uns der the various names of Sylphs, Gnomes, " Dæmons, &c. guide the actions of men to er good or bad ends, according to their own characters." Here I could not forbear interrupting him (for the benignity of his countenance encouraged me) by faying I had indeed often heard of these things, but would fain know if they were really true. " Most undoubtedly, replied he, Thou hast now ocular evidence: ed and the world through thy means will foon be convinced of our existence by a demon-" stration equally clear. For know, O mortal. " out of the love I bear thy race, I have deter-" mined to manifest myself to them in a pecu-" liar manner; and have chosen thee to be the er medium of that instruction, which I shall now " vouchfafe them, not indirectly, as heretofore, " but by direct and visible means. Be it then " thy care to advertise to the world my per-" fonal existence in it. Warn mankind that I " am come among them to be an immediate witness of their actions, and inform them that " I shall from time to time communicate to " them fuch directions, and iffue fuch prohibitions as I shall fee fit."

" That

"That is," interrupted I, "in the language of us Booksellers, your Observations upon men and manners."

The Sylph affented with fo gracious a smile, that seeing him a spirit of such gentleness and good humour, I resolved to push the matter a step surther, for by this time I had lost every particle of sear. "Pray, Sir," said I, for I hardly knew how to address him, being quite ignorant of all spiritual titles, "Do you intend to print your works?" "I do," replied he, with a smile as gracious as the former.—"Then I hum-"bly hope, Sir, for the honour of publishing for you."

To this also he affented with a gracious inclination of his head, and bidding me remember to proclaim to the world his personal residence among them, and the office he had undertaken, he suddenly disappeared from my sight; and the whole scene closed with the same heavenly music which had at first waked my attention.

The next morning I recollected my vision, and was preparing to execute the charge committed to me: but happening to communicate the circumstances to a gentleman, who boalts of having shaken off all the prejudices and super-stitions

thitions of our forefathers, he so rallied my ridiculous credulity, as he was pleased to term it, that I absolutely grew ashamed of my own weakness; and, fully convinced that no one would give credit to my commission, determined to let the matter drop. I accordingly neglected to concern myself more on the subject, and several weeks passing on without any fresh occurrence, I began to persuade myself that all I had seen was the mere effect of imagination, and that there was really nothing in dreams.

Things continued thus till about a month ago, when in a terrible dream, which I cannot even now reflect upon without horror, the Sylph appeared again; not as before, with a mild and ferene countenance, but so terrific in aspect, that in my own mind, I am apt to think it was one of the aforesaid Gnomes, instead of the good-natured being I faw before. But this is only my private conjecture, which I would not have the reader divulge for the world, left it should bring upon me the refentment of so powerful a sprite.-He demanded in a tone of anger, why I had not performed his commission? The tremor, that had feized my whole body, almost prevented utterance, and I could only exclaim, " The Lord have mercy upon me." Upon which methought the Sylph refumed his natural benignity, and inspiring me with confidence and tran" charge; and fince my natural appearance is too much for your frailty to bear, you shall fee me in future, as a man; and remember to publish the papers I shall give you."

So faying he vanished: but I observed, ere I loft fight of him, that his face and features underwent a change, and I recollected to have often feen a man in my shop exactly refembling the appearance the Spirit then affumed, and whose manner I could never account for. His looks were always anxious, as if he had fomething to communicate, yet he never spoke; and what struck me as more extraordinary, never bought a fingle book! But as I now understand him to have been the Sylph in human form, I shall be careful to pay him all due respect and attention, whenever he condescends The public may rely also to visit me again. that I shall regularly print and publish the communications I may receive from him, according to his instructions; and I beg this paper may be confidered as full notice and advertisement, that the Sylph is come into the world for the purposes above-mentioned.

Caution from the Bookfeller to the Reader,

N.B.—As I dont pretend to know much of the nature or abilities of these same Sylphs, and must fairly own I have published this paper bycommand, and through bodily fear, I cannot take upon me to promise the world, for a certainty, either pleasure or improvement, but defire them to hope for the belt. If I can bring him to any regularity I shall publish his speculations every Tuesday and Saturday. And as many may perhaps with to confult, or correspond with him on particular subjects, if they will have the goodness to fend their letters or communications, post paid, addressed To the Sylph, to be left with T. Longman, Paternoster-row, I will undertake to deliver them fafe into his hands.

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SYLPH

Number II

SATURDAY, September 26, 1795 140

Accipité ergo animis, atque hac mea figite ditta.

Vincit

Hear my commands, and fix them in your minds.

BY THE SYLPH,

A PROCLAMATION.

ARIEL, of his own authority and grace, to the inhabitants of the earth, greeting.

WHEREAS it hath pleased us, of our own goodness and freewill, and of pure love and regard towards mankind, personally to reveal Ourself to the inhabitants of this lower orb, for the purpose of interseting, in a more immediate and effectual manner, in human affairs; in order that we may by our advice, authority, and insured; bring about a reformation of morals and manners, so much wanted in the degeneracy of the present times. AND WHEREAS we are determined, wheresoever our friendly admost a reformation, wheresoever our friendly admost a redetermined, wheresoever our friendly admost nitions.

nitions, or grave remonstrances, may prove inefficacious for the end above-mentioned, to exert that power, for the punishment of wilful offenders, of which we are fully poffeffed; and which we shall exercise solely by virtue of our own authority, and in the confcioulness of our good intention. AND FURTHERMORE WHEREAS it hath occurred to us, that we could not, of our abundant mercy, proceed to the actual chastisement of delinquents (notwithstanding that their faults are almost all wilful. fince they have a monitor within them, who is a most faithful promulgator of the natural rules of right and wrong, and an honest accuser, when those rules are transgressed) till we had given them public notice of these our intentions. WE DO THEREFORE, by these presents, exhort and command the whole race of men. of whatever description, to take notice of this our MANIFESTATION and DETERMINATION, and to conform themselves accordingly.

But we address Ourself, in a more particular manner, to the inhabitants of GREAT BRITAIN, for whom we profess a peculiar concern and affection, as having been Ourself, in a former state, a temporary sojourner in this island.—And in order that our views may not be misrepresented—that weak and frail offenders may not be deterred from repenting, or induced to calum-

calumniate us, from an apprehension of our feverity; and that those who obey, and adhere to, us, may not be fatigued by perpetual repetitions of grave remonstance a mode which we know to be rather detrimental, than favourable. to the cause we have undertaken-for these reafons, we shall, in general, give our communications an air of gaiety; which is also more congenial to our own temper and habits, referving to Ourself, nevertheless, the privilege of being grave and fevere, as occasion may require. AND WE DO FURTHERMORE give notice, that Our animadversion will extend not only to that criminality of conduct, which proceeds from a bad heart, but to all those foibles and frailties, which are the offspring of folly, caprice, and frequently of a total want of thought, from whence, as from idleness, spring many unforeseen, and often fatal, consequences. Indeed a want of thought may be truly denominated the idleness of the mind, and is almost always attended with moral error and transgression, as the body is affected with diforder from inactivity. and floth. It is our defign, therefore, to notice not merely offences against virtue and reason. but also against that decency and propriety of conduct, which ought to be mutually observed among focial beings; whereby we shall have occasion to reprove many little levities, and habits, which, though not criminal, yet render B 2 folly

folly more foolish, and wisdom less respectable. For it is our defire not only to make men good (as far as we can) but amiable: not altogether to fit them for another state, but to give them frequent advice as to the means of their being comfortable, respected, and happy in the prefent. And that Our communications, and opinions may be better known, and promulgated to the world, we have, in imitation of human lawgivers and reformers, caused this Our proclamation to be put in print, and published for general information: and we have authorised a certain bookseller, to whom we have in a more especial manner revealed Ourself, and who, in obedience to Our command, has already advertifed to the world Our delign, regularly to print and publish our fentiments, resolutions, and proceedings for the future. LASTLY, we do folemnly command all whom it may concern, as they tender their own happiness and comfort, to render due submission to Us and Our authority, and to conform themselves diligently and readily to the tenour of these presents.

Given at our palace in the lower regions, this twenty-fixth day of September, one thousand seven hundred and ninety-five.

(Signed) ARIEL.

(Underligned) ALATO CÆRULIELLI,
Secretary to the Sylph.

ADVERTISEMENT GENERAL.

TO PREVENT all pleas of ignorance and misconception, it is thought necessary, before the actual commencement of the office, which our gracious chief ARIEL, of purelt effence, has been pleased to assume, to issue the following general advertisement. NOTICE IS THERE-FORE HEREBY GIVEN, that the Sylph is not only a judge of actions, but of thoughts, and that he has the faculty of feeing into the human mind, as into a mirrour, whereby the old scheme of having a window in the human breaft, faid to have been recommended by a certain pretended god of the heathens, may be supposed to have actually taken place in the present case; though it must not be understood that the SYLPH fees into the human heart through a gross and Substantial medium, but by virtue of his natural faculty of intuition. He observes, therefore, all the impressions made upon the mind by external objects, perceives all its fecret operations, and pervades its most private imaginations. In a word, he is privy to every thing that dwells in, acts upon, or originates from it. This public notice is, therefore, intended to put men fully upon their guard in this respect; and to invalidate, by anticipation, all excuses that may be offered in mitigation of offences, on the ground that they existed only in thought, and had

had not broken out into action. For as it is the intention of the SYLPH not only to put a stop to the progress of evil deeds, but to purify the mind, an intentional transgression will be as much subject to his reprehension, as an actual offence.

ALATO CÆRULIELLI.

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The Bookfeller to the Reader.

My friend the SYLPH-I hope he will pardon me for calling him so, as he must know that familiarity is apt to breed friendship; and he has been graciously pleased to be very familiar with me, in first terrifying me almost out of my fenfes, at my last vision, and then smiling upon, or, perhaps, it may be called laughing at, my fears so goodnaturedly, as if he meant to shew 'twas all a joke-I fay my friend the SYLPH has condescended to visit my shop two or three times lately by day-light, but I must confess I cannot compliment him on his appearance as a I would advise him, therefore, saving his judgment, whenever he may think proper to take a walk in the streets, and shew his person to the world, to put on his celefials, as he really makes no figure at all in his full fuit of bumenity, compared with the beauty and splendour of his appearance in his night-drefs .- However I cannot help faying that his external deficiency feems fully

fully made up by inward perfections: for though to my knowledge, he has been in the world so thort a time, yet I'd warrant him as learned as if he had been as long in it, as Methuselah is said to have been, and had done nothing but read and write all that time: "He tumbles your books about," said one of the literati, to whom I pointed him out the other day, "thumbs the leaves over, bobs his head down to the print, hems, mutters, and mumbles out a catalogue of authors' names, ancient and modern, with as much ease and fluency as if he was one of confelves."

N. B.—I take this opportunity of giving notice to the crouds that come daily to my shop, to have a chance of seeing the Sylph, that I cannot suffer things to go on, as they have done for this week past. My customers are incommoded by those, who come only through curiosity, and never buy a single book. I shall, therefore, admit for the suture none but purchasers: and in imitation of the worthy dealers under Exeter-change, who give their customers, purchasing to the value of one shilling, a ticket, entitling them to see the wild beasts in the Menagerie above, I shall also present tickets to those, who deal with me to the value of an eighteen-penny pamphlet, entitling them to see

the Sylph, whenever be is visible. By this means, although I invert the old proverb, Look before you buy, making my customers buy before they look, yet I trust none of them will leave my shop distaissied with what they see.

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TUESDAY, September 29, 17951

Officia non eaden difparibus ætatibus tribuuntur, aliaque funt juvenum, alia feniorum. Offuia verò ita ferè reperientur, cum quæretur, quid deceat, et quid aptum fit perfonis, temporibus, atatibus. or Concrete on lore of general an

the surface that the board

The fame duties are not affigued to different ages, for fome are peculiar to old men, others to young men. But we firall thus discover the duties of all, if we enquire, what is becoming, and what is adapted to, different characters, occasions, and ages;

ion and guide per ou doob, no lo mint tud and

Sectional old officers IN confidering the relative duties of mankind, and enquiring into the maxims whereby they are, or ought to be, guided in their conduct, and views of things, I am led to contemplate them as beings placed in very different and opposite relations with regard to each other. I find them endued with the fame common faculties of reason and understanding; but enjoying those

those faculties in a state of greater, or less, maturity and vigour from the difference of age, education, and genius:—impressed with similar passions and desires, restrained by judgment, prudence, and self-command, or indulged through weakness, ignorance, and vice, in proportion as those qualities are differently, and unequally possessed. From thence I conclude that the duties, or regards, which men owe to each other, as members of society, and to themselves, as rational creatures, must be as various, as the causes which produce so great a variety in their knowledge, their interests, and their seelings.

I do not speak here of general and absolute duties. Such are those which are derived from, and commanded by, Nature; who, with her wonted benevolence, hath written her laws fo plainly on the heart of man, that no understanding but that of an ideot, no age but that of childhood, can mifinterpret, or miftake them. Such are also those of revealed religion, which are manifested to man, by his gracious creator, with fuch clearness and simplicity, that wherever they are known, they are eafily comprehended. The duties arising from these two sources, being either known by the evidence which all men bear within them of their existence, or conveyed to their knowledge in a revelation fo fimple, as to be fitted for every capacity, admit

no exception, or difference, in any fituation. But the duties which I here allude to, have their fource in fociety, in civilization, in local, or incidental circumstances. They are, therefore, not general, but particular; not absolute, but arbitrary; and depend upon differences of understanding, fentiment, opinion, age, fex, and fituation.-From what I have observed, it is clear that the fame action may be right in one point of view; wrong in another-just and praiseworthy in men of certain ages, descriptions, and fituations, which would become unjust, perhaps even cruel and deteftable, if performed under opposite circumstances, and in contrary conditions. And if this be the case, how widely do they err, who reduce every principle of action to common standards, and who judge of the conduct and fentiments of others by the narrow and partial rule of their own comprehension.

As long as age shall acquire more wisdom, more experience, and more prudence, than youth, so long will it be more the duty of old men to exert those qualities, than of young men: as long as they shall lose by years that fire and vigour of the passions, which is so strong in the earlier stage of life, so long will it be more incumbent on them to set a guard on their appetites, and to live in greater temperance both of body and mind.—Can positive charity (I mean actual re-

lief) be equally the duty of the poor and the rich? Can it be equally the duty of the magistrate and the private citizen, I do not say to administer impartial justice (for that belongs only to the first) but to act in their common concerns on the general principles of justice? Can the practice of morality be equally incumbent on the preacher of it, and his hearers? Whatever men may think, it appears to me, that those who by any peculiar function, or office, take upon themselves the very administration of duties (if I may so term it) ought to be more conscientious in the discharge of them, and are in right reason to be esteemed more solemnly bound by them.

I shall not, I trust, be understood as attempting to lessen the obligations of duties in any situation, but to shew that different degrees of criminality, or of merit, may be attached to the same action in different persons, and that the bonds of duty are drawn tighter in some cases, than in others. Instances may also be given, wherein it would be unjust, or inhuman, to oblige some men to persorm what others are, in duty and in conscience, bound to do. Every man, who offends against the laws of his country, merits its vengeance: it is not only the interest of his fellow-citizens for their own safety, but also their duty, as men who have directly, or indirectly,

indirectly, engaged to maintain the rules of their fociety, to bring the offender to justice:-much more is it the duty of those entrusted with the magistracy. But shall the father of the offender be himfelf the accuser—the judge—the executioner of his fon? Humanity shudders; Nature revolts at the idea: and what is unnatural never can be duty. One would imagine that a Draco only could ordain fuch a duty; a Domitian only enforce it: and that no man could have been found fpontaneously performing Yet the world has feen instances of fuch barbarity; nor are there wanting men who admire it. The readers of Roman history know that I. Brutus himself adjudged his own sons to the axe; and, as if unsatisfied with that, ordering them to be put to death before his face, drew in with cruel eyes the bloody spectacle of their execution. Where was then humanity, paternal affection, Nature? Ties doubtless more obligatory than any human laws. We fee only a cruel. and unfeeling heart. Similar was the conduct of the famous descendant of this Brutus, who flew Cæsar in the senate-Cæsar, who had spared the life of his murderer amidst the slaughter of Pharfalia, and taken him into the number of his friends! Surely some other should have avenged the cause of Rome, and not the man, who owed his life to the conspirator, and was bound to him in the strong ties of friendship and gratitude. Should

Should Manlius have been himfelf the judge of his own for disobedience of orders? or the Spartan mother have plunged the dagger, with her own hands, into the bosom of her son, who fled from the battle? These horrid actions arose doubtless from a misapplication of the different relations of fociety, and from confounding the diffinct duties of opposite situations .- Brutus and Manlius, in contemplating the one what was due from the judge and the patriot, the other from the general, forgot, what should have been more than all to them, the father! in regarding the conspiracy, the breach of discipline, and the offenders, they forgot the fon! The Spartan forgot the mother!—the fecond Brutus the friend. the preserver of his life! They all of them took but a partial view of the objects before them. and the confequence was error, and cruelty. while they imagined they were performing the most facred duties, " Chaque relation (fays a French writer) chaque âge a ses maximes, ses devoirs, ses vertus: au lieu de nous rendre sages. on nous rend méchans en confondant tout cela." Each relation, each age has its maxims, its duties, and its virtues: men therefore render themselves rather wicked than wife, by confounding all those distinctions.

With these sentiments of mankind, and their duties, I shall look upon them and their actions with

with an indulgent, yet impartial, eye. I shall not expect the prudence of age from the giddiness of youth; nor the wisdom of adult judgment from the thoughtleffness of juvenile inexperience. I shall hold my subjects (for such I may now call the mortal race) amenable only in proportion to their respective knowledge and feelings; and shall make due allowance for the frailty of their state, their varying passions, and different firmations. The most bashful maid. therefore, may not be alarmed at my knowing the fecret wifnes of her heart, and its fofrest feelings. The ingenuous youth, who is sensible of error and indifcretion, may not be deterred from confulting the advice. I hold forth to him. To fuch I shall be mild as my own nature; for I rather wish to be their friend and counseller. than their judge and censurer. But let not, however, obstinate guilt presume upon this decharation, but remember that I know how to mix severity with mildness, and punishment with reproof.

TO THE LADIES.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

The Sylph having observed a very general alarm to have taken place among the ladies, in consequence of the advertisement in Numb. II: respecting his intuitive faculty, has commanded me to affure them, that they shall find his candour equal to his justice; and that, in order to give them time to prepare themselves, and their affairs, for his inspection, he will forbear to take cognizance of their fecrets till further notice. - It would, therefore, be adviseable in them to make a prudent use of the intermediate time, by employing it not only to fet their boules in order. but their bearts. If they can, by their own efforts, bring those little rebellious things to some difcipline and obedience, it must not only be more agreeable to their own feelings, but to the delicacy of the Sylph, who had much rather they should be reclaimed by their own private exertions, than by the public exposure of their frailty. which must otherwise take place.-The letters of Hestor, Dapperwit, Grammaticus atque scholasticus, and Amanda, are received, and laid before the SYLPH.

Alato Cærulielli.

SYLPH.

Number IV.

SATURDAY, October 3, 17954

What the no credit doubting wits may give!
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe,

Pork

SINCE my manifestation to the world, and the assumption of my censorial office, I have resceived several letters from sceptics of various denominations, who have not only presumed to call in question my authority as a judge and restormer of human actions, but have even dared to deny or doubt the reality of my existence. This, however, I am little sufprised at, when I observe that many of those, who call themselves philosophers, disbelieve even their own existences for it is pardonable in men, who will not give credit to the evidence of their senses, if they deny a reality of being to one whom they have yet neither heard, seen, or felt.

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As I have it in contemplation to deal more severely with these reprobate insidels at a future opportunity, I shall, at present, only publish their letters; from which my believing readers, whom I know to be much the greater part, notwithstanding the heresy of a sew, may form a judgment of the objections of my opponents.

To him that calls himfelf the SYLPH.

DEVIL take me, Mr. Sylph, if I believe " a word about you, for all the plaguy noise you " make in the world, and for this plain reason, " because you call yourself a spirit. Now they " fay the devil is a spirit; but, rot me, if I be-" lieve there is any fuch thing as a devil. " only a weakness of mind, and I am determined " all my actions shall shew I have not that weak-" ness. Besides if I were to believe in one spirit, "I must also in another, and that would lead me " into a fine hobble indeed !- So that you see, " Mr. Sylph, there's no acknowledging you, " without acknowledging the devil, though I " believe you are pretty much the same gentleman, " if you are any thing at all-ha, Ariel? ha, ha-" you'll excuse a joke, especially as you are up " to the very spirit of it .- Oh, I had almost for-" gotten another strong argument. It would in-" volve the belief that my own foul is a spirit,

Nº IV.

"an immortal fpirit, as they fay. Now this is "quite contrary to the whole tenour of my doc"trines; fo that I neither can, nor will believe
it, at least whilst I am in this world. Such
stuff may do for the vulgar, but not for those
who have too much spirit bere, to wish for any
hereaster. However, though I reject your
pretensions, Mr. Sylph, let me tell you you
shall find some spirit in this world, and that
whether you are man, or devil, if you insult

" The Spirited DAPPERWIT."

As to the witty objections of Mr. Dapperwit, I should be as wanting in wit, as himself, were I to set my wits to work upon trying to outwit so witless an opponent. But that he may learn how little I am moved at the concluding threat of his letter, I give him notice that I intend to cite him before a tribunal, which I shall shortly erect, and that I shall indict him for a libel not only on me, but on bimself.

To it that calls itself the SYLPH.

"THING, whatever it be quodcunque fit-

"I Cannot believe it to be what it professeth it is itself to be—credat Judaus, non ego!—In the first place—imprimis—all the world—that is D 2 "the

" the literati-know that a spirit is of no gense der, but thou-erro manifeste, fateor-I should " fay it-passeth itself off for a male-masculini se generis. Now in talking of a spirit, or an apso parition, or as the Latins fay, a larva, or a " manes-who ever fays-He, or she, appeared? We fay it appeared, it vanished, cum " multis aliis. Nay, we even make a difference in cases and declensions-Manes, majores-quasi of no fingular-Heteroclita funto. Again, it hath s' assumed to itself a most unclassical name-" Sylph!! Audiit an quisquam? Who ever heard of it? But we have heard of a demin, as So-" crates of an imago, as Anchises. Wherefore it is clear to me, mibi liquet,—that it is an impostor: and that it knows nothing of the er classics, is proved from the name-nomine probatum-notwithstanding the Latin sentences " placed at the head of it's papers; which, to-" gether with the whole fiction, or fable, I look " upon to be foisted upon us by the bookseller to promote their sale. To conclude, que cum " ita sint—if it is a spirit at all, it must be an " infernal spirit, for it is not a classical one. Non " ita, per Jovem. Wherefore I would advise it " to retire to the shades ad Orcum. Jamque e vale-Farewell.

"GRAMMATICUS ATQUE SCHOLASTIQUS."

This

This gentleman, as appears clearly from his learning, mibi liquet—is a grammarian, and a pedant. I shall, therefore, make him no reply; for nothing is so tormenting as to contend with ignorance. Were I to refer him to the Poet, who so sweetly sings,

"That Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease, Assume what fexes, and what shapes they please—"

I should lose my labour. Grammaticus atque scholasticus would neither relish, nor understand him. I shall, therefore, leave him to the blindness of his own knowledge; and only, for the encouragement of the faith of the Fair and Innocent, observe further in the words of the same Poet,

"Some secret truths from learned pride conceal'd, To maids alone, and children, are reveal'd."

To the pretended SYLPH.

WHOEVER you are, Mr. Sylph, whether a fpirit of heaven or hell, I write to you
in the name of the Bloods of this world, to inform you, you have mistaken your men. We
are not to be frightened now by stories of
ghosts, apparitions, and spirits—no, nor deluded by Fairies, elves, and Sylphs, whatever
our silly forefathers were. Time was, when
the report of an apparition would have scared
half

"half London, frightened the wits to filence, and made even a Blood (if there were any then) turn parson. But these things are now all my grandmother! The purport of this letter, friend, is to let you know gently not only what we think of your spirit, but what we shall do to your body, if you don't take care of your-felf. You a reformer!—Who the devil set you up? You talk of being able to see us, and our actions, at all times; demme, we should be glad to see you. Don't let us catch you peeping. Perhaps you never heard the story of Peeping Tom in the other world—you shall learn it practically here, if we lay hold of you.

Yours, till I can set eyes upon you,

" HECTOR.

"P. S. Our Society has engaged a celebrated Author to write a book, in which he will prove that there never was, is, or can be a spirit, and that you are as great an impostor as Ma-homet, or the Pope. He will demonstrate this, notwithstanding any affertion in the Scrip-ture to the contrary. He hath already convinced us, that where it is said 'The Lord sent his angels,' &c. (mind, friend, I don't answer for the correctness of this quotation, for as I never read that author, I consess I took it upon trust) I say he has convinced us that

"'twas no fuch thing—I don't recollect his ar"guments, but you'll have them when his work
"appears."

This bluftering gentleman seems to be a relation of Mr. Dapperwit, and I shall probably deal with them both the same way. As to his author I would advise him to desist from his work, except he can be maintained by the society of Bloods, or probably when he has sinished it, and begins to go his rounds for subscriptions, he may chance to find the people of this world, as wanting in spirit, as he would persuade them those of the other are.

As a consolation for having been so maltreated by these writers, I have had the pleasure of receiving the sollowing letter from a lady, who shews at once her good sense in believing me, and her good-nature in so kind a communication of her faith. It is however of a dubious complexion, and I am in some doubt, whether the fair writer gives me credit for astual existence, or thinks that I am only revealed in a vision.

To the SYLPH.

" Dear SYLPH;

" Come to me in a dream to-night.

" Your AMANDA."

On comparing the languishing stile of this little billet with the state of the lady's feelings, I had great reason to suspect

" An earthly lover lurking at her heart."

Yet I could not, in common gallantry, neglect fo gracious an invitation, and therefore returned the following answer.

C Dear AMANDA,

" Dream that I come to you to-night.

form all many literature in will confidence

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" Your SYLPH."

SYLPH.

Number V.

TUESDAY, October 6, 1795.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul, Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll, Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know, And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

Pope.

Rousseau, in the preface to his Nouvelle Héloïfe, has thought it necessary to apologise for the publication of that work in the following words. "Il faut des spectacles dans les grandes villes, et des romans aux peuples corrompus. J'ai vu les mœurs de mon tems, et j'ai publiè ces lettres. Que n'ai-je vécu dans un siècle où je dusse les jeter au seu! Great cities must be gratissed with spectacles, and a corrupted people humoured with romances. I have observed the manners of my time, and have published these letters. O that I had lived in an age, when I

ought to have thrown them into the fire." The numerous tribe of novel-writers, or rather nevelfcribblers, who are daily publishing their works, feem to have adopted a fimilar complaisance to the cravings of a debauched tafte, without, however, the same modesty of felf-condemnation, or the most distant hint of as pious a wish that they had lived in purer times. So little, on the contrary, do these good-natured penmen (and pen-women, for they are of both fexes) imagine any apology to be necessary, that they actually take credit to themselves for favouring the world with their productions. There is not one of them, whose volumes are not prefaced with a copious catalogue of their merits. An advertisement, or an address to the reader, sets forth that the ensuing pages are calculated to instruct as well as to amuje, to polish the manners, to amend the beart, and to promote the general bappiness of fociety! To expose the fallacy of these prefaces, and thereby bring them into difrepute, may perhaps be thought an act of feverity: for if the reader should once be induced to pass them over unnoticed, in all probability he would fail to discover in the works themselves those tendencies to morality and virtue, which a few previous pages would have pointed out to him. This, I own, might be fome disappointment both to the manufacturers and confumers of these articles; but the cause would not be in me.

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In the office which I have gratuitously undertaken for the good of the human race, I must do my duty: and while my own writings have for their object the reformation of mankind, I shall set my face against every production which has a contrary tendency. When I fee how eagerly those books are perused, which sap the very foundations of virtue, it is a clear point with me that both moral, and religious duty must be considerably neglected, if not wholly subverted. Morality aims at the government of the passions, and the wife restriction of those propensities of the heart, the uncontrolled indulgence of which leads to mifery and guilt. Novels, on the other hand, encourage those propenfities, generate and promote a corruption of the manners; and, under the pretence of following nature, take off that curb from the passions, which reason and religion would impose. Those who are so unfortunate as to admire this kind of reading are indeed in a miserable case; for, not to mention the stings of conscience they will lay up for themselves, if they act upon the maxims they peruse, they are taught to look upon life and manners in fo false a point of view, that they feldom fail to enfure to themselves temporal disappointment and vexation.

I observe the reading of novels to be a more general, as well as a more lasting, practice E 2 among

among women, than among men. Boys read them with anticipated pleasure; but as soon as they become men-that is, as soon as they are ripe enough for actual vice-if they are not early engaged in fome useful and industrious mode of fpending their time, they foon become so well experienced in guilty pursuits, as to be able to do without their monitors. But, fince actual enjoyment cannot be continual, even these find it necessary to recur occasionally to the luscious page of the novelist, to fill up the ennui of a vacant hour, and obtain a kind of fupplementary pleasure. Women, of every age, of every condition, contract and retain a tafte for novels. Whether it is that this species of composition is more adapted to their understandings, or to their propensities, than any other, I shall not now enquire; but whatever may be the reason, the depravity is universal. My sight is every-where offended by these soolish, vet dangerous, books. I find them on the toilette of fashion, and in the work-bag of the sempstress; in the hands of the lady, who lounges on the fofa, and of the lady, who fits at the counter. From the mistresses of nobles they descend to the mistresses of snuff-shops-from the belles who read them in town, to the chits who spell them in the country. I have actually feen mothers, in miserable garrets, crying for the imaginary diftress of an beroine, while their children were cry-

ing for bread: and the mistress of a family losing hours over a novel in the parlour, while her maids, in emulation of the example, were fimilarly employed in the kitchen. I have feen a fcullion-wench with a dishclout in one hand, and a novel in the other, fobbing o'er the forrows of a Julia, or a Jemima.-Nor are Novels confined to, or excluded from, any age-By the young they are read as an earnest of pleasure to come, by the old as a reminiscence of the past. From the nursery they are carried to school. from school Miss brings them home again to Papa's. There they supply food to her rising ideas, and stimulate her ripening passions, till by some unlucky misconduct, or by an ill-concerted marriage, she offends her family, and is turned adrift upon the world with difgrace and reproach. Her sentimentals still go with her; and if the former be her case, serve to perfect her in the mysteries of that occupation, she must probably take up for the support of life: if the latter be her lot-a foolish marriage, she is miserable for life—Her books, however, are still the companions of her pillow—the confolers of her misfortunes: she looks upon herself as a martyr to lovea facrifice to feeling and fensibility, and foolishly comforts herfelf with reflections on that conduct, and those sentiments, which ought to sting her with remorfe. If children are, unfortunately, the

the offspring of fuch a mother, the novels come again into use. The mother, scarce yet weaned from her own favourite reading, is in a hurry to initiate her children in the same delightful course. Thus, instead of watching the progress of their infant minds, and plucking in the bud those propensities to evil, which as naturally spring up in the human heart, as weeds in a foul soil, she becomes the agent of corruption to her own offspring, while she lives; and at her death leaves them the heirs of the same destructive poison, to be administer'd to a future generation.

Fathers of families are particularly interested in the subject of this paper. If they have any influence in their own families, or any respect for my admonitions, they will not lofe a moment in banishing from their dwellings these pernicious books, or forbidding their introduction, if perchance they be not already domiciliated. Is it possible a man can expect a daughter to be dutiful, who is taught, by a thousand delightful instances, that it is justifiable to disobey, and elope from, a parent, when he thwarts her inclinations in love, or disapproves a too early marriage? Can he expect her to observe the limits of modesty and decorum, when she is instructed, while a child, to roll the eye of coquetry round the ball-room, to gaze with expectation

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expectation on the men, and to look upon intrigue and gallantry as the very end and duty of her existence? Can he with a safe conscience give her in marriage? Must he not expect the consequences, that are daily experienced from such matches—adultery, divorces, misery, despair? What else can be the issue, when a woman is taught to consider the violation of the most solemn vow, the forseiture of her honour, the loss of her virtue, and the habits of depraved and criminal attachments, as nothing more than the innocent dictates of unsettered nature, or at most the amiable "wanderings of the beart"?

I will not say with the author, whose name is at the head of this paper, (nor do I think it) that every woman is immodest who has read a novel. "Jamais, says he, fille chaste n' a lu de romans." But this I will affirm, that no modest woman was ever yet rendered more amiable, no bad woman ever rendered better, nor tott'ring duty ever fix'd to virtue, by the perusal of such works. But how often is there not cause to lament innocence lost by them, virtue exchanged for vice, health for disease, happiness for misery, and hope for despair?

I have

I have been led into these reflections upon the reading of Novel, by a scene to which I was lately an eye-witness, and which I shall make the subject of my next paper. I was there surprised with the discovery of a maturity of pernicious principles, derived from the practice I am now condemning, in subjects so youthful, that I doubt not my readers will receive the report I shall make them, with as much pity and indignation as I felt myself on so disagreeable an occasion. To meet with vanity, intrigue, manœuvre, and coquetry in the hearts of girls, who, though anticipating the passions of women, are not yet arrived at their stature, is melancholy and disgusting. Who is there, that would not be grievously afflicted, could he look into the heart of a fifter, or a daughter, if he were to find there impudence fupplying the place of modesty, and guilt the place of innocence? and if he poffes'd a fpark of feeling, or humanity, ought he not to be equally affected, at the knowledge of fimilar depravity, even in the heart of a stranger? Surely they have much to answer, who promote opportunies, and supply the means, of such an early corruption of the morals and manners of the youthful of both fexes, by the composition, or the introduction of Novels.

SYLPH.

Number VI.

SATURDAY, October 10, 1795.

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Omnium speculator, tenebris intersum; intersum et animis, quasi alteris tenebris. MINUT. FELIX.

A Spectator of all, I am present in darkness; I am present allo in the minds of men, which are as it were another darkness.

IN one of my late invisible rounds, a sight reached my ears from the inside of a carriage, that was rattling along a street in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square. I immediately peeped into the heart, from whence it proceeded, and found it in a state that induced me to enter by the window, and place myself opposite to two ladies, who occupied the front seat. The darkness, for it was hearly two o'clock in the morning, deprived me of the sight of their faces; and I did not chuse to exert that faculty, which spirits possess, in common with the feline race.

race, of feeing in the dark, being willing to form my opinion of their characters from their conversation; before their beauty, if they possessed any, could have a chance of striking my imagination fo strongly, as to endanger the impartiality of my judgment. I fat fome time expecting when the lips of these ladies (or as a man might have said, the lips of these angels) should open, and the fentiments of their hearts be conveyed to me through the medium of harmonious language.-At length, another deep figh, accompanied with a very pathetic "Ob," made me imagine myself in the company of some person even more unhappy than I had at first suspected, and I was about to dispel the darkness, that I might satisfy my doubts, when one of them exclaimed in a tone of irony, " I tell " you, child, you've lost your beart; but don't be " uneafy."-To this information no reply was returned but a repetition of fighs; and the coach presently brought us to a spacious house. where we alighted, and entered together.

I shall barely mention the sullenness, which the ladies, especially the eldest, manifested towards the servants, who ushered us in; and the capricious wantonness with which they wearied even the patience of their maid by their whimsical petulance for the first half-hour. Betty was at length dismissed; the ladies seated near their their toilette; and myself opposite. They were sisters. The eldest, whom I shall call Lucinda, about eighteen years of age: the youngest, Laura, about sixteen. Laura, by a renewal of those melancholy sighs, which had first caught my attention from the coach, gave rise to the sollowing conversation, which I publish for the instruction of those young ladies, who, with similar feelings, might perhaps be at a loss how to express themselves.

Luc. For shame, child, I shall think you really in love, presently.

Laura. In love! in RAPTURES. Ah, I ucinda, could I behold him—could I dance with him—could I feel the blood thrill to my very heart, when in fo delicate, yet expressive, a manner he press'd my hand to his bosom, as he led me to our coach, without being charm'd with him? Ah, fister, when heaven wills, is it possible to withhold love? I appeal to yourself; you are no stranger to its tyranny.

Luc. Then you avow it, my dear?

Laura. To you, fister, who, I know, will pity my weakness.—Ah, what eyes! what a mouth! what a complexion! Do you know, Lucinda, he struck me at first fight as the very picture of the Count, whose description you was reading, the other night, in The unfortunate Lovers. O God, I hope I shall never be as miserable as Adelaide!—But he was the Count to the very life—just what you may conceive to be his air—his manner—bis address—

Luc. Go on, my dear.

Laura—And then his politeness—his mark'd attention to me, combined with that delicate reserve—that apparent searfulness of offending me by any word, or action, that might seem to intimate how much he was struck with me—though it was clear, even to me, that he was so—all this, I say, puts it beyond a doubt, that he has all the Count's delicacy, feeling, and sensitive, as well as his agreeable person, and engaging manners.

Luc. The fellow was handsome, I allow.

Laura. Handsome! he was—he was—Lucinda laughed, Laura frown'd; and a momentary silence ensued: till the conversation was
renewed by the latter's asking her sister, how
it was she was so merry, when Clairville, who
had engaged himself to dance with her that
evening, had dared to disappoint her?——

Luc. Oh, the brute! I'll punish him. The wretch

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wretch shall repent his insolence in neglecting to attend me; but you mistake, Laura, if you suppose his conduct can at all affect my vivacity.

Laura. I'm sure if this stranger should—that is, if we should become better acquainted—and he should have the cruelty to use me so, I should be ready to die with vexation.

Luc. Oh lud, girl, hold your tongue. When you are as old as I am, you'll hold a different doctrine. When, like me, you have half a dozen fellows about you, you'll be less inclined to attach yourself to one. You'll find love as divisible, as the philosophers say matter is; and I dare swear you'll be as pleased, as others, to be the carver of it.

Laura. Shocking! I vow you don't seem to have a spark of fentiment.

Luc. No! I assure you I have several sparks—and of sentiment too—poor sluttering sools, that, like butterslies, chuse to singe their wings by slying too near the slame.—Come, come, Laura, let me give you some advice. You are very young, and very innocent; but you must not encourage that filly milkiness of beart, which they eall feeling and sensibility. It will make you miferable, child. Don't you recollect the story of

Maria in The fair disconsolate? All her misfortunes, you know, were the confequence of her inviolable attachment to one man, who proved a rascal to her. And I could give a thousand other instances of wretchedness in women, and villainy in men, arifing from these only causestoo much feeling, and too constant an attachment on This is your first conquest, Laura. our fide. When you meet him again, which I dare fay will be very foon, for I myfelf faw he was entangled in the net, give him gradual encouragement, till you rivet his chain, and then you may do as you please with him. But beware you think yourself secure, till you can get another into the fnare. A woman with one lover only is feldom mistress: the wretch presumes; and must be humoured, lest he turn restive, and throw off the yoke. But when she has a couple, she is fafe: and may begin to act the coquette as foon as she pleases.

To this curious harangue the youngest answered not; but heaved so piteous a sigh, that,
in mere compassion, I almost wished her dear
count had been visibly present, instead of mysels;
who, as I had not altogether bis feeling and sensibility, could neither administer comfort to her,
nor approve her love. As they were now about
to retire to their beds—the one to meditate an
extent of conquests—the other to indulge the
reveries

reveries of a fancied passion, with all the mad enthusiasm of a modern romance in her head— I thought it proper for me to withdraw.

I walked from the house with "folitary steps and slow," while my mind was disturb'd with various emotions. I reflected on the unaccountable folly, and capricious misery of human beings—beings, who strangely render themselves wretched by the perversion of that reason, which was designed to be their guide to virtue and happiness; and the abuse of those mild affections of the heart, which were intended to ameliorate their condition in the pilgrimage of a probationary life, and to smooth the ruggedness of a wearisome journey by mutual consolations of tenderness and love.

Here, cried I, are two foolish young creatures in the very first stage of their existence, sowing—liberally sowing—the seeds of suture misery. The one vain, giddy, distainful, cruel, meanly triumphing over the seelings of others, is running as inevitably a course that will lead to penitence and sorrow, as the sun descendeth in the West. She will tyrannise, till her slaves revolt; and will then in her turn become an object of well-merited contempt, and piercing despair. The other, without her sister's criminality, will participate her missortunes. Under the instuence

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of imaginary griefs and an ideal paffion, the is now tormenting herfelf; and from the evil effects of acquired principles, which have affifted a turn of mind naturally extravagant, she will be a prey through life to fancied ills, and felf-created miseries. I perceived that the reading of novels had laid the foundation of their ruin; and that at a very early age, fince they were fo maturely instructed at such a youthful period of their lives. They had both drawn from the same pernicious fource; but were differently tinged according to their different tempers. The eldeft, naturally gay and volatile, had become a Coquette: the youngest, serious and tender, had moulded herfelf into a fentimentalist. These two girls, by a proper education, might both have become amiable. and virtuous women-happy in themselves, and idolized by others. They want not fenfe, but it is strangely perverted! they want not beauty, but it is shockingly abused! they want not the accomplishments of their sex, but those very accomplishments, with so misguided an application, will be subservient only to their own unhappiness and ruin. As there is something interesting in their fate, if it be only to warn others from their example, I shall, from time to time, as I observe their progress, give my readers an account of their conduct, and the consequences that follow it.

SYLPH.

Number VII.

TUESDAY, October 13, 1795.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear, Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear! Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd. By laws eternal to th' ætherial kind.

I aste then, ye Spirits, to your charge repair: The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care.

The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign, And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine.

RAPE OF THE LOCKE

FOR my own ease and convenience in the administration of my office, and for the better regulating and dispensing justice to mankind in all cases, of which I design to take cognizance, I have thought proper to establish certain courts of judicature, to be under the direction of the undermentioned Sylphs and Sylphids, whom I have respectively appointed to hear and determine all causes brought before them in the said courts, according to the laws and regulations, which I have imparted

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imparted to them for that purpole, to the tenour of which they have bound themselves strictly to conform in all their judicial proceedings. The first of these courts, (which I so rank in the order of precedence in compliment to the ladies, because its cognizance will be chiefly in matters relating to the fair fex) is the COURT OF THE FAN. This instrument I confider as the fit emblem of the power and authority which women exercise over men; and, in justification of my opinion, I shall be minute in describing its properties, and their fignification. It may in the first place, be called their sceptre; but it differs materially from other regal fceptres, inasmuch as it is capable, at will, of being expanded to a very confiderable breadth, whereby is fignified the extensiveness of female dominion. Indeed I cannot but fay, I think the pocket-fan exhibits the most perfect symbol of the empire of the ladies; because, when opened, it presents to our view a complete circle, from whence we plainly understand, that in every quarter of the globe, and in every revolution of generations, their authority and prerogatives have held, and continue to hold, all men subject. The fan, is also remarkably fitted for this emblem, from the colouring and composition of its upper half: this part is covered with a variety of painted devices, calculated in a striking manner to catch the eye. These represent the univerfal

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univerfal attention which women pay to drefs, and the external decoration of their persons, to which so many of them are indebted for the rife and continuance of their power; but, being made of paper, this part is also very weak and frail, from whence we gather that those conquests, which have for their basis only the external charms of beauty or form, are not to be depended upon. The love, which flows only from those fources, will no more bear the weight of affliction, or endure for life, than paper will sustain a torrent of water, or relist the injuries of time. Another peculiarity in the conftruction of the fan, is, that its upper part is supported by a number of small, thin sticks, which seldom attract the beholder's attention, though they are fo essentially necessary in the fabric of the fan, that without them the whole superstructure would fink, and its expansive quality, in particular, be totally annihilated. Here again we trace the exact emblem of female empire, which is raifed, supported, extended, and maintained by a thoufand little arts and manœuvres, which escape observation, because men are, in general, too much engaged with the gaudy lures that are held out to them by the ladies, to notice the fecret operations of female policy.

I shall only say, in addition, on the subject of the san, that it is a most graceful and useful orament nament for the hand; it furnishes so excellent an opportunity of displaying a fine-turn'd arm, or a brilliant bracelet, that no lady, I believe, would be willing to give it up. I cannot, however, forbear observing, that it is of no less use in discovering the qualities of the mind. When I fee a woman using it, I can infer from the elegance of its undulations, or the rudeness of its motions, a mind of delicacy, or a heart of coquetry. I can trace the rustic boyden in the violence of its movements; and the coldness of the insensible in their dullness and languor. In its quick and unsteady agitation I discern jealousy; in its slow and interrupted motion, the melancholy reveries of pensive love. In a word, there is scarce a passion of the soul, or a movement of the heart, that I cannot clearly discover from the mode of using this expressive instrument.

Having fully affigned my reasons for denominating my first court The Court of the Fan, I shall proceed to acquaint my subjects that I have appointed the trusty, and well-informed Sylphid Zephyretta to preside in it. Its jurisdiction will be over affairs of love and gallantry, and all other matters relating thereto. I have taken particular pains to blazon the sollowing coat of arms, which I shall cause to be painted on an escutcheon, and fixed over the seat

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feat of judgment, as an emblem both of the authority of the court, and of the subjects, of which it takes cognizance, viz.—Or, on a sessengrailed purpure, a san displayed azure, between two peacocks in their pride proper; in chief two doves respecting argent, banded with a ribbon azure, between two hearts gules, transfixed each with an arrow seathered and headed sable, in base a lion couchant, held with a ribbon vert, by a cupid proper.—The motto,

OMNIA VINCIT AMOR; SED NOS VINCAMUS AMOREM.

The charges in this escutcheon are so obvious in their signification, that I will not affront the understanding of my readers by giving an explanation of them,

The second court, which I denominate The Court of the Passions, I have entrusted to the abilities and justice of a well-approved Sylph, named Flagello. Its cognizance will extend not only to those follies and foibles, which arise from the imprudence, or obstinacy of men, but also to crimes and offences of a more serious nature, which are the consequence of criminal passions, and indulged appetites. The arms of this court are, Argent, on a chevron between three naked suries sable, as many bleeding hearts gules; on a chief sable a dagger gules suspended

by a ribbon or, between two oftrich feathers of the first.—The motto,

IREQUE, INSIDIEQUE, ET CRIMINA NOXIA CORDI.

The third court is The Court of Disparch, so named not only because it differs essentially in that respect from human courts, but because its authority extends to the use and abuse of time; wherein men may be guilty of too little, or too much dispatch. To the chief justiceship of this court I have named Momentilla; and have blazoned its escutcheon, Argent, an old woman habited as a vestal sable, between two naked cupids proper, holding watches to their ears; on a chief vert, a boy slying a kite, the string just escaped from his hand, of the first.—The motto,

FUGERIT, HEU! FUGERIT.

Lastly, I have erected a fourth court, subjected to the superintendence of my beloved Sylph Pasidikos, the jurisdiction of which will extend to all causes whatever, not cognizable by any of the before-mentioned courts. The arms of this are, Or, a Sylph in the form of a young man habited in flowing robes azure, resting on a globe sable, between six stars, three in chief, as many in base, argent.—The motto,

Jus judiciumque.

If I have committed any errors in the terms of heraldry occuring in these escutcheons, I beg of all men to overlook them, as I assure them the invention and blazoning of armorial bearings is a science so utterly unknown out of this world, and is withal so dry a study to those that come into it, that I may very justly claim indulgence on such a subject.

Having described these courts, I shall proceed to inform the world that I have erected them folely for the good of mankind, and that all men may, at all times, have recourse to them in cases not cognizable by any human jurisdiction. And that they may be able to avail themselves of this privilege in the most beneficial manner, I have also appointed certain able and renowned casuists, to be of counsel to any parties, having causes at issue in the faid courts, who may chuse to employ them. And for the further information and convenience of the world at large, I give notice, that thefe faid counsellors will plead and give advice gratis, fo that the poor will be enabled to go to law, and maintain their rights, as well as the rich-another great advantage of my administration, above that of worldly justice.

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The following are the names of the most eminent of the above-mentioned casuists, admitted mitted to plead in the faid courts; any of whom may be retained by application to my feeretary.

ALATO CÆRULIELLI.

The Sylph PRUDENTIO-The Demon of Lust.

TEMPERANTI, INTEMPERANCE

Moderato Jealousy

SAGACIO ANGER IN 100

HYMENÆO The Gnome ENVY

AMICIO HATRED

The Genius of Modesty Affectation

INNOCENCE SLOTH

The Fairy FANCY DELAY

GOOD-NATURE FOLLY

VOLATILE SELEISH

INDOLENCE AVARO 10

QUIBBLE SEDUCTIO

PLEASURE PERFIDIO

FLIRT SUPERCILIO

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

The LADIES are hereby defired to take notice that their time will be up on the 15th instant, after which day the Sylph will be more exact in noticing their conduct, and more vigilant in holding them to their good behaviour. The operation of the above-described courts will also take place on that day.

ALATO CÆRULIELLI.

SYLPH

Number VIII.

SATURDAY, October 17, 1795

Μη γάρ ου ματήν την ωρος αυτον αυτος έχει φιλιών έκαςος, αλλ' εςι τέτο φυσικον το δε φιλαυτον ειναις ψεγεται δικαιως. εκ εςι δε τέτο το φιλειν έαυτον, αλλα το μάλλον η δεί φιλείν.

ARIST. POLITA

SELF-LOVE is not a vain, or casual, principle; but is implanted in man by nature. To be selfish is indeed justly reprehensible; not because a man thereby shews that he loves himself, but that he loves himself more than is becoming.

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Know not any word, in the language of men, more abused in its use and interpretation than the word SELF-LOVE; nor any two more confounded than SELF-LOVE and SELFISHNESS. It is, however, certain that no two are more distinct, or bear more opposite meanings. Light and darkness are scarce more different in their mature.

nature, or form a greater contrast in my ideas, than these two words. SELF-LOVE subsists, and is intimately connected, with every noble and generous feeling of the foul. SELFISHNESS, on the other hand, cannot exist but to the utter exclusion of them all. The one is a natural principle, originally implanted in man, by his Creator, for a wife and useful purpose. The other is an adventitious quality, sprung from the dregs of corrupted nature, and the degeneracy of the human mind. The former is, therefore, as advantageous to man, and as necessary to his existence and happiness, as the latter is disadvantageous to him, and destructive of all moral, focial, and religious virtue.-The felfish man may, perhaps, sneer, when he is told that his favourite system is difadvantageous: he will not be able to conceive that the continual attention he is paying to himfelf can be unproductive of good to him; nor will he believe that his own interests can fail to be advanced, when it is the whole study of his life to promote them.-He is, nevertheless, in a miserable error. Selfishness wears but the mask of advantage. It is in itself of so unsatisfied a nature, that it is always attended with defires, which cannot be gratified, and with a fullen discontent, which nothing can remove. It is also so rapacious, that its operations are feldom checked by any respect for justice, or bumanity; hence it defervedly incurs the odium and execration of mankind. n

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It is, lastly, so contrary to the spirit of religion, that it cannot but be highly finful, and displeasing to a God, whose character is benevolence. If this be a just delineation of selfishness, and such the situation of a selfish man-his mind corroded by anxiety and disappointment-his actions cenfured, and detefted, by his neighbours-and the vengeance of heaven on his head-! will not infult my readers by afking them, if they can think his condition happy, or his conduct advantageous. Nature, when she incorporated felf-love with the other qualities of man, feems chiefly to have had two objects in view: fhe implanted in him this principle, that it might be a perpetual stimulus to felf-preservation, and a forcible impulse to action .- Without self-love man would have no interest in his own existence, no relish for life, no inclination for happiness, no inducement even to virtue: for virtue itself, notwithstanding its eternal and immutable nature, is nevertheless, as far as concerns man, so inseparably connected with his personal advantage, that it cannot be abstracted from his purfuit of happiness. Wanting, therefore, fo powerful a spring of action he would lose also the energy of his mind; he would vegetate, like the plant of the field, careless of the summer's drought, and the winter's storm, the vicissitudes of seasons, and the revolution of time. Indifferent to all around him, he would be, what is H 2 monstrous monstrous to conceive, a natural Apathist!—a mere piece of living mechanism, without hope, or fear; love, or hatred; in a word, without the passions: for as self-love is the groundwork of the passions, they are so interwoven, that they must stand, or fall together. Thus would man, so constituted, live the term, that sate allotted him, without tasting life; and die at last, like the weed that perishes, without undergoing death, or dreading annihilation.

But with self-love how different is his condition! He then feels a pleasure in existence, contracts a regard for life, and possesses a flattering motive for felf-preservation. Where-ever he is, or whatever he does, bis own interest is at stake. He feels himself roused to action by an instinctive principle, the force of which is ftrong enough to bear up against every obstacle, and urge him on to perpetual exertion. He looks, therefore, about him, and confiders the best means of promoting his own happiness. Hence he foon perceives that his own advantage is invariably connected with the advantage of othersthat it is progressive—and can be advanced only in conjunction with the general good. - Hence the focial affections—the virtues of benevolence. justice, and honesty-hence the passions, love, hope, defire, fear-hence also the excess of them, when they degenerate into hatred, envy, anger,

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anger, fraud; when, in a word, felf-love, corrupted and abused, becomes selfisoness.

SELF-LOVE, then, is not only a natural, but a most powerful and necessary principle: -it is the quickener of life, the spring of action, the fountain even of duties, and of virtues; and thus has the great Creator wifely contrived to make man's felf-interest, and his own individual good, the root of advantage to others, and the ground+ work of general happiness. It is self-love. which induces a man to fcoff at danger in the pursuit of glory-to smile at affliction in Support of fortitude - to bear with labour and fatigue in fearch of proposed advantage: for what could impel him to all this, if he had no regard for his own fame, bis own dignity, bis own happiness, in 2 word, HIMSELF? SELFISHNESS, on the other hand, is not only unnatural, but a most disgusting and pernicious quality. It swallows up every virtue in embryo, extinguishes every laudable fentiment, and destroys the latent feeds of all that is good and amiable in man. How shall the selfish man be liberal, charitable, friendly, or just? Hath friendship, or love, any charms for him, who cares only for bimfelf? Can the generous emotions of a feeling heart, or the noble fentiments of a liberal foul, animate and move the man, who cannot feel for another? To bim the tear of forrow, and the voice of diffress, plead

plead in vain. So closely are his ears shut against the calls of humanity, that the loud cries of misery penetrate them no more, than the silence of patience that suffers without a sigh.

But what a violence is this to nature? Man is formed to FEEL. So frail is his condition in the world, and fo critical his fituation, that he stands in perpetual need of external support; and fuch is the conflitution of his nature, that he is no less anxious to receive, than willing to impart, affistance. He is, therefore, endued with a heart capable of feeling gratitude for kindnesses received, and disposed to communicate happiness to others. Here then, as I observed before, may be discovered the source of the social affections, the tender passions, and the humane dispositions, which distinguish him from the rest of the animal creation. The very temperament of his mind, the very fashion of his foul (if I may fay it) is moulded to benevolence and humanity. He cannot exist without society. " Ο ανθρωπος ΦΥΣΕΙ πολιτικον ζωον." ARIST. But how can fociety exist without a reciprocity of benefits, and the aids of mutual love? He anfwers not the end of his being, if he is not happy: but how can happiness dwell with him, whose soul is not capacious enough for so divine a guest-whose ideas are too groveling for the comprehension of felicity-and whose heart is

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too contracted for the sensibility of bliss? He merits not the savour of heaven, if he is not virtuous: but how can he be virtuous, if he practise not humanity? Shall Virtue, warm with her own benevolent seelings, take up her abode in the frigid bosom of the selfish man? Shall she, who delights in society, and is formed to promote it by the exercise of social and humane dispositions, be united to a man, who is sitted only to inhabit a rock cold and hard as his own heart? Such a connection would be monstrous indeed! What an object then is the selfish man! how unnatural! how unhappy! how wicked! how odious!

I shall close this paper with the outlines of two very opposite characters, which may serve to exemplify the preceding observations.

PHILAUTUS is a man that does nothing without a view to his own interest. To that idol he
sacrifices every-thing; not only his time, his
labour, and his health; but his honour, his reputation, and his feelings. If he has an object
in view, that promises to be of advantage to him,
he cares not about the means, so he but obtain
the end. He thinks not of justice, but when it
is to be rendered to bimself; nor of injustice, but
when it touches bis own person, or property.

He seels for no wants, but his own. Without
a virtue

a virtue himself, he sees none in another. He is, therefore, blind to metit. If he grant a favour, or perform an action for the apparent benefit of another, beware of giving him credit for generosity, or charity: for Philautus possesses neither. His own advantage, in some shape or other, lurks under every action. He values men by their wealth, their property, and their influence; for he thinks that the rich only, and the powerful, can be serviceable to him. In his temper he is unsocial, sullen, and gloomy: nor has he a striend upon earth, for there is no one whom he can love, or who can love him.—

Nec amet quemquam, nec ametur ab ullo. Juv.

PHILINTOR is, in all respects, of a very different disposition. He has indeed a steady regard to his own interest; but he has too much honour to pursue it to the injury of another. In his worldly concerns, therefore, he unites diligence, activity, and attention, with justice, honefty, and liberality. He is eager in the pursuit of happiness; but he wisely sees that his own happiness is connected with that of his fellowcreatures: he is, therefore; humane and chari-He feels not only for himself, but for his friends, his neighbours, and his country. Laftly, Philintor would not think even his wealth a blefling, if he had not a heart to use it; he has, therefore, a tear for him that weeps, and a shilling for him that wants.

SYLPH

Number IX.

TUESDAY Officer 20, 17/95

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A PROCLAMATION.

ARIEL, &c. Be it known to all men by these presents, that I have directed my trusty secretary ALATO CERULIELLI duly and regularly to report to the world all and every the causes and decisions, which may be adjudged and awarded in my respective courts heretofore described; and I assure mankind that they may rely on the sidelity of the reports so made, and signed with the signature of my said secretary.

of advisor a should from an ARIEL

COURT OF THE FAN.

ZEPHYRETTA President .-- October 16.

THIS court having been folemnly opened on the day above-mentioned for the hearing and determining of all causes relating to love and gallantry, CAROLINE—was first brought to the bar on the following indictment.

The indictment stated that CAROLINE —, though not yet quite seventeen, was a young woman

woman of a most dangerous character; void of mercy, seeling, or even discretion, in the commission of crimes, that endangered the safety and happiness of mankind—that she daily paraded the streets of London, armed with a certain poisoned weapon, with which she could instict, and had absolutely inslicted, wounds on divers persons, particularly on the person of a young man, &c.

The Gnome ENVY opened the cause by obferving that the crime stated in the indictment was a crime of the first magnitude, as It struck not only at the peace and happiness of fociety, but at the characters, fortunes, and even the lives of mankind. "The weapon," faid the ingenious GNOME, " alluded to in the indictment is BEAUTY, and the poison, LOVE. It is a weapon, my Lady," addressing himself to Zephyretta, " of the most horrid construction, yet of all things most difficult to describe, owing to a certain magic power it has of shewing itself under so many different forms, that, although there are many hundreds, who are at this very time armed with the faid weapon, and who, I truft, will foon be brought, like the prisoner at the bar, before this honourable court, yet I much question whether, if they were all here present, and their weapons examined, any one would be found like another. In a word, this beauty is like the chamelion, which is faid to vary its colour to the eyes of different spectators, so that no two could ever yet agree upon it. After this very ample description of said weapon, by which your ladyship will fully understand, that it cannot possibly be described, I shall proceed to shew, that its poison is also of a peculiar and wonderful kind. It takes immediate possession of the fufferer, like the venom of the viper, which is faid to flow from the fame tooth, that at once inflicts the wound, and distils the poison. Its effects, however, are not always the fame. Sometimes it works inflantaneously on the patient, and causes such an immediate fermentation in the blood, that in a few hours he becomes quite an altered being; his pulse is sometimes quick, fometimes flow; the former generally, whenever he fees, or approaches, the object, that inflicted the wound; his appetite also fails, and nature feems disordered throughout. On other occasions, the operation of faid poison is flower, and its effects less violent; so that if the patient be of a strong constitution, and a resolute mind, he may by exercise, travelling, and a proper regimen, counteract its force, and perhaps eradicate its virulence." The learned counfel then proceeded to shew that the prisoner at the bar had been guilty of the alledged offence feveral times, but particularly on the 14th of September last, on the person of the young man 1 2 mentioned

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mentioned in the indictment, who had done nothing to provoke so violent and unjustifiable an aggression.—Here the active Gnome, at the same time that he compared the prisoner to a late wanton and cruel monster, produced his witnesses, who were several in number, and of both sexes. Their testimony, however, was irrelevant and vague, though given with much virulence and eagerness. One of them confessed, that for her part she had nothing in particular to alledge against the prisoner, but that she was sick of hearing every one call her, the lovely Caroline.—It was remarked that most of the witnesses were very ugly.—

The prisoner was here asked by the judge what she had to say in her defence.—The lovely Caroline replied not. A blush, somewhat deeper than that of a budding rose, had seized upon her cheeks: an involuntary terror, the combined effect of modesty and timidity, had arrested a voice fofter than the lute; and the quickened palpitations of her heart had almost stopped a breath sweeter than the incense of the altar. She stood for a moment trembling and speechless; till the Sylph GOOD-NATURE, with a look of ineffable benevolence, bid her be cheery, and addressing himself to the court, begged their indulgence and patience for a few minutes, as he expected a friend every moment, who had undertaken

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undertaken the defence of the amiable Caroline. Scarce had he fpoken, when the Genius of InNOCENCE entered, and glancing at his fair client
a look of congenial fympathy, addressed the court
to the following effect.

"I acknowledge," faid the Genius, "that BEAUTY may indeed be called a weapon, and a very dangerous one in the possession of a bad woman: nor do I deny that the wounds inflicted by it are frequently attended with feverifb, or consumptive disorders; and sometimes with severe mortifications: yet I feel some difficulty in calling its effects poisonous. And indeed where-ever they are pernicious, it is as frequently owing to the folly and imprudence of the fufferer, as to any malicious intent ex parte alterd. The mode of reasoning, however, adopted by the Gnome Envy, cannot apply to my client, who is fo far from having maliciously misused her beauty, or wantonly attacked any one with it, that she hardly knows, even now, that she possesses so formidable an instrument, or is, at least, ignorant of its use and power. I can aver that I have often feen her look into her glass without a consciousness of her own beauty, like a child that fees, and prattles with, the little image in a mirrour, without knowing that the fleeting shadow is its own. This, in so beautiful an object, your Ladyship will allow to be a most uncom-

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mon instance of modesty and innocence.—Besides, allowing the danger of this weapon, is my
client criminal for merely wearing it? Is a man
culpable for barely carrying a sword in his hand?
and if another wilfully run against it, does he
not meet the reward of his own folly? It has
been said that my client went about in mixed
crouds to the unavoidable hazard of the men,
against whom she entertained evil designs; but
I shall prove that she rather considered men as
objects to be avoided, and accordingly on all
occasions has taken pains to shun them."

Here the Genius brought testimony that the men were continually gazing on his client, and that the plaintiff, in particular, had never omitted to stare her in the face in the most daring and impertinent manner, where-ever he faw her; and on the day mentioned in the indictment had followed her from place to place, and at one time had never taken his eyes off her for nearly half an hour. He next adverted to the evidence, and stated that every one of them was publicly known to be prejudiced against the defendant. and therefore incompetent to give testimony in a case, in which they might be considered as parties concerned, "The witnesses," faid he with rather too much warmth, "ftamped by Nature with ugliness, and some of them with deformity, bear about with them, in their faces and

and persons, the marks of innate hatred and hostility against all that is beautiful and lovely." He had no doubt, therefore, but that the judgment of the court would be in favour of his client, and trusted with confidence to the known equity of the judge.

The defence being closed, her Ladyship summed up the evidence with great perspicuity, and concluded in these words, " From the testimony given it appears clearly that the plaintiff has received a deep and dangerous wound from the defendant, but as this is a Court of equity. we are not to lay so much stress on matters of fact, as on the intentions of the parties. faid the wound was wilfully given, but the learned GNOME spent more time in telling us, that he could not tell us what beauty is, and in describing its minute effects, than in proving the malicious intent laid in the indictment. On the other fide. it has been shewn incontrovertibly that the plaintiff was the aggressor, and received his wound in consequence of his own imprudence. It is evident also that no man is criminal for possessing uncommon abilities, or a splendid understanding, but for the perversion of them, and I take it to be equally clear that Beauty in a woman does not constitute a crime, but the abuje of it. In the present case, it is so far from being made out that the defendant has abused this gift of nature, that

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of it, but to have studied to conceal it under the veil of modesty. I therefore Acquir her."

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The relations of the plaintiff's witnesses, who were present in considerable numbers, and had promised themselves a sure triumph, grew instantly more terribly desarmed from the rage of disappointment: but the court, in general, loudly approved the decision, and placing the amiable girl in an elegant car, decorated with half-blown lilies and budding roses, they drew her home amidst repeated exclamations of "The LOVELY CAROLINE."

The cause reported above is of great importance to all pretty women; as by its determination it is legally established that no Lady is accountable for the mere possession of beauty, or answerable for its effects, provided it be clear that she takes no pains to intrude it upon the notice of the men, nor endeavours to break the peace by a wanton abuse of her power.

Duly reported. White months and

ALATO CÆRULIELLI.

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SYLPH

Number X.

SATURDAY, October 24, 1795.

Nullum ergo meritum est, ingrate ac perside, nullum, Quod tibi siliolus, vel silia nascitur ex me?

Canst thou behold this pledge of wedded love, Hang o'er his prattle with a father's joy, Yet still from home in guilty pleasures rove, False to the mother of thy darling boy?

To the SYLPH.

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I Address you not so much as a being come into the world to reform and punish the evil, but as a Spirit enabled to pour the balm of confolation into the bosom of the afflicted; and I am confident, when you are acquainted with my unhappy situation, you will seel how much I stand in need of consolation. I was married about five years ago to a young man, whose character I thought unblemished, as he was generally esteemed a man of honour and a gentle-

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man. The match in point of our years and fortunes was nearly equal on both fides; and I thus fet out in life with every prospect of happiness. A few months after our marriage my husband took an opportunity, one day, when we had been discoursing together on a tender and interesting subject, our mutual happiness in each other, to reveal to me a fecret, which he faid he could not be easy till he had disclosed himfelf, left I should hear it from any other person to his disadvantage. I was then surprised to hear from his own mouth that he had led a much more irregular life previous to our marriage than I, or I believe his own family, had imagined; and that he had been in the habits of improper intimacy with a girl, whom he named to me, but whom, he faid, he had discarded with a comfortable provision, soon after his acquaintance with me. To this voluntary confession he added fo many protestations of his present reformation and happiness, that much as my delicacy was shocked, and my feelings alarmed by the information, I confidered it with the candour due to his fincerity. I looked upon his conduct as the frailty of youth, and rejoiced in his reformation, of which I flattered myfelf I was, in a great measure, the means. Thus instead of lessening my love, this circumftance increased it, and gave him a greater credit in my opinion than ever. This the artful man forefaw; for he was well acquainted

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acquainted with the generofity of my temper. and had practifed this manœuvre, as I afterwards discovered, that he might be able to injure me with more fecurity, and anticipate the information I might receive from another quarter. It accordingly came to my ears not long after, that he still frequented the company of my rival; and though I for a long time discredited the report, yet, by a fatal experiment, I at last ascertained the truth of it. It would not be easy to describe the agony I felt at the discovery, or the confusion of my husband; suffice it to say, that after a thousand promises of amendment on his part, my love, which was still stronger than his criminality, prevailed. I forgave him, and stifled in my own breaft those feelings, which I could with difficulty conceal, that he might not fuspect the fincerity of my pardon. It was feveral months afterwards, before I discovered that he had not yet abandoned his former course: this produced remonstrances, as tender as possible on my part; but which, however, ended in a violent quarrel. He feemed to have no other refource, under the detection, than abusing me, and even hinted that my being childless was the cause of his dislike to me. Such a cruel and unjust plea for his conduct, was an aggravation of my ill-treatment, which I could hardly support. Finding, however, complaint useless, I pined in secret, and passed no further censure on his K 2

his behaviour, than by giving him repeated proofs of my affection. I have fince had the happiness to bear him a son. The ground of his complaint, and the grand excuse of his conduct being then done away, I had hopes that fo tender a pledge of our bed, which he feemed fo eagerly to defire, would have the effect to produce a thorough reformation in him, and renew, on a folid basis, his long-estranged love. But alas! I was mistaken; he continues to this moment to abuse my affection, and provoke my forbearance. It feems very unaccountable that though he has the heart to treat me fo cruelly, he is extraordinarily fond of my child. When he comes home, after a long absence spent in guilty pleasures abroad, his first care is to fend for bis dear boy. With him he will pass whole hours, and I have feen him, as I have watched them, in tears, from some sad concealment, playing with my child, and kiffing him with rapture, without ever once thinking of its mother. From you, Sir, only I can now expect relief. Oh! change his heart. Make him feel that the dear babe, whose birth was at the peril of my life. whose infant helplessness my arms supported, and whose little tongue I first taught to lifp Papa-is mine as well as bis; and that I deserve at least his gratitude in having made him the father of a boy, he so much delights in, if I must no longer claim his affection, as his wife.

" MELISSA,"

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The letter of Melissa is written with so much delicacy and feeling, that it cannot, I think, but awaken in my readers a compassion for her sufferings. I hope none of them either feel, or give occasion for, such cutting anguist, as must harrow up the bosom of a virtuous, delicate, and feeling woman, when she is deferted by the husband of her bed, and abused by the father of her children. Infidelity in the marriage state. is, in every case, a crime of a very heinous nature. It involves in it not only a flagrant breach of morality, and an open violation of the precepts of religion; but strikes also at the root of focial confidence, and destroys domestic peace and family-affections. But if fuch a crime can admit aggravation, it is when a man is fo far estranged from his wife, as to forget also the mother of his children. Children are by nature. as it were, the bond of conjugal union, the indissoluble tie of parents—a tie that seems to have the power of drawing their affections closer, of uniting their very hearts and bodies together, and of making them in reality one, as being the common authors of a common and indivisible offspring. How many inflances are there, wherein children have given rife to a fincere and lasting attachment between parties, who were before indifferent to each other: and how often have matrimonial quarrels been made up by the irrefittible mediation of those dear, little prattling interintercessors, whom a parent's heart can seldom reject! A man loves not himself better than his child; nor, in general, his child better than her that bare it. And this is natural; for if he examine the affection he bestows on his child. he will find that there is not a fingle reason for it, which does not tell as strongly for the mother, and connect ber in the same sentiments of endearment. As then he must put off the feelings of nature, ere he can hate his own offspring and his own wife, so must he be very abandoned. if, without a justifiable reason, he can love one, without loving also the other. With regard, therefore, to the husband of my unhappy correspondent. I can give her few hopes of him. Since the delicacy of her own reproofs, and the charms of her prudent conduct-fince the tenderest pledge she could give him of her love. and the strongest hold she could have upon his affections, have been infufficient to reclaim him from vice, or move him to compassion, it is not probable he would liften to my remonstrances. But as I have already expressed my determination to punish, where admonition fails, and shall always lend a ready ear to the applications of the injured, I have therefore dispatched the Gnome REMORSE to take this delinquent into custody, and have given directions that he be treated with all the severity of corrective discipline, till my further pleasure be known. To the

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the deserted Melissa I have also sent the Fairy Comfort, who shall wash from her eyes the briny tear of sorrow, blot from her remembrance the memory of past distress, and pour asresh into her heart the oil of gladness and tranquillity.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS I am informed as well by representation from my Court of the Fan, as by several petitions from various parts, that the LADIES are at present under a very disagreeable restraint, owing to the impertinence of certain descriptions of men, called FACE-HUNTERS, who have an impudent custom of staring in the face of every woman they meet, to the great confusion of modesty, and terror of innocence; and who infest all public places and walks, practifing a fport, which they term in their own gross phrase, bunting pretty women; so that the faid pretty women are deterred from coming abroad, to the great regret of mankind in general, and of modest and grave men in particular: AND WHEREAS the Ladies are also incommoded by another fet of men, who go under the denomination of Leg-coursers, who indecently walk behind women, for the purpose of examining the proportion or disproportion of their legs, (of the symmetry of which they are, however, feldom judges) to the great inconvenience

intercessors, whom a parent's heart can seldom reject! A man loves not himself better than his child; nor, in general, his child better than her that bare it. And this is natural; for if he examine the affection he bestows on his child. he will find that there is not a fingle reason for it, which does not tell as strongly for the mother, and connect ber in the same sentiments of endearment. As then he must put off the feelings of nature, ere he can hate his own offspring and his own wife, so must he be very abandoned, if without a justifiable reason, he can love one, without loving also the other. With regard, therefore, to the husband of my unhappy correspondent, I can give her few hopes of him. Since the delicacy of her own reproofs, and the charms of her prudent conduct-fince the tenderest pledge she could give him of her love, and the strongest hold she could have upon his affections, have been insufficient to reclaim him from vice, or move him to compassion, it is not probable he would liften to my remonstrances. But as I have already expressed my determination to punish, where admonition fails, and shall always lend a ready ear to the applications of the injured, I have therefore dispatched the Gnome REMORSE to take this delinquent into custody, and have given directions that he be treated with all the severity of corrective discipline, till my further pleasure be known. the

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ARIEL

Several letters and petitions are received, and laid before the Sylph, who will shortly attend to them.

ALATO CÆRULIELLI.

SYLPH.

Number XI.

TUESDAY, October 27, 1795

Quàm temere in nofmet legem fancimus iniquam!

Nam vitiis nemo fine nascitur: optimus ille est,

Qui minimis urgetur.

Alas! what laws, of how severe a strain,
Against ourselves we thoughtlessly ordain!
For we have all our vices, and the best
Is he, who with the sewest is opprest.

FRANCIS

IF I were asked by a human being, what he ought to do to obtain the prize of virtue, I would answer, Do, in every thing, as well as you can. And if I were asked what ought to be the general trait of his disposition, I would reply, Humility. The man, who to a hearty desire, joins an earnest endeavour, always to do right, and who entertains, after all, an bumble opinion of himself, and his merits, I would not hesitate to pronounce one of the Best of his race.

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For if it be true, that after every exertion in the course of virtue, after the highest advance that can be made by mortals in the scale of excellence, still the wifest, and the best of them, have fo much reason to be diffatisfied with themselves. when they reflect how little they have done, and how much remains undone, what more can be required of men in general, who are certainly neither wife, nor good, than to all with an uprightness of intention, and to think with a submissiveness of mind. If then, men could be induced to think of themselves and their fellow-creatures with the candour which becomes beings liable, in common, to error and transgression, they would find less cause for pride and self-commendation on the one hand, and less reason for censure and repreach on the other. They would banish from their hearts that malignity of temper, which rejoices in the misconduct of others, and triumphs in the failings of humanity. They would root out from their minds that petulance of dispofition, which inclines them to be ever carping at the conduct of their neighbours, and to be ever diffatisfied with the behaviour of those, with whom they live, or are connected. They would lofe that malicious curiofity, which is busied only in prying into the faults of others, and in looking for subjects of premeditated censure, and anticipated blame. Instead of condemning the errors of the man, they would lament the frailty

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of bumanity; instead of pouring their indignation forth against the vices of an individual, they would turn their thoughts, with horror, to the depravity of buman nature, and the general corruption of the race. In a word, they would weigh the actions of others in the same scale with their own; they would feel, from a consciousness of their own weakness, how unjust it is to expect more of their sellow creatures, than they can perform themselves; they would acquire a liberal, forgiving, and merciful turn of mind; and, finally, would practise that great and necessary virtue in men, MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

Men, indeed, ought to bear mildly and patiently with each other for many reasons. They are all involved in the same clouds of error and uncertainty with regard to most of the subjects of their enquiries and opinions. They are all in the same precarious and probationary state of existence, in which there are so many trials for their virtue, fo many afflictions of the body, fo much mental uneafiness, and so much forrow of foul, to which they are all liable, that nothing but reciprocal love and mutual good-will can lighten the burden of life. They are also of fuch a frame of mind, that they are never more comfortable than when the foul is tranquil, and the passions calm; which state can only be obtained by that equanimity of disposition, which is the parent of the virtue we are speaking of.

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When I fee a man eafily bearing with the frailties of others, and exercising, where-ever he goes, a focial good-nature, which fees not, or winks at, the little mistakes and errors, which every one so often falls into. I give him immediate credit-not, perhaps, for a brilliancy of understanding-for wit-or for learning-but for what is of much more worth than them alla feeling and bumane beart. Indeed I do not meet with this forbearance in men of enlarged underftandings, and brilliant parts, so generally as I expected; whether it is that they think themfelves entitled, from their acknowledged funeriority, to treat the opinions and actions of those. who are not fo well informed as themselves, with less ceremony and respect; or that there is fomething in the nature of extraordinary abilities, which engenders in the possessor of them that pride, which is so hostile to humility, and fo contrary to the spirit of charity.-But, in whatever manner this mutual indulgence towards each other's failings may be considered by the proud, the unfeeling, or the envious, to me it appears in a lovely and amiable light, and I shall ever esteem him a good man, who is sedulous in the practice of it.

There are, indeed, among men, those who look upon this temper of forbearance, as the mark of a mean, cowardly, or servile spirit: but I

am fo far from agreeing with them, that I confider it, on the contrary, as the fign of a noble and generous spirit, and a devout mind. To be thus affectioned, a man must be, in the first place, of a noble turn of mind; because it will be necessary for him, in the exercise of this charity, to put up with injuries, to overlook affronts, and to think in a stile above the generality of men. He must be superior to those trisles, which are fo apt to give offence to men of weak and irritable tempers; he must command his own passions, and be able to suppress the little refentments, which will occasionally spring up in the heart of every man, at the improprieties and impertinence he will meet with in company. And he must have such a respect for himself, as to think Anger a thing unworthy of him, and a petulant humour a derogation of his dignity. He must, secondly, be of a generous disposition; because a liberality of thought, and a generous turn of fentiment can alone open his heart to that affection and feeling, which gives rife to a forbearing temper. In his connections with his fellow-creatures, he will meet with fo many weaknesses in them, which he ought to pity, so many involuntary errors, which he ought to pardon, and so many failings, which he ought to compassionate, that if his heart be not tuned to benevolence by the harmonifing touch of CHA-RITY, he will find it difficult to preserve the concord

concord of its strings from the jar of discordant passions. Lastly, he must be devout; because fuch a turn of mind is the natural refult of, and exists only where there is, a conviction that a man is himself weak and liable to error—that he is dependant on a God, whom he cannot expect to look on his frailties and transgressions, but with the same eye, with which he himself regards those of his fellow-creatures—an eye of tenderness and compassion. If any man were indeed perfect and infallible, he would have no occasion for the torbearance of others, and, perhaps, no inducement to exercise that quality towards them: but, fince that is not the case, conscious of his own defects and imperfections, he feels how much he himself needs indulgence, and is inclined to practife towards others, a virtue which he reciprocally hopes to find in them. When a man confiders the conduct of his neighbour, and finds it faulty, he has just reason for animadversion; because he compares it with the abstract precepts of Virtue, and perceives that they difagree; but, when he looks into himself, and meets with similar frailties in his own behaviour, he no longer keeps in view those abstract principles; but feeling, fensibly, Man's inability to be perfectly virtuous, he measures his own, and his neighbour's actions, by the scale of their respective powers of performance. The consequence is, a drawback on his censure of others

others, in some measure, proportionable to the sense he entertains of his own frailty. And this must ever be the case, where men reslect, as they ought; and while they continue in a state, in which there is no one, who is righteous.

Every one is conscious that he ought to be good; but who is there that will dare affert that he is so? nay, who is there of men, that can be so? It is, undoubtedly, the part of virtue to fly from the siren of temptation, the moment she opens her lips to sing; but where is the man, that is not so enchanted with the melody of her voice, as to stay and hear out, at least, an air or two? To be faultless, then, is not the condition of humanity: He that has the fewest and most pardonable frailties, has arrived at the summit of the human character.

If men would mutually carry with them this temper of forbearance into the focial connections of life, what a happy difference it would make in their condition! how rare would be those bickerings, those idle animosities, and those useless disputes, which at present disturb the peace of society, and agitate the passions of the mind. The misfortunes only of destiny, and the unavoidable accidents of life, would then oppress mankind; whilst all that forrow

and unhappiness, which those furies of the foul, Anger, Hatred, and Revenge, shake, from their fnaky locks, into the heart of man, would be blotted out from the catalogue of human miferies, and washed away in the tranquilifing flow of harmony and love.-We should not then see the friendship of years lost in the petulance of a moment; nor the intimacy of close connections broken off by trivial misunderstandings. The union of neighbourhoods, the peace of families. and the love of relations, would not be endangered, as they too frequently are at present, by unguarded expressions, or rash actions, which take place in moments of peevishness, melancholy, fickness, and folly; but general good? humour would prevail, and mutual forbearance balance the defects of all. Those, above others. who are united in the bonds of love, or friendship, and who, from the closeness of their intercourse, have continually occasions for the exercife of this virtue, would find in it an antidote against those little bickerings and piques, which fo often interrupt affection, and sever the nearest connections.

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Number XII.

SATURDAY, October 31, 1795.

Not been to COURT yet! -nor the charming DRURY! Lord! what a dull, unfashionable creature! Is this LIVE, Ariel?—this your boafted spinit? Oh! I could give you such a trimming roafting." "Softly, dear Miss: suppress that pretty fury. There's life in ARIEL-Spirit-form-and feature. Take him yourfelf to court or play .- He'll merit-" What, Mr. SYLPH? -Beware of boafting."

HE letter which I am now going to lay before my readers, was written by fo merry and good-humoured a girl, that I cannot find in my

heart to be angry with her, though she treats me in so cavalier a manner.

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To the Sylph.

FOR heaven's fake, my dear Aniel, who are you? where are you? what are you about? I've been looking for you all the world over-at Mrs. C's-Mrs. P's-my Lord L's-in every party-rout-meeting-at every card-table, and every genteel house in town, without success. I have

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have traced the whole circle of fashion in search of you, and they tell me you have not yet so much as made your appearance in it. My servant too has traversed every square at our end of the town, to find where you live, without having heard the least tidings of you; so that I am forced, at last, to fend this letter to that dingy row, from whence your papers iffue, with fome doubt, I affure you, whether it ever reach your hands through fuch an out of the way channel. But, my dear fellow, what's the meaning of all this? where is the use of lighting upon our globe, if nobody can find you, or of revealing yourfelf au monde, if it be not au beau monde? Upon my word, if you don't quickly come among us, we shall think you nobody after all; for who, that has either fpirit or fense, is to be found out of the sphere of fashion? Do, then, let us see, or at least hear of, you within the regions of life. Come to the play-house with us-to the Faro-touch upon the times, dress, gallantry-anecdote. imagin'd there would not be a card-party, a rout, or a morning visit, after your appearance, but we should have a full account of it in your next paper, and of all that was faid, or done, in every family in town; for my own part, I expected to have heard of as many pretty adventures among us, as there are pretty women, and must tell you, ARIEL, you have disappointed me grievously. I affure you, if you don't touch upon these subjects foon, the women, at least, will give you up, as they 1

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they look for a great deal from you in this way. I have absolutely forborne to put on a new dress, for a fortnight past, till I could have your opinion of it, and refused every partner, at a late dance, in hopes of being taken out by the SYLPH, and behold! you, strange to say! have not yet so much as mention'd the fashions, or appeared in a ball-room. As to your observations upon MEN and manners, as your Bookseller calls them, they'll be all thrown away, I affure you; for those impudent creatures, to my knowledge, care neither for observation, nor manners. Besides, women are the mark for you, women, ARIEL; and with them, indeed, you can't be too much upon your manners, if you wish for their favour; nor make them too often the objects of your praise. Trusting to your gallantry for the gratifying all my wishes, and hoping to see you soon in our latitude, I remain, my dear Sylph, yours, &c.

" VOLATILA."

" P. S. Do you intend to subscribe to the Opera next feason? if you do, let me know your box, and I'll contrive to have the next to it."

Volatila feems to express some displeasure, though in a good-natured way, because she has never seen me; and I have, on the other hand, letters by me from feveral women full of anger, reproach and remonstrance, because the writers have, as they imagine, feen too much of me. The çalç

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case is thus. Several saucy fellows, I understand, in order to forward their own schemes, have had the prefumption to assume my name, under the fanction of which they have deceived the world, and committed many unjustifiable actions, for which they will foon receive, at my hands. the punishment they merit. This deception has been particularly played off against women, who have been credulous enough to believe these arch-hypocrites, passing themselves off for the SYLPH; and, like the vain young wenches of old times, proud of the fancied adoration of a Gop, (or a Sylph, which is the same thing) have gone various lengths of imprudence with these crasty fellows, according to the strength. or weakness, of their credulity. Thus have several very pretty girls been decoyed into love, and not a few rich heiresses trepanned into mar-By this ingenious contrivance of these gentlemen, the SYLPH, without ever being in love. has been made to court half the beauties in town; and without being married, is already yoked to balfa-dozen wives: by the same process also he may in time, perhaps, be honoured with a parcel of squalling brats, without being a father; and indeed it will be well, if he, who is innocence itself, be not hereafter hampered with fo many illegitimates, that the world, furprifing as it would be, might hear of his being hunted after from county to county by half the parish-officers in the nation, with as much zeal as VOLATILA fought after him

him in the circle of fashion. The ladies, however, cannot lay all the blame of these deceptions upon the men, for they are themselves as anxious to discover the Sylph in every beau they meet with, as the other sex can possibly be to assume him; witness the following letter, which reached me yesterday.

To the SYLPH.

" Dearest Stlph,

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I Had the happiness of dancing, last night, with one of the sweetest young men I ever beheld in my life. He had fine blue eyes—fair skin—light hair—resy complexion; and was dressed in a sky blue coat—so airy, gay, and lively in his manners! he was the soul and spirit of the whole party—and though a stranger to me, so polite and attentive!—Altogether you can't conceive what a lovely sellow he was!—Do you know, I almost fancied it was yourself—Was it you, Ariel?

" CURIOSA."

Amongst other things relating to myfelf, I cannot omit this opportunity of cautioning men how they form conjectures respecting me, or give me nick-names, till they are better qualified to judge of me, and my actions. A samous holder-forth at a samous chapel in St. George's Fields informed his congregation lately, after some

some grave observations, in which he expressed his fears, that I was a being rather deficient in grace, and the one thing needful, that he believed, nevertheles, I might be safely taken as a spiritual guide, though rather naught in the flesh, since I feemed to be shaking off my old state apace; -he rather wished, however, to suspend his opinion, till my fecond birth, when he hoped I should be born anew in the spirit of truth, be justified in the perilous day of judgment, and obtain a comfortable place in immortality. Far otherwise, I conceive, would the knowing ones at Haddock's dispose of me, were my judgment in their power, as they have already begun to be very witty upon me. Almost all of them (for a good-joke can't be too often repeated) have been heard to declare with a pish, "Oh-'pon foul, this ARIEL is not worth A Rial." And in Wapping I have been degraded into a mere rectifier of spirits. Another nick-name I have lately acquired in the following humourous manner. A worthy gentleman of Essex, a very good-natured man, but not over burthened with sense, upon reading one of the bills, in which my bookseller thought proper to announce me to the world, gravely gave his opinion, formed, as he faid, after much consideration on the subject, "that indeed he did not think there was any fuch thing as foretelling future events, or knowing more about other. people's affairs than they know themselves that he never did believe in witches, ghosts, or spiritsspirits—that he looked upon me as nothing more than a CONJURER; set up under a new name, and therefore would have nothing to do with me, or my works." Essex, though long famous for its calves, has never, I believe, been particularly noted for conjurers; but as this honest man is in a way of peopling the country, that defect may, probably, be soon done away, and a new breed be formed, that shall eclipse the other.

The following letter was flipt into my book-feller's hands by a lady's maid, who brought it up with her, as appears by its contents, from a souple of fimple maidens in the country.

To the famous SLIP in London.

" Mr. SLIP,

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WE hear a good deal of talk about you here in the country, but can't make out rightly, who and what you are. Do, pray, let us know. They fay you are come to inform the world, so we hope you will inform us too, when you are about it. Dolly Trippit, who is a great lady's maid in London, and is come down to see her grandmother, has told us a mort of wonders about you, how that you are a great spirit, and can tell what people's bearts are about, and their true-love's names without ever seeing them; so we hope you'll tell ours too, for Jack Willow and Tom Hopper say as how they're sure you

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can't. Dolly has been telling us also of your fairies and Damons. Now our old school-dame says she knows very well what fairies are, and has seen thousands of a moon-light, dancing on a mushroom, but cannot conceive what they s'other things be. So we hope you'll tell us all about it, as we country-girls are really so innocent as not to know what a Slip is, though Dolly says the town-ladies know very well, and are very fond of them, when they can keep them snug to themselves, which we are determined they shall do no longer, than till you inform us how we can contrive to have a few Slips among us too, as well as the fine ladies—yours to command

" Kitty Beech and Suky Season."

The Pot-girl, who observed the Sylph gazing at her dress lately, as she was standing in the door-way of a butcher's shop in Kent-street bargaining for a sheep's heart, that was hanging over her shoulder, is desired not to be ashamed. or alarmed; as the SYLPH will take no notice of her putting ber own beart fo fougly under ber petticoats, as long as the can contrive to fave appearances, as she did then, by having another dangling above them. The SYLPH is also forry to observe even Ladies fo free and injudicious in the disposal of their bearts, to their no fmall difrepute; as the men cannot but look a little strange upon what the ladies themselves feem to fet so little value on, as to make public WAIST of.

SYLPH

Number XIII.

TUESDAY, November 3, 1795.

Fivomen men un noivonia to ZHN evenes, usa de to ET ZHN. - ARIST.

The first object of fociety was the PRESERVATION OF LIFEE and when once formed, it was cultivated and improved to acquire the COMFORTS, and the LUXURIES OF LIFEE

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IN considering the race of men as distinguished from brutes by the faculty of reason, I am led also to consider the various communities, or nations, in which they are scattered over the globe, as distinguished from each other, by the use they make of their reason; in other words, by civilization. The gradations from a condition little superior to that of the Ourang-outang, to the highest state of refined society, is regular and marked. We may trace it from nation to nation, from clime to clime; from the dirty Hottentot to the polished European, through the graduated

graduated scale of arts and sciences, philosophy and wisdom; from the rude structure of the hide bound canoe of the New world, to the skilful and complicated mechanism of those stately vessels, which are the pride of the old; from the weak understanding of

Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind,"

to the proud science of philosophers, who trace wisdom through the planetary orbits, and bound the extensive range of knowledge, only with the powers of the human mind.

I would define civilization to be a full, proper, and natural use of reason. Reason was given to man for a double purpose, to promote his comfort and convenience in this world, and to direct him to the means of attaining happiness in the It is for the first of these two purposes, that Nature has made reason the instrument of civilization and knowledge. In proportion, then, as men exert that faculty, they advance in the great scale of humanity. From the bare means of subsistence, they arrive at the comforts of life; and from these they presently climb to its pleasures, and its luxuries.-Nor does the exertion of the human understanding lead only to the improvement of natural life, and the encrease of sensual enjoyment. Were that its only end, e

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end, or the only use to which man applied so noble a faculty, defective indeed would be this glorious gift of the CREATOR, or miserable, supremely miserable, its perverted application. But to the honour of the race, it is far otherwise. Many are the ages, and nations, which have left behind them full testimonies of the MENTAL ACQUISITIONS they have obtained by the improvement of this faculty. They made it, as it ought to be, the foot-stool to learning and wisdom. We trace, in the page of Roman, and Grecian history, not only the invention and perfection of many useful arts for mechanical purposes; but, what is a more pleasing employment, the progress of the mind in the career of liberal and moral science. We pass from the description of their noble works of architecture, their paintings, and their statues, to the contemplation of their generals, their orators, their statesmen, and their philosophers. We admire not only an Apelles, a Lysippus, and a Phidias; but an Epaminondas, a Demosthenes, a Pericles, and a Socrates. Time, indeed, it is to be lamented, has fwept away almost all the actual testimonies of the skill and knowledge of these great men; yet is there left fufficient proof of their exalted merit. Their fame is engraved on a tablet are perennius, more durable than brassthe universal admiration of mankind, that shall endure with the world.

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Between the ideas, the manners, and the actions, of men who inhabit civilifed and polished states, and of those, who compose the savage tribes of America, or the wandering hordes of Siberia and Tartary, there is as much difference, as between creatures of a diffinct species. Let us, for a moment, take a view of the Sibes rians-a straggling, rude, unsettled nation-if indeed that people can be called a nation, who have no fixed habitation, no cities, no laws, nor are even united, in considerable numbers, un! der any form of government. "Without more knowledge than is barely necessary for felf-prefervation, they have, of courfe, none of the arts; except that of making a rude covering of beaft-skins for their bodies, of raising a dirty hovel a few feet from the ground, and of fashioning a bow and arrow. Their chief pleasure is the gratifying of their appetites, and their chief employment is hunting for the purpose of obtaining food. In morality and religion they have made no advance at all, having no other ideas of duties, than of fuch as are enforced by power, and superior strength; and being, as far as they have any religious fentiments at all, grofs idolaters. Very little different is the fituation of all those, who inhabit the extensive coast of Afia, from Nova Zembla eastward to the fea of Japan. They are most of them buried in ignorance, barbarity, and idolatry. contrast

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contrast them with the nations, which civilization has reclaimed from a state of nature, and brought within the pale of civil and moral order. Such are, in a peculiar manner at present, the European states, where Reason holds her great empire; where the arts slourish in full vigour, where natural and moral philosophy adds daily to the stock of human knowledge, and nations live in the enjoyment of every convenience, and every luxury, that can render life comfortable, happy, and even voluptuous.

Man, were he to live by himself, a solitary individual, would be the most unhappy of all creatures; and that as a necessary confequence of those superior qualities, with which he is endued. Finding no subjects for the exercise of those faculties, which preclude him from affociating with the inferior creation, yet feeling a perpetual impulse to affociate, he would pine with melancholy and discontent. But, while there are in the world more of the same species, it is impossible he should continue in that state. He turns instinctively to his fellow-creatures, as the needle to the magnet. To them he connects himself, not, as some writers have imagined, from a consciousness only of his own weakness, but in conformity with those social affections, which, however concealed under the veil of favage barbarity, yet impel him with native and irrelistible

irreliftible force to fociety. Durei Bu n coun en marin επι την τοιαυτην κοινωνιαν ο δε ωρώτος συςησας, μεγιςων αγαθών αιτιος. ARIST. All however is not effected, when he has acquired a companion: there is still much to be done. Mere affociation is but the outlines of civilization. Man is rude fill, and little better, except in the advantage of additional strength and security, to his original The arts of life are still to be flate of nature. invented, the focial disposition to be improved, the rational and mental faculties to be enlarged, and the DUTIES of life to be distinguished and observed. So that, when affociation has taken place to a confiderable extent, many nations remain, nevertheless, for ages in this infancy of civilization, owing to natural, or adventitious, circumstances; while others in a more genial climate, or with more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, make a gradual, or rapid, progrefs in refinement, in proportion to those advantages. When I turn my eye from the rude Tartar to the polished European; I am struck with the fuperior happiness and dignity of the latter. I trace his active mind through all its ample investigation of science and wisdom. I sympathise in the generous feelings of his heart, the

refinement of his fentiments, and the delicacy of his affections. I fee the favage ameliorated into the man; the bluntness of the rude bunter softened into the politeness, and the elegance

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of the well-bred gentleman; and the natural paffions of the foul subjected to the guidance of The enjoyment and contemplation of these advantages are justly matter of exultation and pride amongst mankind; as it cannot but be highly gratifying to be conscious of powers and accomplishments, superior to others of the same race, and to fill a more exalted place in the feale of nature. But men should restect, at the same time, on the multiplied tribute, which the God of ALL will undoubtedly exact of them for these peculiar privileges. The happiness of man seems, indeed, to be the ultimate object of his existence; and every thing bestowed upon him has a tendency, when properly applied, to promote that end. The Deity, therefore, can never be better pleased, than when his creatures improve, and, as far as they can, perfect their condition by the due exertion of their faculties. And it most certainly is fo; yet is it no less evident that in proportion to the encrease of a man's knowledge, and the augmentation of his happiness, he incurs the obligation of additional duties towards his benefactor.

The first duty of those who live in civilised countries, is an ENCREASED GRATITUDE. The savage, as far as he reslects, or understands, is grateful to Him, who is the AUTHOR of life; how much more so should those be, who look

up to a God, not only as the Author of life, but of its most refined enjoyments? To enumerate the various duties of a civilifed people, which either exist not at all amongst barbarians, or in a very faint degree, would be endless. They arise from the principles of justice, honour, religion, and improved knowledge; and branch out into numberless offices due either mutually from man to man, or from man to his maker. As the understanding is enlarged, and the faculties improved, the relations of things are better comprehended. Man arrives at a more perfect knowledge of himself, and of others. He sees the nature of his own being, the connection between himself, and his fellow-creatures, and the dependence of all upon fome external, allpowerful support, in a light so much clearer, than those who are immersed in barbarian darkness, that he cannot avoid being sensible of greater obligations of duty.

The letter of my "Sincere admirer" (who, I hope, will not be offended, if I call her also my chere amie) is received, and with some others on the same subject, shall be answered in a suture paper. Several other letters are also received.

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SYLPH.

Number XIV.

SATURDAY, November 7, 1795

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Fortiùs ac meliùs magnas plerumque secat res.

Hote

In raillery assume a gayer air,
Discreetly hide your strength, your vigour spare,
For ridicule shall frequently prevail,
And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail.

to the ball successful Francist

To the SYLPH.

" SIR,

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THE office which you have undertaken, as an impartial observer and censor of human actions, particularly of those, which, from their nature, cannot be cognizable in any earthly court of justice, makes it your indispensible duty to notice such complaints as may be addressed to you; and my considence in your justice, induces me to relate to you a conduct, which though very common, and apparently trivial, is yet frequently

rch tions

of serious consequence. Your sentiments of it will, I truft, be fuch as may produce a full conviction of its impropriety. -- At a place of worship, where I generally attend morning fervice, I had, on Sunday last, the misfortune (some of your readers may think otherwise) to be placed next to a lady, whose company in any other fituation I should have considered a blesfing. She was young, and beautiful; and appeared very attentive to her devotions. responses, which she repeated from memory, were uttered with a voice fo truly modulated to the fentiments they expressed, that I felt myself irrefiftibly attracted to an object fo captivating. I observed she had no prayer book: politeness induced me to offer mine. Politeness also, or rather a mischievous design on her part, made her decline taking it wholly. It might serve for both; accordingly we supported it betwixt us. So fituated who would not envy me? a thrilling fensation ran through my veins. I heard without attention, and joined in the fervice without knowing what I was about. The very excellent manner, however, in which the minister read the pfalms appointed for the day, recalled me to a fense of my duty; but before my attention was thoroughly fixed, a fudden, yet not unpremeditated, motion of the lady's finger from the corner of the book towards the middle, broke again the chain, that held me to my devotion. This This advantage gained over me did not escape the observation of my fair enemy-her finger moved, as if without defign, to my fide of the leaf, while the supported the opposite corner of the book with her other hand. It was in vain for me now to attempt regaining my tranquillity. I could only catch the words, as the motion of her finger permitted me; and even these died away unintelligibly on my lips, fo powerfully were my eyes rivetted on the band continually playing before them. The pfalms at length were ended, and I was then in hopes of being able to command my attention to the remainder of the service; but I was devoted to be the fport of my tormentor. Something was ever amis in her dress, or posture, which must be rectified—her hair fell loofely over her shoulder, her glove came off to adjust it; -the churchclock happened to strike, and she must needs fet her watch to it,-her glove was off again for the purpose,—the hassoc was incommodiously placed, again the glove came off. At length, when every thing was fettled, and no pretence left to distract my attention with her gloves, she changed the instrument of her command to one more powerful -her FAN, which, though to an indifferent spectator its gentle motion might have expressed only the languor of a mind at ease, was so artfully waved, that I am really at a loss yet to decide, whether the cooling breeze

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was meant for herself, or me: nay she carried her love of mischief so far, that, once, by a defigned accident, this pretty instrument, in a hasty flutter, came so near in contact with my head, that the powder was scattered profusely over me. She was then devoutly joining in the fervice; but, spite of her innocent appearance, I could perceive a lambent finile of victory and exultation play wantonly round her mouth.-With these, and a thousand other devices she contrived to abstract my attention entirely from the duties of the place, and I might, with as much edification, have dozed all the morning over the Daily Advertiser .- This complaint may appear dull and ridiculous to many, who will fay, that if a man fuffers himself to be thrown out of his course by fuch trivial matters, he deserves the mortification he meets with; but you, Mr. Sylph, who can judge of the impulse made by a beautiful object continually playing before the eyes of one, who is not of fo cynical a disposition, will see in its true light the conduct I complain of. You will perceive, that under this feeming veil of indifference lies hid the odious train of levity, wanton cruelty, and inconsiderate maliciousness; and though last, not least, a difregard for that holy religion, to the service of which the place was consecrated, where the offence was committed.

" I am, Mr. Sylph,

"Yours, &c.

"T. Z."

This letter contains a very heavy charge; and exhibits an offence, which merits severe animadversion; but it is my business, who see into the hearts of men, to state things as they are, not as they appear to be. No sooner had I read it, than I transported myself to the Chapter Coffee House, where I found the writer, whose heart I immediately inspected. There I discovered that he was not himself quite so innocent as he would be thought, and had given the lady, of whom he complained so grievously, great encouragement to proceed in such unwarrantable conduct by the manner, in which he received her advances. The following letter was written by a very modest young woman on a similar subject.

To the SYLPH.

« SIR,

To you, who are present every-where, it is unnecessary to give a particular account of the two young men, who disturbed my devotion at church last Sunday, by impudently staring at me, and endeavouring to attract my attention by a thousand foolish grimaces. You know also it was almost impossible for me to hear a word of the service, on account of their continual giggling, and whispering to each other. Do, pray, Mr. Sylph, convert them to a sense of their duty in so sacred a place; or put it in their heads to shew off next Sunday at some other church.

" I am, &c.

The behaviour complained of in both these letters is highly censurable, and I intend shortly to iffue a general edict on the subject; but as people have been so long in the habits of it, and might not relish a sudden reformation, I shall indulge them in these practices a little longer, In consequence of this resolution the Fairies VOLATILE, WANTON, and VANITY have obtained my permission to exhibit, on Sunday the 15th instant, a general ogling-match in all the frequented churches within the bills of mortality, the rules and arrangement of which I shall shortly publish, but it will be first necessary to explain the component parts of the ogle for the instruction of those, who are not adepts in it. The ogle commences, in both fexes, with the SWEEP, which is nothing more than a simple roll of the eyes round the church, in which the parties take a general view of the congregation. The sweep keeps the eyes in a perpetual, circular motion, and thereby catches, all who enter the church, as well as those who are already in. Its design is to select a proper object for further operation, and its continuance, generally, till the commencement of the confession. During that the PEEP is practifed, which is carried on by the men between their fingers, their hands being devoutly held before their faces; and by the ladies from behind their fans: its aim is to examine more minutely the object selected in the

SWEEP.

sweep. As they rife from the absolution, the GLANCE takes place, and is of the utmost importance, as it serves to fix and determine the parties to each other, after the fcrutiny of the preceding operation. It confifts in an elliptical sweep issuing from the Ogler, and determining in the object of the Ogle, about which it hovers, like a frighted bird over its nest, without directly fixing. The GLANCE, therefore, being in its nature unfettled and wavering, is repeated often, that it may not be mistaken by its object. As the glance becomes more fettled, and verges to a point, it infensibly passes into the LEER, the eyes being then fixed on the object, but still in an elliptical direction. The LEER feldom lasts long at a time, but is repeated at intervals, for the leerers are fearful of observation. When they have continued it long enough to perceive themfelves mutually, and knowingly, noticed by each other, the ogle oblique commences. This is an important, and precarious state of the game, and requires much skill and management. The eyes of the women assume a languid foftness, and a most bewitching obliquity, a lively and expressive wantonness plays about the features, and the whole face becomes a continued glow of animated coquetry: at intervals the look is modest and bashful, and the eye occasionally turns from the object in Iweet confusion; but, in a moment, hovering through the GLANCE, it fettles again on the point of attraction, and terminates minates in the OGLE DIRECT. In men the OGLE OBLIQUE is carried on differently. Free from female timidity, they acquire a confident boldness, the features assume an air of impudence, and the expression of the face is that of avowed libertinism. The look, however, is still circuitous, till it fixes at last, and ends also in the OGLE DIRECT. The line of vision is now STRAIGHT; the eyes of the parties meet each other unequivocally with a look so keen and eager, that none but experienced OGLERS can fupport it. The ogle direct, however, like other exquisite pleasures, is shortlived, and seldom lasts longer than half a minute; but may be, and is, repeatedly recovered by playing over again the leer and the ogle oblique. Agreeably to the above description of the Ogle, the grand match is to be conducted. Of the performers, who are expected to be almost all the grown persons of both sexes within the said precincts, the men are not to be above the age of fixty, the women not more than forty, nor under fifteen. As it is feared there will be a great dearth of spectators, and those chiefly children and invalids, the fairy WANTON proposed that a number of raw, country girls might be brought up to fupply the defect, but I have opposed that plan, on the ground that it will interrupt the game, by throwing all the male oglers off their guard, and confounding the ufual order of the sport.

SYLPH.

Number XV.

TUESDAY, November 10, 1795.

Nothing is so beautiful to the eye, as TRUTH is to the mind; nothing so deformed and irreconcileable to the understanding as a LIE.

LOCKE.

THERE is something so very pitiful and mean in DUPLICITY, that it may be doubted, whether an honest man seels more indignation at being deceived, or disgust, whether he abhors the artistice of a LIAR, more from a love of truth, or a detestation of falsbood. For so odious is a lie, as well as sinful, so infamous, as well as pernicious, that none but the wretch, who is lost to honour, and abandoned by shame, can be guilty of the habitual and voluntary practice of it. And such, on the other hand, are the charms of veracity, such its intrinsic loveliness and worth, that no man can seel its insluence, or entertain it in his bosom, without possessing, at the same time, a

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strong and grounded antipathy to deception and intrigue. For in proportion as truth is natural, and lovely to the mind, must falshood be unnatural, and disgusting to it. I ying is indeed a vice not more detestable on earth, than heinous in the sight of heaven. It is an offence, that unites the highest criminality with universal odium, the most daring audacity with the most cowardly meanness, and the greatest impiety with, frequently, the most fatal effects: it is, in short, an abomination both to God and man.

I shall offer a few reflections on this vice in a double point of view; first, as it relates to God, fecondly, to man .- As it relates to God, it is an outrage upon his nature, and an ingratitude towards him. It is an outrage upon his nature, because Truth is the essence of the Deity, the fountain of his attributes, and the eternal, immutable rule of all his operations. Falshood, on the contrary, is the characteristic of the spirit of evil, the engine of his power, and the effence of Vice. It must, therefore, be a quality as offensive to God, as it is contrary to his nature; and the practice of it, in any of his creatures, as hateful in his fight, as it is pleafing, and acceptable to the Father of liars. It is an ingratitude towards God, because it is, first, a perverfion of the noblest of his gifts to man, REASON. Whoever confiders the nature and defign of this

this faculty, must perceive that its chief purpose is to direct and affift those, who are endued with it, in the investigation of truth. For this purpose it arranges, compares, and thereby discovers the agreement, or disagreement of things; and the connection, or opposition, of those materials, with which it is furnished by the perceptive powers of the mind; and by this process it arrives at a certain knowledge of the subjects, on which it is employed, which knowledge is Truth. Not indeed that truth is always the refult of the exercise of the rational powers in all creatures who enjoy them; for though Reason is, perhaps, in its own nature infallible, yet man, who possesses it but finitely, may, and does, frequently err greatly, and this is owing to prejudice, passion, and many other causes, which affect his understanding, or bias his judgment. These, however, are inconveniences, to which mankind are subject from their frailty; and while we lament that error is the consequence, we rather pity; than condemn, those that err. But when men from obstinacy, or a wilful abuse of their faculties, reject that truth, which their reason, in spite of them, discovers, and embrace falshood, though they fee it, and know its deformity, what shall be faid in their excuse? Such an abuse of heaven's most precious gift to man must conflitute the blackest ingratitude towards the gracious Author of fo perverted a bleffing, and P 2 draw

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draw down the just indignation of the God or TRUTH. It is, secondly, a violation of LANGUAGE. As reason was designed for the investigation, language was given for the communication, of truth. For it were to little purpose, that man is furnished with a mind of such comprehensive powers-that he is capable of acquiring fo many ideas, and perceptions—that he has the faculty of thinking, of reasoning, and of judging, if he were not also possessed of the means of making known the refult of those operations to his fellow-creatures, in order to derive from fuch transcendant abilities the advantages, for which they were defigned. Speech, therefore, is the medium, whereby he conveys his thoughts and fentiments from his own breast to the understanding of others; and in its proper and natural use, it can convey nothing but the real fentiments and opinions of the speaker. But when man perverts this miraculous power, this diftinguishing privilege of his being, to the purposes of falshood and deception; when instead of delivering from his mouth the just thoughts and feelings of his heart, he converts his tongue into an organ of fallacy and deceit, what an unnatural use does he make of speech ! how ungratefully does he apply fo exalted a faculty! how useless, nay, how pernicious does he render that. which was intended to promote his advantage, his comfort, and his happiness! It was with a just just and noble abhorrence of this abuse of language, that Achilles so strongly reprobated duplicity; and perhaps the hero never so well deserved the epithet "god-like," as when he prefaced his answer to the son of Laertes with the sollowing sentiment;

Χρη μεν δη τον μύθος απηλεγεως αποειπείν,

"Η ωτο δη φρονεω τε, και ώς τε ελεσμενον εςαι.
Εχθρος γαρ μοι κείνος, όμως αίδαο ωυλησιν,
Ος χ' έτερον μεν κευθει ενι φρεσιν, αλλο δε βαζει.

HOMER.

Ulyffes, hear
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear;
What in my secret soul is understood,
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart detests him as the gates of hell.

Port.

Falshood, as it relates to man, is a violation of his nature, which is instinctively prone to truth. A child would, probably, NEVER TELL A LIE, were he not led to it by the example, and practice, of those who are about him; and could his heart be inspected by man, there would not, perhaps, be the least propensity found in it towards deception, till it became gradually initiated into the mysteries of falshood from external corruption. Whether man seels this strong bias to truth from a consciousness of its moral beauty, or whether there be impressed on his mind a love

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love and reverence for it, as being the effence of the DIVINE NATURE, might be matter of speculation, rather than utility; but that he is so biaffed, and in a very ftrong degree, is evident from the universal detestation, which attends a lie; and the peculiar shame and confusion, which abashes even the most hardened liar, under detection, as if he were conscious of something very unnatural, or very abominable.- It is, fecondly, the greatest injury to society, because it destroys all confidence, and mutual reliance, which are the finews of the focial connection. "Vinculum societatis est ratio et oratio." But if reason and speech be abused to the purposes of deception, the bonds of fociety are broken; the commerce of life is at an end, and all confidential intercourse between man and man annihilated and destroyed.—Falshood is, further, the groffest affront that can be put upon the person, whom it is attempted to deceive by it; fince it supposes him incapable of discovering the usual connection of things, or easy of imposition, and prone to credulity. Either of which suppositions is a very poor compliment to a man, and cannot fail, when discovered, to excite his resentment.-Lastly, a lie is an impeachment of a man's own character: for it is an indubitable fign either of a want, or a perversion, of understanding, and in either case it equally betrays him. If it appear that he is deficient in his intellects-that

he is incapable of perceiving, and comparing the relations of things, and of deducing confequences-this is always a misfortune to a man; and frequently a difgrace, if his ignorance atife from the manifest neglect of the due cultivation of his natural powers. But if his duplicity be intentional, if it be attended with a perversion of his faculties, it is a fin, as I have observed before, so heinous in itself, and so injurious in its consequences-an offence of so abandoned a nature, and fo unworthy a rational being-that it must deserve at the hands of Gop the whole weight of vengeance, and at the hands of men, the utmost horror and detestation .- A liar, then, is either a fool, or a VILLAIN. And of this he feems himself sufficiently conscious from his behaviour, fince he is more ashamed of being even suspected of this vice, than of being openly detected in the practice of any other. Fully aware how much his understanding, or his character, must suffer by the discovery, he blushes with involuntary shame. He is not only conscious of his guilt, but of its atrocity. In the commission of many vices a man may be kept in countenance by the avowed practice of others, and the levity, with which the world treats them, as foibles, or frailties, of their nature; but in a lie, who shall stand by him? Who shall share with him the weight of a crime, which no one can support, and which every one abhors? " Though

"Though a man," fays Locke, "can with fatisfaction enough own a no very handsome wife in his bosom, yet who is bold enough openly to avow, that he has espoused a falshood, and received into his breast so ugly a thing as a lie?"

A PHÆNOMENON.

I have just been informed that a healthy-looking man has been several times seen taking his morning's ride near a village in Northamptonshire, with a woman on a pillion behind him, and that upon enquiry, they turned out to be a gentleman and his wife from London!! My correspondent calls this a very strange and extraordinary phanomenon, and adds that even the country people, when they heard that they were man and wife, concluded there must be some mistake in it, or that the poor gentleman had loft bis fenfes. The parties, I understand, upon finding themfelves become the village-talk, have fince difappeared. For my own part I have no doubt but that the gentleman was perfectly in his fenses, though his conduct, in the present times, was certainly mal-apropos. I do not, therefore, yet recommend him as an example to other married men, but I hope, in time, to bring the world into a proper temper both to approve. and imitate, this miracle of a pair.

SYLPH

Number XVI.

SATURDAY, November 14, 1795

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Our grandstre Adam, ere of Eve posses'd, Alone, and ev'n in Paradise unbles'd, With mournful looks the blissful scenes survey'd, And wander'd in the solitary shade: The Maker saw, took pity, and bestow'd Woman, the last, the best reserved of God.

Ports

THE present number I recommend particularly to the attention of my semale readers, as I shall point out in it the respect and honour, which their sex receives in this, and other civilised countries, above what is paid to women in the ruder parts of the world. This, as it will be an office particularly pleasant to myself, so will it, I presume, be highly grateful to my fair patronesses. For my own part, I do not think I can be better employed than in administering to the innocent gratistication of that sex, which is by nature formed to produce, and by inclination

fo liberal in promoting, the pleasure of others. Nor am I in despair that they will receive with coldness the incense I shall offer at the shrine of their dominion.-I hold the treatment of the women to be no mean criterion of the state of civilization: for as those people are, doubtless, in the very depth of barbarism, where the loveliest part of the creation receives the least attention; fo are they to be esteemed the most polished and civilifed, where the ladies possess that honourable respect, and that enthusiastic admiration, to which they have so many natural, and acquired, titles. Women, from the weakness of their bodily frame, feem to claim, by nature, the protection of men. Their foftness, their delicacy, and their fensibility, invite a tenderness of treatment: their beauty, and the elegance of their form, at once demand admiration, and excite How brutal, then, must he be, who can love. look on them without being fostened by their charms, and can steel his heart against the numberless claims of the female character? The very lowest degree of civilization, if that term can be at all connected with fuch a people, is found, as I have observed before, among the wild hordes of Siberia. At least very little is known of those, who are still more brutal. In several of their tribes there is little, or no, distinction of marriage: they herd together like beafts of the field. There, of course, the place of love is supplied

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plied by instinct; and sensual enjoyment is substituted for the feelings of the heart. lower than this can be conceived; for I will not mention that infinitely more horrid custom. which has been faid to prevail among the Hottentots, fince an ingenious French traveller, in an apology for them, if not accurately true, at least fraught with an amiable benevolence, seems to have wiped away so shocking an aspersion on human nature. The ancient Britons are reported in history to have lived in a manner nearly similar to the Siberians, it being usual for a certain number of them to have a community of wives, a custom which as effectually cut off the possibility of reciprocal love, and parental affection. only difference is, that so unnatural a custom had fome limits in the latter case, and is unbounded in the former. But let us forget that humanity can be fo disgraced, and turn our attention to a people, not indeed much better, yet a step higher in the scale. The Tartars purchase their wives, and with the same precautions, and the same skill in bargaining, as they display in the purchase of their cattle. Indeed they feem to confider them as of that species, and when the poor creatures have outlived their youth and beauty, they are degraded to the state of menial fervants in their own families, and employed in the fervice of younger women, who fucceed, I will not fay to the affections, but literally to the bed of their husbands.

husbands. Among the Tschouwasches, who inhabit the banks of the Wolga, the men are little more civilifed, fince it is related, that as one of their marriage-ceremonies "the bride is obliged on her wedding-night to pull off her husband's boots," in token, I presume, of her subjection; or, as an English barrow-woman would say that he meant to tread ber under foot, " Among the Tschouwasches," fays another writer, "the husband is master of the bouse." That alone is enough to stamp his barbarity. "He orders every thing himself, and it is the duty of the wife to obey without reply." The British fair will agree with me, that among such a people the science of matrimonial government is in its very infancy, and that, unless they change their mode, it will be long ere it reach that maturity, which marks it in this more genial climate. But our author. without fuch reflection, and with a degree of rudeness almost equal to that of the barbarians he is describing, goes on, " a custom calculated to prevent domestic broils." This conclusion, if not barbarous, is quite obscure; and I dare fay my fair readers will be at a loss to underfland it. They must suppose the author to be fomewhat fabulous, or that there must be something very peculiar in the manners of a people, among whom that very circumstance promotes peace and harmony in families, which bere fo frequently lights up the torch of discord. With our

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our civilifed couples obedience and command are the apples of matrimonial contention: and though no ladies in the world are more ready at conceiving how wives may very possibly govern their husbands, and, to speak truly, none are more capable, or dextrous, in the actual administration of domestic rule, yet I fear they will be very dull in comprehending how the good men themselves can direct even their own affairs, much less superintend the department of a woman, and enforce the obedience of a wife. Without, however, attempting to determine the truth, or practicability, of what my author affirms, I shall present an extract from another writer on the subject of matrimony still more extraordinary, not doubting but it will efface every veftige of the former. "The Ruffian ladies were formerly as submissive to their husbands in their families, as the latter are to their fuperiors in the field; and thought themselves ill-treated, if they were not often reminded of their duty by the discipline of a whip, manufactured by themselves, which they presented to their husbands on the day of marriage." I shall now transport my fair readers, though unprovided with furs, to the dreary regions of Lapland, where, strange to tell! the full value of a woman is rated at a bottle of brandy. In many parts of the world matrimony is a trade, but with the Laplanders even courtship is a trade. ther

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ther never admits a fuitor to his daughter without the previous present before-mentioned; nor is this bribe confined to the first interview, but must be positively repeated, as often as the lover visits his fair one, or the treaty is broken off. Nor is it unusual for fathers to prolong the term of courtship for some years, to be able to lay in a larger flock of liquors, while fo fair an opportunity occurs.-In almost all the Oriental nations polygamy is practifed; and of course the female fex is confidered rather as objects of fenfual gratification, and instruments of perpetuating the race of mankind, than as beings possessed of fouls, as well as the men, and participating the same immortal nature. Here, therefore, they are confined from all intercourse with the world. and guarded with jealous care from the approach of any man except him, to whom they belong. They have, confequently, no influence over their lords, and are in vain possessed of those charms of person, and that delicacy of sentiment, which feem intended to fmooth and meliorate the rough nature of man. Their tyrants go in to them, like brutes, and come out like brutes, neither improved by their conversation, nor softened by their manners. But of the nations, where a plurality of wives is allowed, some make the privilege unlimited: others confine it; and thereby approach nearer to that state of civilization and equality, which prevails here in that respect.

respect. Mahomet allowed four wives; the Maldives permit three only. A woman, in these countries, feems to be confidered as an article of fashionable luxury, rather than a companion, or reasonable being. So Tacitus said of the Germans, that, contrary to the custom of other barbarous nations, they were fatisfied with one wife, except a few, who, not from licentiousness, but as a privilege of their nobility, had many wives. " Prope foli barbarorum fingulis uxoribus contenti funt, exceptis admodum paucis, qui non libidine, fed ob nobilitatem, plurimis nuptiis ambiuntur." In fome of the colder climates of Asia women are allowed a plurality of hufbands. At this the ladies may probably brighten with a fmile, and jocularly wish themselves in so bleffed a country; but I know them to be too sensible of their present happiness, to wish it in earnest; and I will answer for it not one of them would give up a favourite at bome for fifty fuch husbands. It is curious to observe what the Mahometans, who indulge themselves in a plurality of wives, think of this custom of a plurality of husbands. Albazeit-el-hassen, who travelled into India and China in the ninth century. calls it a prostitution! It is with fatisfaction I turn the attention of my reader's, laftly, to their own eligible condition. In these countries the fair fex are not the flaves, but the companions of men. It is here, therefore, they fosten the man-

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ners, alleviate the cares, and refine the fentiments of the other fex: it is here they received in return, the admiration, the respect, the gratitude, and the love, of tender and affectionate husbands; and it is here they exercise that mild. and gentle rule, which, though fearcely felt, is acknowledged by all. It is by this reciprocity of advantages that the fexes are civilifed and improved by each other. Peter 1st. when he was labouring to civilife his countrymen, introduced the women into fociety, who were before closely confined at home by their husbands. He knew that nothing would tend more to temper the manners of his people than the free intercourse of the sexes. This conduct of the Muscovite reformer was judicious, and shewed him capable of the task he had undertaken. I cannot dismiss this paper without wishing the ladies of this country a long duration of that captivating influence over the men, which the full perfection of personal charms, adorned with the brightest jewels of mental accomplishments, enfures them at present, and, I trust, will long continue to ensure them.

N.B. This paper, till further notice, will be published once a week only—on Saturdays.

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SYLPH.

Number XVII.

SATURDAY, November 21, 1795.

La pauvre mie étois babillarde, assez libre dans ses propos samiliers, peu discrette avec de jeunes silles, et qu'elle aimoit parler de son vieux tems. Rousseau.

The foolish old woman was full of talk, pretty free in her familiar conversations, and without any discretion before young girls: she was also fond of talking of her own youthful times.

IF it be true, as I have observed in a sormer paper, that the obligations of duties are encreased in a ratio with the ability of performance, if they depend much on the relations of time, circumstance, and age, are there not the same proportions and degrees of vice in respect to similar differences of situation? Is it not, for instance, much more shocking to meet with drunkenness in the priest than in the layman?—cowardice in the soldier than in the private citizen?—injustice in the judge than in the criminal? and, above all, is it not more deplorable to meet with vice

and debauchery in the impotence of age, and the decline of the passions, than in the fire of youth, and the days of giddy inexperience?-There feems to me to be fo rooted a depravity in this latter case, that with such even an Angel from heaven might despair of reformation. Characters, however, of fuch a description are unfortunately to be found in both fexes; and it will be one object of my writings to expose them to the world. As they have taken off the veil of modesty and virtue, it is right that some one should take off also the veil of iniquity and guilt.

A letter which I have just received, and which I shall lay before my readers, induces me to confine my observations at present to semale characters of the description alluded to: I shall make this unnatural depravity, as far as it regards old men, the subject of a future paper. The introductory fentence of this number characterises an old woman in the decline of life, rather unable any longer to enjoy the world, than tired of it :- experiencing from the ravages of time rather a deprivation of the powers necessary to gratify her passions, than an extinction, or diminution, of their force. When I look among the fex, I am grieved to observe several of this description. Age gives them the privilege of loquacity, and they feldom fail to exert it: but what I shall particularly remark, at prefent,

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fent, is the use they make of this talking-prerogative, and the effects of their eloquence on their audience, who are generally the young and fingle of their own fex. They indulge themselves in a very great freedom of conversation, to which they imagine they are entitled from their years and experience; and deal largely in certain hints and allusions, which they think themselves licensed to vend from their avowed knowledge of things. These they sometimes venture to throw out even in the presence of men; and indeed it feems to be their ambition to be thought, in all respects, as knowing, as the other sex. This conduct and disposition is very much encouraged, and promoted, by the men; which appears, at first view, to be an extraordinary circumstance. One would imagine that the most abandoned rake, how much soever he might encourage an indelicacy of manners, and language, in a miftress, or a girl he wished to corrupt, would be disgusted with the slightest breach of modesty in an old woman of fixty. But upon inspection into their hearts, I have discovered the reason, and find it to be an affair of mutual policy.

These old women, who are naturally of warm imaginations, and have in their youth pretty freely gratistied their appetites, finding themselves, in the infirmity of years, disabled from the further indulgence of what they cannot forget, contrive

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to embrace the fhadows of pleasure through the medium of corrupted ideas. Hence in their familiar conversations, dans ses propos familiers, among the young and ignorant of their fex, LOVE is the constant subject. Histories of their own amours (which are always either in reality, or in fiction, numerous enough) fupply them with opportunities of presenting to the uninformed minds of their audience, pictures of vice and fenfuality, which they frequently embellish with all the luxury of description. Thus they at once debauch their hearers, and gratify their own distempered fancies. They are, however, aware how much every modest, and virtuous woman must condemn them. They are sensible how much they merit the detestation of their own fex, and therefore feek to counteract it by the countenance and support of the other. This countenance the men readily grant, because they know that fuch women are their best tools of corruption; and by the poison they inftil into the young and curious mind, promote confiderably their purposes of seduction. Thus does the depravity of the old become the means of corrupting the young; and thus does the licentious debauchee blow up the embers of fuperannuated passions, that he may kindle the slame of lust in the bosoms of the youthful.-To contemplate fuch inftances of human profligacy, to enter into the heart of man, and find it fuch a fink

fink of aggregated vice, to pry into the fecrets and fentiments of his foul, and find them but a mass of vicious ideas, is a task so ungrateful to a spirit of purity, that nothing but my love for the race in general, and the duties of the office I have imposed on myself, can reconcile to my feelings so painful an employment. It is, however, a consolation to me, and that the only one, in the discharge of so irksome a duty, that such characters are comparatively few; and that there are a thousand instances of virtuous and honourable old age, in both sexes, to one of this lamentable description.

Solamenque mali. VIRG.

I shall here present the letter I mentioned before: it was written to me by a very modest
and sensible young woman; and I may add, for
the information of young men, who are apt to
be curious in their enquiries, when they hear of
a letter from a lady—a very beautiful young woman: but then I would advise them to consider beauty, as consisting chiefly in loveliness of
mind.

To the SYLPH.

« SIR,

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"YOUR goodness will, I am sure, pardon the presumption of a young woman, who writes

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to you on a subject she hardly knows how to introduce, or in what language to relate. Confcious, however, not only that she means well, but that the SYLPH, who reads the sentiments of her heart, is himfelf the witness of her fincerity, the writes with confidence.- I am, Sir, the daughter of a gentleman, who, from the nature of his profession, is frequently obliged to spend much of his time abroad; and in his absence, as I have no mother, generally leaves me in the care of a distant female relation. I am with this old lady, for the is more than fifty years of age, at present, to my very great forrow; for indeed, Sir, she is very unfit to have the care of any young person. Instead of improving in me that modesty, which seems natural to my sex, she feems to take all the pains she can to lessen it. She is always telling me fome foolish tale about herself, and her sweethearts, when she was of my age. Now I am but fifteen, and about two months over, fo you know, Sir, I am fure they must be all stories; and yet nevertheless they make me blush so, that any one would suppose, to fee me, that I had stolen something. For all that this naughty woman, for I must call her so, though the is fo much older than myfelf, never blushes at all, and one would think she never had blushed in her life. If I get up to go out of the room, as I often do, when she begins talking fo, she bids me come back directly, and calls

me

me foolish girl, and tells me I shall know better by and by-Then she says, 'you're like the rest of your sex, I warrant you, child; only a little squeamish, but 'tis all mock-modesty, I dare fay; fo fit down again.' Now this, Sir, is cruel; because I'm sure I'm no hypocrite, and should even be ashamed to write what I do now to you. did I not know that you are not unacquainted with my treatment, or my fincerity. I have not told you half what I suffer from her in this respect, but I can write no more-except to entreat you to devise some means of relieving me from this fituation, either by inspiring my gouvernante with more modest thoughts and conversations, which I almost fear is impossible; or by putting it in my dear papa's head never to leave me with her again. This last would be much more agreeable to me, and as you have power to do what you please, I do really think you will oblige in that manner, your most humble servant,

" SOPHIA."

Can we admire the simplicity of this innocent creature—some of my readers may smile, but I can assure them she is really as innocent, as she innocently describes hersels—and not feel ourselves interested in her happiness? And can we suppose her happiness consistent with probability under the influence of such a counsellor? I will

not anticipate the reader's answer, but beg of him if he have a daughter, a fifter, or a friend in a fimilar predicament (and many there are fo) to hurry her as fast as possible from the gulph of destruction. How careful ought a parent to be, to whom he entrusts the guardianship of his child, more especially at that critical period of life, when the mind generally affumes its bias from the first impressions made on it. From the age of fourteen, perhaps twelve, to eighteen in girls is an important feason; and from the company, the manners, the advice, in a word, from every thing they fee, hear, or think, during that period, they are formed to modesty or impudence, to virtue or vice, to happiness or misery. The mind and the body arrive together, at the same time. nearly to the same point of maturity; and as the latter is beautiful, or deformed, according to the gift of nature, or the exertion of perfonal care, so is the former embellished, or debased. in proportion as morality and knowledge have been cultivated, or neglected.

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SYLPH.

Number XVIII.

SATURDAY, November 28, 1795.

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Nil mortalibus arduum eft. Hon.

her, or that Poply is, he respective No work too high for man's audacious force, FRANCIS.

MY last number was written, when I was in a grave humour. My readers will not be furprifed at this declaration, when I inform them that the Sylpbian race, though light and airy beings, are not always in good spirits, as might be supposed from the happy state they enjoy in the regions of space, but have their depressions of vivacity and liveliness, as well as mortals. This I cannot account for, nor have I ever endeavoured to investigate the cause of so remarkable a phænomenon, for our race is not so forward as man, in aiming to draw aside the veil, which conceals the operations of nature. I shall not, therefore, attempt to impose on the world any hypothesis of my own on this subject, how much soever I might be warranted in fuch conduct by the prac-

tice of men, who are very fond of raising schemes of infallible philosophy upon hypothetical reafonings. I cannot, however, refift mentioning a conjectural hint I lately received from a sbrewd divine, who in his fermion politively affured his audience that "even the happiness of heaven would not be unalloyed. If it were," faid he, "it would be no longer happiness, for what do we know, or feel, of things but by contrast and comparison? I therefore warn you," continued the preacher, " that you will be sometimes unhappy even in the mansions of bliss; and for this reason, that you may have a livelier, and more fensible enjoyment of felicity, by knowing what it is to be sometimes miserable. This, my brethren, you may depend upon, for it is an induction of REASON. How could we distinguish light, were there no darkness?-virtue, were there no vice?-or happiness, were there no mifery? &c." This learned gentleman's reafoning feemed to me very ingenious. I was particularly pleased with the idea of making Heaven and Hell correctives for each other, and the fending the inhabitants of the former to be occasionally tormented in the latter, by way of relief from the fameness of continued felicity: as men retire fometimes from town to the country, in order to recruit their strength, and return with keener appetite to their former pleasures. Probably fuch a genius would affign the fame reason for the variations of my spirits, and ask

me feriously, whether I did not return to a full participation of the spiritual ecstacy with encreased enjoyment after each diminution of it. However it may be, I shall take advantage of fo fair an opportunity of apologifing for my own imperfections, and giving a hint to my candid readers, when they find me dull and heavy, not to be too hasty in their conclusions against me. It will be a very plaufible hypothesis, if they will be kind enough to suppose me in a state of temporary fecession from mylelf, for the purpose of recruiting my genius, as well as my spirits; and then they may expect my return from fo necessary a reverie with a fresh stock of ideas and fentiments. On this ground they may be induced to give me credit by anticipation for a reinforcement of wit and learning to be displayed in future numbers; and if after all they should be disappointed in these expectations, it will but be a fatality very common to human hypotheses; and what I believe mankind are too much used to, to feel with any extraordinary chagrin.

To be serious, I cannot observe the propenfity which men have to fashion to themselves strange hypotheses on almost every subject of their enquiries—the facility with which they impose them on their own understandings, and the animosity with which they endeavour to intrude them on the belief of others, without expressing my indignation at so great a perversion of reason in the first instance, and of common charity in the second. Must it not be matter of aftonishment and regret to a being, who is well acquainted with the value of the reasoning faculty, when he fees the possessors of it groveling in tenfold darkness, not from a defect, but from the abuse, of their understandings? In the books of human learning, I read the works of one great philosopher, as he is called, and find him gravely proving with all the form of logical inference, that the world he inhabits is immaterial-that there is no fuch thing as fire, water, earth, or air, notwithstanding the evidence of the senses. Another learnedly takes up the argument in this state, and with equal gravity proves, that he himself does not, and cannot, exist corporeally, but only mentally -that is, that man is not a being endued with bodily substance. but is a mere concatenation, or perhaps a coalition, of ideas, or some such unintelligible phrase. A third, to crown the matter, and place the acuteness of human ingenuity in its brightest point of view, demonstrates with reasoning as incontrovertible, that man exists not at all, either as a material, or spiritual being; and that there is nothing in nature but ideas and impressions .- Oh the folly of wisdom! the abuse of reason! If my readers have a wish to fee themselves, and the world with them, clearly bandied out of existence together, let them consult the most celebrated metaphylicians of the present century,

tury, and then doubt of their own nihility, if they can. These writers have certainly given proofs of a great deal of learning, and much metaphylical acumen, but in my opinion have thewn themselves very deficient in common fense. It was impossible they could believe even their own wild schemes and reasonings, as the actual experience both of material and foiritual existence, will always rise superior to the fallacies of fophiftry. Accordingly we find that even the Author of the Treatife of Human Nature, to use the words of a very sensible writer on these subjects, ingenuously acknowledged, " that it was only in solitude and retirement, that he could yield any affent to his own philosophy: fociety, like day-light, dispelled the darkness and fogs of scepticism, and made him yield to the dominion of common sense." And I think that even his solitude must have been passed in a very deep and inconceivable abstraction, if he could entirely divest himself of all belief in the reality of the external objects of his fenses. and the operations of his own mind, for it was he that held, that there was neither body, nor mind. These metaphysicians therefore, notwithstanding all the pride of their philosophy. must be either very weak, or wicked men; weak, if they really believe that, which none but fools, and madmen can imagine, or wicked, if they do not believe it, and yet attempt by fophistical arguments to impose such a monstrous belief.

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belief, or rather disbelief, on the minds of the unwary, the ignorant, or the credulous.-The following letter I received the other day from a very eminent metaphyfician, and though I cannot comply with the request it contains, it may perhaps please him to see it published, as a proof of his zeal for the good of his fellow-impressions.

To the SYLP.H.

" Estence of impressions,

HIS apparent letter will feem to come to thee from a certain succession of ideas, or impressions, vulgarly called in the supposed world, a MAN. Thou knowest, immaterial effence, the absurdity of those opinions, which admit materiality, and that there is in fact neither beaven or bell, earth or matter, foul or body. Thou knowest also that I have indefatigably laboured to convince men of these important truisms; hitherto without effect, for they are absolutely determined to believe, and trust in, those sensations, which I have clearly demonstrated to be fallacious. Nevertheless, for the promotion of true philosophy, and to force them to believe that which reason cannot perfuade them, I fupplicate (or rather feem to supplicate, but you will excuse vernacular errors) your affistance. Condescend to iffue your proclamation to all the inhabitants of our earth,

earth, forbidding them to feel the cold of winter, or the beat of summer, pain from a wound, or burning from the fire. Charge them under heavy penalties to take heed of neither posts, ditches, or rivers; nor to get out of the way of borses, chariots, or wild beasts. Prohibit them from pretending to feel love, friendship, or hatred, &c. as principles that exist not, for how indeed can they, when it is a clear position, that no man can have either sather, mother, brother, sister, wise, or any other relation, or indeed can himself be a living creature, since there is no such thing as life or death? A proclamation to this effect will greatly oblige a bundle of ideas, commonly called

" A PHILOSOPHER."

Whereas it hath been represented to the COURT OF THE FAN that the men are much endangered from the unexampled quantities of pretty women, who are at this time every where to be met with, it is therefore ordered that all pretty women, of whatever description and rank. with the exception hereafter to be named, do frequent none but private and retired walks, to the end that they be in the way of none but idlers and faunterers, who, as they are generally prying into every corner they can pop their heads into, deferve to incur all the hazard of an idle curiofity; and that men who are about their lawful business, and are obliged to be frequently in public roads and places, may not be unavoidably

yoidably exposed to the light of such dangerous objects .- 2d. That they do carry their eyes in no other direction, than is avowedly necessary for enabling them, as they walk; to keep in their path, and to avoid any obstacle in their way. They will be allowed, however, to take an occafienal prospect, provided it be confined to inanimate objects .- 3d. That they appear not abroad without being veil'd: the veil shall not, however, be so thick, as to prevent the face from being feen, but merely fufficient to fosten, and blunt as it were, the full resplendence of beauty, so that men may, without danger, look upon it, as they look at the glories of the fun through a smoaked glass, to preserve the eye from the injury of its rays. Note, as the fight of pretty women only is dangerous, the privilege of wearing a veil shall be confined to them; there being no occasion for fuch a precaution with regard to other women.-But, 4th. All pretty women shall be excepted from these regulations, who shall take out, from an office, which we have already appointed, a LICENCE OF MODESTY, wherein will be expressed that the bearer is a person of a modest deportment, and serious behaviour. A strict examination of the candidates for this licence will take place, before it is granted; and to those who appear to have a good title to it, it will be given gratis. The ladies are, however, cautioned to be very careful how they venture to apply for it; as many wemen of character have been already refused it.

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SYLPH.

Number XIX.

SATURDAY, December 5, 1795.

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A crowd of petitioners.

IT having gone abroad, in consequence, I prefume, of what I have said respecting the reading of Novels, that I intend altogether to forbid, and abolish, the use of them, a general alarm has taken place among very numerous bodies of men, who have conveyed to me their sentiments in the following petitions.

To the SYLPH.

"The humble Petition of the Proprietors of cir-

" SHEWETH,

"THAT your Petitioners are a very numerous class of men, and carry on an extensive trade, highly beneficial to themselves, and the public

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at large—that this trade about half a century ago was in its infancy, but by the industry of your petitioners, and certain men, employed by them, called AUTHORS, is now brought to a great degree of perfection-that this trade confifts in the lending out to our customers, for hire, certain articles, whereof the faid authors furnish the raw materials, which are afterwards manufastured, embellished, and finished by men, called bookbinders-that this trade but a few years back was chiefly confined to the metropolis, and a few of the largest towns, but is now extended to all parts of the country, fo that there is scarce a village to be found, where one of our fraternity has not established a library.- LIBRARY, vou'll be pleased to understand, is the name by which we diftinguish our shops, which we moreover denominate circulating, because, as has been stated before, they have of late circulated, and are now circulating, faving your Honour's interference, all over the nation.—And in this our profession. we not only promote the pleasure and amusement of our fellow-creatures, by inventing for them a method, and fupplying them with the means, of outwitting and disappointing their greatest enemy, TIME; but also facilitate the improvement of their minds by alluring them to the practice of reading, which is allowed by all judges to be the best exercise of the mind-And this exercise is effected by our means in the

the easiest and simplest manner, free from those troublesome operations attention and reflection: fince our books are so contrived, ab origine, by the authors, as to be adapted to the comprehenfion even of children, who are indeed a very numerous (we had almost faid the wbole) class of our customers. Now this is not the case with the books of our opponents, the bookfellers, who employ stupid, and impolitic writers; and which books are, therefore, destitute of all, but those unfalbionable qualities, LEARNING and GOOD-SENSE. They require such time, such attention, or such talents, to penetrate their meaning, that few care to read them, and fewer understand them. And this we take to be a main reason of the encrease of our trade, who have purfued a wifer method. and endeavoured to gratify the public tafte. Your petitioners have, therefore, with much concern and aftonishment, heard it whispered about in their libraries, that the Sylph had, for some unaccountable reason, taken an aversion to this their trade, and resolved to abolish it ? whereby your petitioners would be inevitably ruined, and their customers deprived of their wonted resource in the hours of liftlessness and vacuity. Praying, therefore, that the premises may be taken into consideration, we remain, &c."

Dated, Minerva Press, Leadenhall-street.

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"The humble Petition of the Lady and Gentlemen Novel-makers,

" SHEWETH,

HAT your Petitioners are a very numerous, poor, and hungry fet of beings, who are obliged to get food for their own appetites by feeding the appetites of others, penna quarere victum—that the chief employment of your Petitioners is, the filling up of a given number of fheets of paper with certain black, minute figures, called words, of a very innocent nature in themfelves, but capable of being fo arranged by a process (of which we have the sole art) as to cause many curious phanomena, which will be hereafter explained—that this process is effected by a very fimple method, viz. by moving on the faid paper, in known directions, a pointed, transparent instrument, first dipped in a black liquid, thereby forming the words beforementioned-That these words, by classing more, or less, of them together, are formed into fentences—the fentences, according to the arrangement and collection of them, become narrations, speeches, fentiments, descriptions, &c. and when a very great quantity of them (the number and order of which it is our peculiar privilege and art to determine) are wedged together after a particular form and manner, they are denominated a NOVEL. And this name is given them, not because they are bond fide new and original; for the contrary is the case; in as much as we are by no means the inventors of these sentiments, narrations, &c. but merely extract them fecundum artem from other works of the same kind, which the founders of our science have left us, and by dint of differently arranging, disguising, mutilating, and transforming, so alter them, as to defy detection; but because by the variation of the order, fize. and colouring of the materials; the difference of composing them by way of narrative, or by letters; the division of them into a greater, or less (but generally greater) number of volumes; and, above all, by the prefixing of a fresh title (which part has, perhaps, the best claim of any to originality) they become so far new, that none but an artist can discover them to be old .- Of the phanomena, which they are capable of producing, the chief is, that if they are displayed before the eyes for about half an hour, they cause a certain fupor to seize the senses, so that the reader, or patient, is irrelistibly overcome by sleep, which is more, or less, heavy in proportion to the lightness, or gravity, of the matter contained in the faid books; and what is very remarkable in this phenomenon, the lightest reading causes the earliest and deepest sleep. But, in exception to this general property, there are some, which being composed of more stimulating ingredients, operate as provocatives, and keep the reader from a lethargy

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thargy by inflaming his passions, and awakening in him ideas, too bot for him to fleep under .-Others being furnished with certain monotonous, dull, and beavy-reading fentences, inferted at proper distances, are said to abound with sentiment, and the effect they produce in the reader, is a kind of melancholy, unmeaning, state of mind, which they call feeling .- Thefe are, by no means, all the properties of the faid works, but your Petitioners humbly prefume they have faid enough to make your honour fully acquainted with their nature and advantages. They, therefore, only state in addition, that if the prohibition against the further exercise of their art should take place, as is reported, they must be inevitably flarved. Praying therefore, &c."

I have also received several other petitions; from the paper-makers, stating that by such a prohibition the consumption of paper will be so diminished, as to threaten destruction to a now very sourishing manusacture—from the ragmen, stating that such a resolution would affect them as a necessary consequence of its affecting the paper-makers—from the pastry-cooks, shopkeepers, &c. stating the scarcity of waste paper, that would soon come upon them from such a regulation, and the necessity they should be under, for want of proper conveniences, to lay their rapacious hands on works of learning, and merit,

merit, to the great detriment both of judicious writers and readers.

It was, undoubtedly, my intention to have abolished entirely the further composition, circulation, and reading of these filly books by a general edict on the subject, but as it appears that a great number of individuals would fuffer confiderably by fo fudden a measure, I shall, for the present, only make a few regulations, which I trust will have the effect of a gradual abolition. 1st. That no Novel be in future published with a preface. I have observed before, that this is almost the only part of modern novels (and of fuch only I speak, as there have been, in times past, a few good ones written) which pretends to a moral, or beneficial, tendency: by abolishing the preface, therefore, I shall strip them of their false colours, and cause them to be read, literally, as they are. 2dly. That none of the emphatical words, occurring in the following fentence, extracted from a celebrated Novel, and which LAURA calls a most affecting, beautiful, and sublime passage - " Ah Cupid, Cupid! what hath been the crime of this poor beart—this beart of sentiment and sensibility—that with thy resistless arrows thou hast transfixed its peace; and with thy baneful, yet delicious poison, hast infected a lofom foft and gentle as thy mother's doves, or e'en ber beauteous self? How, how have I struggled against

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against thy power! but ab! in vain. I can no longer-Tyrant! thou hast conquered. I LOVE, I LOVE."—that none of these words, I say, or others of the same species be used more than even times, each word, in any one page except fuch page shall contain more than fourteen lines, each line exceeding two inches in length, then, and in such case, any of the said words may be used eight or nine times, provided still that they occur not oftener than once in every other line. 3dly. That not more than one pair in fifty shall be united together by the pure ties of difinterested love; and that all the rest shall act like people of the world, viz. connect themselves from interest and convenience. This will render all their loveaffairs so common and natural, that there will be neither novelty, nor interest in them, and they will, of course, fall into neglect. I promise myfelf much from this regulation. These three leading rules must suffice for the present, at a future opportunity I may, perhaps, give the world a complete Art of Novel-making.

Erratum.—In the motto of Numb. XVII. for et qu'elle aimoit parler, read et aimoit à parler.

Constitution virtues in the s

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Cold work was I - 1. The secretary

SYLPH.

Number XX.

SATURDAY, December 12, 1795

Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obstat Res angusta domi. Juv.

Rarely they rise by Virtue's aid, who lie Plung'd in the depths of helples poverty.

DRYDEN.

IT is not more usual with mankind to consider wealth as the sountain of every happiness, than to look upon poverty as the parent of every evil. Nor is this judgment apparently formed without reason, for Poverty is the undoubted source of innumerable ills both to the body, and to the mind. It is an insurmountable bar to all those enjoyments, which the world in general have agreed to estimate as most valuable; that is, to the honours, the dignities, the pleasures, and the amusements of life. Hence it is dreaded by the worldly-minded, and the ambitious. It is an impediment to the acquisition of knowledge, and the improvement of the mind: it is, therefore,

therefore, an enemy to rifing genius, and the bane of science and philosophy. It is even a flumbling-block to the virtues-to honesty, to justice, and to religion. The contemplation of its effects, therefore, gives pain to a virtuous mind, and pierces even the bosoms of the good. They fee, in its operation on the fentiments and characters of men, the production, or the encrease of moral evil, and they sympathise in the consequent afflictions, that attend it. But this is not all; Poverty is the object of ridicule; the but of jests, and of farcasms; the mark, at which folly and witticifm have mutually agreed to direct their shafts. So generally, indeed, does misery seem to be considered as the destined fport of mockery, and taunts, that a tattered garment, a patched coat, or a ragged gown, more frequently give rife to a cruel, and unfeeling joke, than they create compassion for the poor wretch, who bears them on his weatherbeaten limbs, or move the heart to the relief of want. Poverty feems to have no claims upon It must put up with the injuries of the powerful, the jefts of fools, the fcorn of the wealthy, and the contumelies of the proud.

The man of feeling, when he reflects upon all these complicated evils, to which Poverty must submit, when he looks around, and sees that two thirds of his fellow-creatures are of the number of

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the poor, is lost in astonishment at the intolerable burden of mifery, to which the greatest part of his race is subject, and is induced to ask, with a doubt, perhaps, of the impartial justice of his Maker, how all this weight of evil can be supported, and how it is merited. Let us then confider what are the means, which providence employs to counteract the influence of this fummum malum, poverty, and reconcile man to the hardness of his lot. The actual sense of all the evils. to which men are liable, is proportioned to the acuteness of their feelings, and varies to every fufferer, as the mind is flow, or quick, in the perception of pain. The effects, therefore, of a determined evil are to be measured, not acgording to what it is capable of producing, but according to the fensations of the subject, on which it acts. In this principle we discover an alleviation to the universal wretchedness of the poor. The great mass of them are the uninformed and the ignorant, whose feelings education has never ripened into fensibility, and whose moderate desires, the consequence of inexperience, mould them to contentment. this bluntness of the feelings, which forms the general antidote to a great part of the evils of their condition, I might say, perhaps, to almost all, except those, which immediately affect their persons. It is this, which, on many occasions, renders them infensible to indignities which sling the

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the feeling mind with the very sharpness of pain, It is this which smooths to them, the paths which are fo rugged to the pride of fallen greatness, the delicacy of well-educated indigence, and the feelings of splendid poverty. It is this, which, as it incapacitates them for the more refined pleasures of life, renders them, at the same time, unconscious of the deprivation of those qualifications, which are above their sphere of enjoyment: and it is this, therefore, which contributes, in an eminent degree, to that equanimity, and contented state of mind, which, with few exceptions, animates the great mass of the lower poor; and in fact, by curtailing their defires, and lessening the sources of uneasiness, creates among them a degree of real happiness, which the rich look for in vain amidst the pomp of courts, the luxury of wealth, the pride of honours, and the charms of power. With what an admirable contrivance does this dulness of perception, this bebetude of the mind, which, on a curfory view, feems to cut off from the poor fo many means of enjoyment, become in reality the cause of their comfort and happiness! How wonderful are the ways of God! how unfearchable the wisdom of his Providence!

But Poverty is never, perhaps, more lamentable in its effects, or more detrimental to fociety, than when it operates to the depression of genius, and the prevention of knowledge. When I look round the world, I fee many hundreds buried in obscurity, who merit a very different fate, than to float down the current of time unseen, and unnoticed: men, to whom nature has been most liberal in her gifts; who are respectively endued with the noblest qualities of the mind, the fullest vigour of genius, or the finest feelings of the heart. I see them struggling against every opposition of fortune, combating with envy, and pining with neglect. Some of them are fighing in vain for opportunities of improving by cultivation and reading the natural talents, which they are conscious of possessing. Others, who by chance, or some good luck, have experienced those benefits of education and early culture, which are the objects of so many fruitless wishes with the former, have still full reason for complaint. In vain do they possess superior abilities; in vain have the years of their youth been spent in the toil and labour of learning; in vain have they confumed the better half of their lives in fowing, with persevering industry, the seeds of knowledge. They never shall reap the fruits. Poverty, like the night-shade, sheds its baneful influence over all their qualities; and obscurity, like a thick darkness, envelopes and hides them with an impenetrable veil. It is bere then that the philosopher fees in poverty all its horrors: it is bere that the man

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man of feeling, and the man of learning unite in deploring its mischievous effects.

I hardly know how a man can be more unhappy than in such a condition. A consciousness of abilities inspires him with ambition; and virtue tells him that his ambition is laudable: yet he never can gratify it. His soul thirsts after same with enthusiastic ardour: yet he never can attain it. His reading, and his sentiments, teach him to consider the magnum et memorabile nomen, a great and memorable name, when acquired by virtue and merit, as the object of the noblest emulation, and the highest temporal enjoyment; yet has he the mortification to struggle for the palm, without a hope of success.

The amazing properties of the magnet were for ages undiscovered; and accident at last brought men acquainted with this wonderful phænomenon. So it fares with genius. Without favourable circumstances, and lucky opportunities for its display, it lies for ages buried in obfeurity, and steals from generation to generation unknown, and undiscovered, without benefit to mankind, or honour to itself. The illustrious characters, whose names are so justly enrolled on the scroll of same, for their extraordinary virtue, their learning, or their parts, are by no means all whom nature has in every age, and in every country,

country, qualified to deserve the same glorious privilege above their sellow-creatures. Many with the same advantages would have obtained the same prize; but "their lot forbade," and they are now buried in eternal night.

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona Multi; fedomnes illacrymabiles Urgentur, ignotique longâ Nocte.

Hos.

Of such the poet so pathetically says,

"Fair Knowledge to their eyes her ample page Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol; Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage, And froze the genial current of the soul."

GRAY.

Knowledge, like merit, is modest, and seldom takes any pains to intrude itself into notice. This modesty in men of abilities, though it forms a very amiable trait in their character, is by no means calculated to push them forward. in the world, but has manifestly a contrary ten-It is in this case, therefore, an auxiliary to poverty, and contributes in a confiderable degree to the depression of genius. For such is the misfortune of indigent merit, of every description, that what with the disgrace of its poverty, and the restraints of its own modesty. it very rarely attracts the regard of the wealthy, or the powerful. Or if it perchance should attract their notice, it is but to afford them a fubject for raillery and merriment.

"Want is the fcorn of every wealthy fool, And Wit in rags is turn'd to ridicule."

DRYDEN. JUVA

To fee virtue struggling with adversity has been called a noble fight; the fame may be faid of genius: but the gratification in both cases can arise only from a successful struggle. If virtue yield to the oppression of calamity; if it fink under the weight of affliction; if it fail in the perilous hour of trial; our admiration is turned into pity, and grief succeeds to those emotions of generous exultation, which had been indulged only in the hope of a victorious issue. So when genius, after every attempt, finks unfuccefsful; when it shrinks from neglect, like the tender fensitive-plant from the approach of the hand; when it turns with blushing timidity from the eye of supercilious fcorn; and when it succumbs to the weight of poverty and want, we lament in the same manner its inefficient efforts. As we entered into the hopes and fears, that animated its struggles, we partake also the grief of its failure and difappointment. As we cheered it with our plaudits, and followed it with our wishes, we fympathise in its drooping spirits, and participate even the horrors of its despair. There is, however, this difference between genius and virtue, that the latter cannot fink under adversity, but by its own default, nor be over-

come

come in the contest without voluntary submission: but the triumph of the former depends not altogether upon itself. It may shoot forth, like the opening bud, with native efforts, but can feldom reach maturity without the genial warmth of encouragement and protection. The want of patronage is as fatal to it, as the abfence of the fun to the vegetable world. In one case, therefore, our pity is not without an alloy of disapprobation, nor our grief unattended with a portion of censure; for while we commiserate the man, who, after a noble struggle, gives way to temptation, we also condemn him. We not only grieve for the loss of virtue, but are indignant at the triumph of vice. But the failure of genius is involuntary; it rifes not, because it cannot surmount the difficulties that overcome it. It falls, because it cannot sustain the weight, that suppresses it. There is, therefore, in its failure, nothing to stain its original merit, nothing to lessen its original interest in our hearts, or diminish our forrow for its fate.

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SYLPH.

Number XXI.

SATURDAY, December 19, 1795.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori ; Caio Musa beat.

Hor.

The Muse forbids the brave to die, The Muse enthrones him in the sky.

FRANCIS.

WHEN examples occur of extraordinary virtue, of courageous valour, or of eminent patriotism, to hold them up to the emulation of others is not only an act of justice to the parties, but of utility to the public. It is with the hope of being thus immortalised in the praises of posterity, and of being imitated by succeeding candidates for same, that noble souls are spurred on to exploits of celebrity; and encouraged to meet danger without sear, and death without regret, in the path of glory and honour. I cannot help thinking, therefore, that every man, who endeavours to celebrate an uncommon action, or an illustrious character, from a desire of giving virtue

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virtue its due praise, and doing honour to exalted merit, is entitled to the highest commendation, if he fucceed in his delign, and justly participates a share of the same, which he contributes to extend. Nor, if his talents should prove unequal to the attempt, is the intention unworthy of approbation. He has, at all events, a claim to indulgence and candour. With these sentiments, I publish the following little piece of poetry, which was composed as a tribute of honour and respect to a very brave and gallant man, the late Captain FAULKNOR, of the many honourable and courageous actions of whose life it is, I trust, as unnecessary to remind my readers, as of his glorious and patriotic death. The tears of regret, with which his loss was so generally bewailed, and the first glow of admiration and gratitude, which was kindled up by his death in the bosoms of a generous people, ever grateful to the heroes, that defend them, is hardly yet fubfided. Of the poetical merit of the enfuing lines I shall give no opinion. It will be sufficient to affure my readers that they were written with a view to promote virtue by celebrating (as far. as so humble an attempt can avail) a noble and illustrious action, and to direct the ambition of others to laudable ends, by holding up to them an example of true patriotism, and unparalleled bravery.

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An ELEGY

To the memory of Captain FAULKNOR, who was killed in the memorable engagement between his Majesty's frigate' La Blanche, of 36 guns (of which he was commander) and the French frigate La Pique, of 38 guns, in the West Indies, January 5th, 1795.

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

Hor.

What joys, what glories round him wait, Who bravely for his country dies!

FRANCIS.

HAT hollow groans prolong the western gale? What founds of distant battle shake the shore? What are yon flitting forms, that feem to veil Behind the sea-dipt clouds their streaming gore?

A sudden light illumes the wond'rous scene. I fee them fight-two warring ships engage! Down comes a tow'ring mast—the sea between Swells with th' unufual shock, and foams with rage.

Another raking shot has scour'd the deck, And swept its mangled victims to the waves. How the poor struggling wretches grasp the wreck. And strive, in vain, to shun their wat'ry graves!

Now with more furious heat the battle burns: While anxious VICTORY flutters in the air. Lights on the masts of either ship by turns, And doubts for whom her laurel to prepare.

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* Inter utrumque volat Victoria pennis.

OVID.

What daring chief is that, who stands alone, Seizes the bowsprit of his struggling foe, * Lashes the lab'ring vessel to his own, And seems about to leap upon her prow?

I mark his dauntless brow—his eager eye—
The mingled passions slushing in his cheeks:
Joy, courage, hope, th' alternate glow supply;
Each act, each look, the hero's foul bespeaks.

From him through all the warriors of his crew
The vivid + spark of valour seems to fly:
From him they catch fresh zeal—th' attack renew,
And sight resolv'd to conquer, or to die.

And fee—they grapple close.—Now sword with sword
Classes, and arm with arm—the tumult grows.
'Midst blood, and wounds, and smoak, they leap on board,
Death joins the group, and grins, and guides their blows.

Enough, enough of flaughter—See, they yield:
They strike their colours, and for mercy crave.
The conquerors now the sword no longer wield,
But grant a willing quarter to the brave.

But where's their gallant chief? ah, dreadful fight!

I fee him wounded—pale—by death opprest.
His eyes are closing in eternal night,
And life's red current gushes from his breast. I

Methinks I hear him, as he gasps for breath,
Fault'ring, forbid his comrades to lament.

"Weep not, my friends, nor pain I feel, nor death;

"I've liv'd to conquer, and I die content."

Now

* Captain Faulknor with his own hands lashed the bowsprit of .

La Pique to the capstern of his own ship.

^{† —} bello vivida virtus. VIRG. † Captain Faulknor was shot in the breast by a Frenchman, from the powsprit of La Pique,

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Now burst a thousand glories o'er the scene.

Angels descend, and bear the victor's prize,

The crown of joy—the laurel ever-green—

And the good man's reversion in the skies.

They mount.—Some lead the van, fome fill the rear :
'Midst them the hero cuts th' ætherial space.
Hah—sure I dream, or as the host draw near,
I catch the well-known features of his face.

'Tis he!—but ah! the vision melts like dew.
"Shade of the gallant FAULKNOR! stay thy slight:
"Why snatch thy sudden glories from my view?
"Why mount so quickly to the realms of light?"

'Tis gone—amid the livid light'ning's gleam,
And full, loud thunder, like the cannon's roar.
Nor found, nor groan I hear, nor dying fcream;
But all is still and filent as before.

Save that a storm is gath'ring on the main;
Th' awaken'd elements for war prepare:
The winds rush forth, the lightnings slash again;
And bellowing clouds clash rudely in the air.

Twas then delution !—fuch as fancy wild
With magic pencil sketches on the brain;
When the rapt mind, by thought intense beguil'd,
Roves from herself, and throws up reason's reign.

On the brave FAULKNOR, as I trod the shore,
My foul with rapt'rous meditation dwelt.
I trac'd his actions—fought his battles o'er,
And all the Patriot's glowing ardour felt.

A Patriot he indeed!—unlike the herds,
Whose tongues, as trumpets, sound the hollow praise,
Of faith and public virtue—sacred words!
To cover guilt, while treachery betrays.

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Like worldiy lovers, lur'd by paltry pelf,
They only court their country for her dow'r.
The cry of public good means nought but felf,
And all they wish to gain is wealth and pow'r.

Not so the gallant FAULENO'R chose to prove,
How much Old England's honour touch'd his heart;
He scorn'd by words alone to shew his love,
When duty call'd him forth to all his part,

He fought her foes, and conquer'd—but he bled!

(Hence my fad muse her mournful tribute pays)

Yet tho' he fell, the hero is not dead:

He lives for ever in his country's praise.

His are a nation's thanks—fublime reward!

The poet too shall celebrate his fame.

The fage historian his life record,

And future times resound with FAULKNOR's name.

A name that long shall animate the page,
Where BRITISH valour is the copious theme;
Form future heroes—kindle youth in age—
And fill the ravish'd soul with glory's dream.

What the a partial fenate could deny
The abbey's honours * to his injur'd fhade?
His facred memory fhall never die:
For noble deeds, like virtue, ne'er can fade.

Oh! how the muse disdains their dull, cold hearts, Whom party-prejudice can freeze so hard, That not the warmest rays, which merit darts, Can pierce their fullen, icy disregard!

But

^{*} On Tuesday, April the 14th, 1795, a motion was made in the House of Commons, for an address to his Majesty, praying his Majesty to give directions that a monument should be erected in the collegiate church of St. Peter's, Westminster, to the memory of Captain Faulknor.—The motion was opposed by Ministry, and negatived.

But fay, strall envy, or dislike, arrest:

The great man's progress to the goal of same?

Shall his good name, his honour be supprest,

Because dull prejudice deny his claim?

No, MERIT CANNOT PERISH BY NEGLECT.*

Vain is the praise or censure of mankind.

For who impartial judgment shall expect,

Where favour warps, and error renders blind?

Think they the marble monument alone
Can give eternal glory to the great?
Can immortality be grav'd on stone,
Or brazen statues stay the course of fate?

These, as time rolls, in mould'ring dust shall lie:
And feel, at last, the great destroyer's pow'r.
The artist and his art are doom'd to die,
And meet "alike th' inevitable hour."

The noblest monument a man can have,

Is that his virtue raises, while he lives:

His fullest recompence—beyond the grave;

Where God rewards the merit that survives.

And fuch a monument did FAULKNOR raife,
By bravely dying in his country's cause.
And such a recompence—immortal praise,
Now greets the hero's soul with heav'n's applause.

Virtus, REPULSA NESCIA SORDIDA, in—
contaminatis fulget honoribus;

Nec fumit, aut ponit secures,

Arbitrio popularis aura.

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SYLPH.

Number XXII.

SATURDAY, December 26, 1795.

MAGNUM et memorabile nomen.

VIRG.

A GREAT and memorable name.

IN my endeavours to regulate and guide the passions of mankind, I cannot but direct my attention in a particular manner to those, which are of general influence among them, and which are most liable to be abused in their application, to the detriment of virtue, and the misfortune of fociety. Of these is the LOVE OF FAME; a passion not more universal, than subject to perversion; a passion, which gives rise to the noblest actions, that adorn humanity, and to the most execrable deeds, that deform it-alike the ftimulus of good men and of bad men, the incentive both to virtue, and to vice. To thirst after fame is natural to man; and to defire praise effential to his virtue. It is the abuse only of these propensities, which renders them vicious,

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and stamps them with the seal of guilt. The bad man gratifies this ruling possion at the expence of his conscience; and by facrificing virtue at the shrine of ambition, loses his innocence, and gains but a shadow indeed! The good man, proceeding in the path of true honour, is willing to facrifice to virtue even the fame, he fo ardently defires; and thereby he preserves his integrity, fecures what he feems to give up, and is finally rewarded with fubstantial glory. " Insidet quædam in optimo quoque VIRTUS, quæ noctes et dies animum gloriæ stimulis concitat 'Cic. There is in the breast of every good man a PRINCIPLE OF VIRTUE, which urges him night and day with the stimulus of glory," With men of an ambitious turn a GREAT NAME is the thing proposed. To be spoken of with admiration: to be celebrated and idolized, while living; and to be registered in the memorials of history, when dead; is deemed a happiness cheaply bought at whatever expence. Toil and labour, danger and difficulty, corruption and intrigue, are the prices, which men as willingly pay for a tinkling name, as children empty their pockets for a noisy rattle, or a gilded toy. But the true object, which should excite emulation, and stir up the mind with the incentives of glory, is what Tully calls quadam virtus, or what I shall term a GOOD NAME. To illustrate these two objects, and to compare a GOOD name with a GREAT name,

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shall be the business of the present essay; but before we enter upon the comparison, it will be necessary to define and distinguish the terms. A GREAT name is the refult of an illustrious, an enterprising, or a hazardous action, boldly undertaken and fuccessfully performed: it is the attendant, generally, of an extensive understanding, a daring mind, or a corrupted heart; and not more easily obtained by the worthy use of genius, and abilities, than by the most unjustifiable actions of unrestrained villainy. EROSTRA-Tus, who fired the Ephesian temple, possesses a name not less famous, or durable, than the Macedonian hero, who ravaged the world, and defolated his race: nor is Nero, whose cruelties have aftonished mankind, less known in the annals of memorable men, than TRAJAN, whose virtues, the admiration of nations, have entitled him to that, which we shall presently shew to be preferable to all, that the breath of flattery can bestow, or the pride of mortals receive. A great name, then, is mere popular fame, the reward indifcriminately of virtue, and of vice, (though more frequently of the latter) the gift. perhaps, of fortune or chance, bestowed without judgment, and received without merit. A GOOD name, on the contrary, as it is infinitely more valuable, so is it more difficult of acquisition. It is the reward only of virtue, and is obtained by the practice of morality, and the full observ-

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ance of all the duties of life, or by uprightness of heart, and fincerity of intention. The ONE is, therefore, an object of indefatigable pursuit to the ambitious; the OTHER the peculiar privilege of the bumble and the pious .- But of men, whose ruling passion has been a great name, or fame, we are to diffinguish those, who have practised allowable means in the pursuit of it, from those who have made every principle of justice and morality yield to their vanity, and pride. Of the latter, without the invidious mention of present times, the page of history, both antient and modern, furnishes abundant examples. Many of the famed heroes of Greece and Rome, and many a modern warrior, mad as the illustrious Charles of Sweden, the ambitious imitator of the great Alexander, might be adduced in proof of the affertion, that no principle of moral or focial duty, no precept of religion, no threatened vengeance of the Deity, nor even the dark terrors of superstition, have been able to deter some men from the practice of every species of injustice and cruelty, to obtain an useless name. Others purfue the same chimera by means less pernicious perhaps, but not more honourable. Such is the statesman, who thinks it neither a crime, nor a difgrace, to make use of intrigue and deception in overturning his political adversary from the feat of power, in feizing it himself, and then administering the government of his country by the

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the fame arts of fallacy and manœuvre. There inflated with pride, and greedy of flattery, he draws in the grateful breezes of popular applause, as the fragrant odours of the morning; and feldom with more gratitude towards them that fupply his appetite for praise, than men in general feel towards the great author of their being for the bleffings of nature. We may instance too the ambitious gownsman. How wily are his schemes! how dubious his character! how intriguing his conduct, while he is aiming at the highest offices of his profession, and courting the empty greatness of state! There are some, indeed, who wish to measure their actions by the rule of justice and propriety, and endeavouring truly to ferve their country, follow a more allowable course of ambition. Yet even with fuch, fame and reputation are more frequently the stimulus than virtue. They seek only their own glory, receiving as their due the tribute of popular approbation, and being contented therewith. Such glorying, therefore, and a name fo acquired, is at least useless, if not dangerous, as it may lead them to a fatal fecurity with regard to things of more importance, and to the neglect of private duties. It induces vanity and felf applause, and lulls a man into a state of proud confidence, which is the fource of prefumption and offence.-The refult then is that a great name may be equally enjoyed by the good and the

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the bad. Virtue has no peculiar privilege to it, nor is vice deprived of its advantages. Profligacy of manners, proftitution of talents, mean obsequiousness, or open, undaunted villainy, procure it more certainly than virtue, or goodness. Hence the fycophant grows great by flattery, the rich by corruption, and the traitor by perfidy. Nor is it wonderful that this should be the case, when we reflect that bad men are deterred by no confideration of right or wrong in pursuit of their ends. Whatever they propose to themfelves, they endeavour to obtain by the readiest means, nor are they delicate in the choice of means, provided they feem adapted to the attainment of their objects. But a good name is the peculiar privilege, and, as it were, the temporal reward of good men: it may be emphatically called the shadow of virtue-gloria virtutis umbra est. SEN .- and like a shadow, it proves the reality of the substance, without which it cannot exist.-But let us examine into the actual value of a great name. Its owner, while he lives, is deceived in his calculations on this subject. He is charmed with the felicity and importance. which it feems to bestow on him, and with the futile adorations of those, who idolize greatness as much as himself. Will such, however, be the conduct of a man who is competent to estimate truly this bauble, and to form a found judgment of its worth? No. The wife man will not

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be deceived by the external splendour of possesfion, or the secret fascination of enjoyment. He will perceive that it cannot be enfured for anhour—that it depends on the caprice of a multitude, or the smile of a sovereign; or, at best, on the uncertainty of time, and the frailty of memorials. But a good name, in opposition to this imperfect and baseless fabric, is a real superstructure of immortality. No accident can deprive a man of it, no violence, or malice, extort it from him. "Virtue," faid an antient writer, can neither be taken away by art; nor ravished by force, nor withdrawn by stealth. Virtus nec auferri, nec eripi, nec surripi potest." SEN. "Time," faid another antient writer, "confumes every thing; it destroys iron and stone. Tempus edax rerum - consumit ferrum lapidesque vetustas." Ov. And so it does. The brazen statue, and the marble monument fall equally a facrifice to age with the futile glory they are defigned to perpetuate. The records of heraldry, the memorials of sculptured tombs. and even the facred page of history, cannot eternalise a great name:-but a good name lives for ever, recorded in the archives of heaven: where it must endure, as long as the God, who preserves it.

If this be a true statement of these things, what is the value of a name, that is not founded on the basis of virtue? what is the present enjoyment,

ment, or the future profpect, of a celebrity, that is not rather the refult of goodness, than of greatness? It is a mere ignis fatuus-an unbodied shadow, that will ever elude the grasp of its purfuer, and deceive his warmest expectations. Yet men without hefitation venture their lives and fortunes in the chace, and barter even conscience for fame.

It is not uncommon to find a man of this description very different at home, to what he appears, when abroad. There he has every advantage, perhaps, of unlimited power, and allowed superiority-superiority, that sweet and grateful tribute to an ambitious mind. Let us suppose him receiving with smiles, and with affected happiness the homage of his inferiors, the praise of admiring crowds, and the flattery of defigning knaves. How happy does he appear! how envied! how adored, I may fay, for his splendour, his authority, his greatness-every thing but his goodness!-yet envy him not ye who have only a good name to boast! View the fame man in his closet, or tost restless in his bed. There his superiority is gone; he feels and knows himself the most inferior of mortals, finking under the pressure of crimes, of blood, of rapine, and of curses, that arise to heaven from the fatherless, the widow, and the afflicted, whom he: has oppressed, and rebound from thence on the head of this miserable wretch. Hear him figh-

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ing even for that good name, which in you he i fpifes, but which is your highest comfort, your antidote against all be feels, and your recompences for all he feems to enjoy above you. If these he his present feelings, will any one say that the mi ution of posterity will compensate for then? Can it be a good pustness so our that which he can never know, feel, or enjoy, at the expence of that, which alone can confer present hat itneis a good character? For it is a good chi mous) that intruly valuable. Though it may not confer Longars, it is alone honourable. Though it give not state, it is alone superior. Though it meet not with applause, it is alone commendable; and though it bear not the title of greatness, it is alone GREAT. Nor does it only flatter in these respects a laudable ambition; it 6 mi of practical value to its possessor. It alleviates every mish it ne of life; it confoles under the weight of povercy, beneath the post ned arrows of scandal, in the sharpness of pain, on the bed of fickness, and in that solemn hour, when the curtain will drop for ever on the scenes of this busy life, and the actors be excluded from all farther concern with it. And then, it the immortality of a NAME is in any case valuable, it can be only in this, where it is built on the immutable principles of VIRTUE, and refts on the basis of ETERNAL RECTITUDE.

SYLPH.

Number XXIII.

SATURDAY, January 2, 1796.

Effugers hand potis eft.

Luc.

It is impossible to escape them.

To the SYLPH

" SIR,

OTWITHSTANDING the late Proclamation of your high Court of the FAN respecting the behaviour of the ladies, many of them continue to conduct themselves after their usual manner, in defiance of your admonitions. The first class of which I mean to complain, Sir, are the Eve-ROLLERS. These are principally seen at the Opera, and in the Play-houses, where they take advantage of the confined fituation of the men; and, as the rattle-fnake is faid to enchant the poor animal, on which it fixes its piercing eyes, in fuch a manner that it has no power to escape, so do the Eye-Rollers charm the men, who come within the scope of their vision, so irresistibly, that they do not even think of the danger of looking on them, while they have

have neither ability, nor inclination, to avoid it. This class is particularly fond of the Sweep, which they practife with incredible dexterity, and fuccess. The next order I shall mention are the FAN-PROPPERS. These have their scene of action in the drawing-room, and take their name from a habit of continually dropping their fans, in order to give the young men, that attend them, an employment, which is often productive of much danger and hazard, and themselves an opportunity of a little private coquetry. Their fans generally contain some pretty device; which being discovered, as it flies open in its fall, the youth, who picks it up, takes advantage of the fubject to make some soft allusion, or tender application; which the lady receives with a roguish fmile, pats his hand, or his mouth, calls him faucy fellow,' and fo rivets bis chains, ladies are addicted to the LEER, which they find the most convenient kind of glance, as their victims are in the act of rising. N. B. They frequently substitute a glove, or a bandkerchief for the fan. The next are the PEEPERS, whose chief lurking-place is behind the Venetian blinds of parlour or dining-room windows. There, like the crocodile, they lie in wait for their prey, and dart their keen looks between the openings of their retreat. It is very easy, however, to avoid the eyes of these, as they can be met only in a strait direction, from which every object may presently. Z 2

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presently deviate. They oftener, indeed, bring mischief on themselves, than on others, and are much troubled with longings and defires, from the constant fight of attractive objects on which they cannot fasten, but which pass before them in quick succession, like the transitory figures of a magic glass. I shall lastly mention the Sick-ENERS. The ladies of this order are in a regular state of poor bealth. Whenever a gentleman, on whom one of these has a particular design, enters the room, where she is, she immediately fickens; whatever may have been her vivacity, her spirits, or her merriment before, she now finks into a gentle languish, her head reclines on her arm, her eyes are hid under a half-contracted brow, and her features assume the expression of uneafiness; when she is addressed, she answers only with a figh, and often entraps a man into love, while she is laying snares for his pity, and feeding her vanity with a furreptitious condo-Thus the hyæna is faid to imitate the cry of man, that it may devour unwary travellers, whose compassion leads them to the place of fupposed diffress.—I shall add no more, Sir, to my letter at present, than to request you to pay attention to the characters I have described, and deal with them as to your superior judgment may feem proper.

" I am, Sir, &c.

" F. S."

JURY

JURY OF INQUEST.

On Thursday last, by virtue of a commission from the HIGH COURT OF THE FAN, twelve SYLPHS therein named, being a JURY OF INQUEST for the purpose of sitting on the bodies of several young men, who had been sound dead in different parts of the metropolis, assembled.

The first body, on which the jury fat, had received a wound in the beart, which appeared to have been given obliquely, by fome instrument entering on the right fide of the left pap, from whence it was conjectured the young man must have received it, as he was ogling some lady on his right hand, with his body half-averted from her. There was no other visible mark of violence upon him, his face being 'ftill florid, and his body hardly cold, a fign which feemed to indicate that he was extraordinarily warm just before his death. The Fairy Cupid, was of opinion that the wound was given by the glance of fome lady; and it was endeavoured to be proved by the father of the young man, that it was wilfully given by a celebrated beauty of the neighbourhood. But the testimony failed, it appearing that the young man was the cause of his own death, by knowingly and purpofely gazing in the face of the faid beauty, and thereby drawing on himfelf the glance alluded to .--Verdict of the Jury, FELO DE SE.

On the fecond young man no external wound was discovered. But on opening the body, the heart was found to be entirely shrivelled, as if by the fubtile force of the electric matter; and the blood was almost entirely dried up: whence it was gathered that there must have been some sudden exhaustion of the sluids; and indeed it appeared upon enquiry that he died of a violent fever, which attacked him only three days before his death. This also was laid to the account of the same beauty; but it was proved that the lady was walking in the Mall and feriously conversing with a female friend, and that she was not rolling and casting her eyes about, as is the custom of many vain young women—that the youth also was not bunting pretty women, but gravely going upon his business, that he was croffing the walk just before the faid lady, and happening, in his hurry, to brush too near her, turned round to beg pardon for his apparent rudeness in a gentleman-like manner, when he beheld her face, and received the glance, which in the iffue was fatal; but which was rather a glance of good-nature, than of malice intent .- Verdict, ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

The body of the third was strangely mangled; the corpse thin and meagre; and the face pale and emaciated. On opening it, the heart was found so gashed and disfigured, that it hardly retained

retained a trace of its natural form; but looked like a shapeless mass of bloody sless. On investigation it appeared that one Helen, a noted toalt, had been feen, very frequently, staring at this young man, and wilfully attracting his attention upon all occasions. It was proved that in the course of the month previous to his death. the had dropped her fan in his company, no less than seven and twenty times, with intent, that when, according to the rules of politeness, he should pick it up and present it to her, she might have an opportunity of meeting his eyes in a full flare; and she had more than once contrived, as he was affifting her to get over a stile, to display a very pretty leg, nearly up to the knee. On the other fide no inftance could be fhewn, wherein the young man had, of himfelf, fo much as fought after her company; but, on the contrary, conscious of her power and intentions had taken pains to avoid her. Verdict, WILFUL MURDER BY THE SAID HELEN.

BUT the most remarkable case was that of an old beau, who was proved to have been sixty years of age, the very day he died. His heart, on inspection, appeared to have received innumerable wounds, which were healed up again; so that it was one continued cicatrice, and like an old soldier's body, covered with scars. His immediate death was evidently occasioned by the

the apex of his heart being quite taken off, in the last wound he received. He had encountered the ladies fo often, that no inexperience, or ignorance of their arts, could be pleaded on bis part; or any just criminality attached to them. who, so far from designedly ensharing him, were defirous to a woman, of avoiding him, especially for the last thirty years of his life. It was shewn. moreover, that be, notwithstanding he was constantly worsted in all his engagements with them, and in their company had so often severely felt himself playing with edged tools, was, nevertheless, perpetually putting himself in their way. By this extraordinary conduct he at last met with his death from his own cook-maid, as he was in the act of kiffing her. The girl herself was proved to have been generally effeemed a very harmless, innocent creature, which indeed was not remarkable, as she was ugly to a proverb. The Jury confidering her conduct as an act of felf defence against so unnatural an aggression, were about to bring it in MANSLAUGHTER on her part; but on maturer deliberation, reflecting that a man, who after fuch experience of the danger of meddling with the other fex, could perfift in fuch a conduct, must be little else than a madman, brought in their verdict, LUNACY.

ALATO CÆRULIELLI.

SYLPH

Number XXIV.

SATURDAY, January 9, 1796.

Lites, alternaque jurgia.

Tov.

Strife, and alternate quarrels.

To the SYLPH.

" SIR,

"I Was lately very much distressed at the table of a friend, whom I frequently visit, with the very uncivil behaviour both of him and his wise; I call it uncivil, for though there was no intention of offending me, I could not but feel myself disrespectfully treated by a conduct that set common decency and politeness at desiance. My friend is, unfortunately, of a very irritable disposition, and his wise possesses too much obstinacy to make any allowance for her husband's temper, or yield a tittle of her own opinions in compliance with his humour. This produces a great deal of disquietude in the family, which is put to numberless inconveniencies, whenever

the master and mistress think proper to dispute a point of no consequence to either of them, or quarrel about trifles, which nobody else would think worth attention. But of all others, their friends and acquaintance fuffer most from their untoward dispositions, who have too much delicacy to notice what gives them continual difpleasure, and too much regard for the parties (who are in matters of greater moment very worthy people) not to wish heartily for a reformation in their behaviour.—The other day I received from them a card of invitation requesting my company to dinner, and as I visit them on the most friendly footing, I promised myself a very pleasant afternoon. I had not, however, arrived long, before I found to my difappointment, that they had rifen that morning in one of their petulant fits, and were likely to continue in it for the remainder of the day. The husband, as I entered, enquired very kindly after my health, observing 'that I did not look quite so well as usual.' To this, before I could make any reply, the wife answered, 'Lord, my dear, how can you think fo? Mr. S. never look'd fo well in his life.' Fearful of encreasing the diffension, which I perceived was kindling, I bowed without directly answering either of them, and was taking my feat, when my friend entreated me to take a glass of wine, remarking at the same time, that the morning was very cold.

cold, and my ride had been long.' I was on the point of confirming his opinion of the weather, when the lady prevented me by replying pretty sharply 'that Mr. Q. was always mistaken, whenever he undertook to talk of the weatherthat for ber part she thought the morning was one of the mildest we had had this season-that no one could be cold a riding fuch a fine day, and I'm fure,' added the, 'Mr. S. is not.' This was decifive, and I certainly should not have ventured to take the cordial, had not the lady cried out, 'Bring the wine, John,' for fear of feeming thereby to contradict her fentiments; though a stranger would probably have refused it on a very different ground-under a fuspicion that the lady wished to save a glass; which, however, from the known generolity of their tempers, when they both happen to think the same way, I had no reason to imagine was the case. From this beginning I expected very little other amusement for the day; and indeed their time was fo entirely taken up with fquabbles between themselves, and allusions to former quarrels, which I did not understand, that I had nothing to do, but fit and liften with filent patience, whilft their mutual animofity prevented them from being conscious of this incivility towards their friend. Dinner was at length announced, and I had hopes of better entertainment, but was equally disappointed. Aa2 A meal

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A meal afforded so extensive an opportunity for the display of contradiction and ill-humour, that my friends could not relift the temptation; and I had the mortification to find I had only changed the scene. Hitherto the lady had undoubtedly been most in the wrong, and the husband seemed now determined to retaliate. After a ferutiny, in which he seemed to be looking for fomething wrong on the table, he received his foup from the fervant, and upon tasting it, exclaimed ' that it was too falt.' 'Too falt, my love,' faid she, tasting it also, 'I don't think so.' 'I fay it is,' replied he with much vehemence, 'but this is the way we are always ferv'd, when we have any body. That fool of a cook deferves to be turn'd out of the house for her carelessness. I wonder, my dear, you don't look to these things.' Lord, Mr. Q. what's all this uproar about, I dare fay the cook knows her business as well as I can tell her.' 'Then why don't she mind it ?- Do, Mr. S.' addressing himself to me. oput it away, I'm fure you can't eat it.' It is not too falt for you, sir, is it? faid fhe. Ma'am, I like it very well.'-It was in fact too falt, but I hardly knew how to fquare my answer to their contrary affertions- Mr. S. faid the husband, "I know your civility, but it leads you too fardo, my friend, fend it away.' ' Indeed, Sir, you' mistake-I'm very fond of soup-I like it rather falt.'- You fee, my dear,' faid fhe, 'Mr. S. is of my opinion—the foup is as properly falted as any that was ever brought upon table.'- If I have any tafte it is not.'- And if I have any tafte it is.'- I fay,' faid he, elevating his voice, it positively is not-it is not eatable. I am very forry, Mr. S. your politeness should induce you to eat what you can't like, in compliment to my wife's obstinacy.' To this the lady, after ejaculating the word ' brute,' made no other reply than by swallowing three plates full of the soup, and helping me to a fecond unasked, which I eat to the last drop, lest she should suspect me of. thinking it too falt; evidently, however, to the diffatisfaction of my friend. Our next course presented a leg of mutton. Into this he plung'd his knife and fork with much violence and eagerness, at the same time exclaiming, ' I suppose this mutton is as raw, as the foup was too falt.' Unfortunately it happened to be the case. 'There,' cried he in triumph, 'is this mutton raw, Mrs. Q. or is it not?" 'And suppose it is, answered she, ' can I help it?'- 'Yes, why did not you fee to it?' 'See to it !- am I to be always in the kitchen then?" 'To be fure, if things can't go on without you. What is the use of a mistress in a house, if a man can't have a drop of foup brought to his table, or a bit of mutton, fit to be eat?'- You see, Mr. S.' said the lady to me, 'how I'm abused, because the cook has happened to take up the mutton five minutes too foon.

foon. This is the way I'm always treated—every day, Sir—I have not had five comfortable meals for this twelvemonth, so that I have little to induce me to act even as the mifress of the house, much less to be the drudge of it.

This speech irritated my friend to such a degree, that his hand trembled, as he put it to his mouth. Rage prevented him from giving utterance to his feelings; and as any thing I could have faid on the occasion would, as I had experienced before, have rather encreased, than diminished their mutual recriminations, I took the opportunity to divert their attention by communicating a piece of news, to which they both feemed to listen, while their hearts were, no doubt, swelling with reproaches against each other. The flame being thus smothered for the present, our dinner proceeded; not much, I believe, to the fatisfaction of either of us; my friends, after this, directing their discourse wholly to me, while they observed a fullen filence towards each other. A short time after dinner Mr. Q. was called out of the room on business. This was an opportunity of opening her heart, which the lady could not refift, and fhe accordingly began in this manner. You fee, Mr. S. what a miserable life I lead with this passionate man, whose irritable temper never fuffers me to have a moment's peace-finding fault with me-fcolding my fervants-and quarrelling

relling about every article that comes to table. And you fee, Mr. S. with what reason. Was ever any thing like his obstinacy about the soup? You are witness in that respect that I was in the right. I never faw you eat with a better appetite; and I am fure you would not do fo, if you did not like what you eat, notwithstanding my husband's spiteful remark.'-To this I bow'd. 'And yet,' continued she, 'he would have taken it out of your mouth, only to vex and contradict me. Oh, Sir, 'tis enough to provoke a faint. And then, Mr. S. what vexes me most is, that he can't command his nasty temper even before his friends. Whoever we have—even if strangers are at table—we have always the same disagreeable scene you have been witness to to day. Upon my word, Sir, if I was half fo fretful and obstinate in my disposition, I'd go and hang myfelf sooner than set my family, and all the world, against me.' The entrance of the husband here relieved me from the dilemma of answering this harangue, at the same time that it put a ftop to it, before the lady feemed to have vented half her feelings. She foon after withdrew, when my friend, with his usual impatience, scarce waited till the door was closed after her, before he exclaimed, 'There's a d-v-l for you, S .- That woman would turn even a paradife into- ' 'Hush, hush,' cried I interrupting him, 'there are none of us without faults,'

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faults."- Faults! I know it; answered he. have faults myfelf. I am fomewhat difficult to be pleafed-I know it and am, therefore, more liable perhaps than other men to meet with disappointments. But who, pray, has more forbearance than I have? Who is there that puts up with half what I do, or overlooks fo many vexatious contradictions !- Did I fav one word in reply to that last provoking speech of my wife's?' To be fure, Mrs. Q.' faid I, ' is a little too warm, but then'- but what? did I give her any provocation? Was not the foup too falt? Come, my friend, tell the truth-There's no occasion now for punctilio, or politeness. Wasn't it too falt?'- Why, you know, my friend, taftes differ. For you I dare fay it was too falt.'- 'Aye, and for every body elfe, I'm fure, if they would but fpeak their minds.-But I don't think, Mr. S. you are quite fo free and open with me as you used to be-My wife has spoiled you-but it don't fignify-'tis a hard thing to find a true friend!"-Perceiving he was now about to quarrel with me also, I thought proper to take my leave. - As this gentleman and his lady both read your paper, Mr. SYLPH, I hope when they fee this, they will recognife the picture, and endeavour to reform habits. which render them fo troublesome to their acquaintance, and so tormenting to themselves. I remain,

" Mr. Sylph, your humble fervant, " LITIFUGUS."

SYLPH.

Number XXV.

SATURDAY, January 16, 1796.

Fundamentum est omnium virtutum pietas in parentes.

CIC. PRO PLANE.

Piety towards parents is the foundation of all virtues.

OF the virtues which are adapted to the capacity and practice of a young man, the lovelieft is, perhaps, FILIAL PIETY. It is at once his ornament, his interest, his honour, and his pride. Good men will esteem it the brightest jewel in his conduct, and the wife will regard it as the best proof of his virtue and prudence. A youth, who is obedient to his parents, will gain credit for a good disposition; for if he were not well | disposed, he would be unruly and headstrong, instead of submitting to the restraints of parental authority. He will have credit also for morality and goodness of heart; for he that listens willingly to the leffons of age, and fuffers his youthful paffions to be regulated by the admonitions of parental experience, can hardly be B b immoral:

immoral: nor can he who repays the care and tenderness of a parent with affection and reverence, possess other than a heart capable of gratitude, of benevolence, and of love. performance, therefore, of the direct duties of FILIAL PIETY, are centered some of the most amiable virtues of humanity; and in the turn of mind necessary to feel and practife it, in its fullest extent, are contained the feeds of the noblest, the most useful, and most sacred virtues. It is for this reason, that the moralists of all ages have held out temporal advantages, and the bleffings of the present life, as the reward of those who obeyed the commands of their parents, and obferved the precepts of their lips. And that the holy writers have made use of the same argument—that the express commandment of religion on this subject promises length of days, to those who honour father and mother, are circumstances, which it is, I trust, superfluous here to flate. Wby present and immediate advantages should be the result of the practice of this duty, I have already hinted; and further reasons may be discovered for the affertion by confidering how many good qualities are united in this one virtue. Gratitude, fensibility, and honour, a fear of God, and a respect for men, are essential and component parts of a dutiful character: and as in the youth they produce humility, submission, and love; so in the man will they direct to felfgovernment,

government, equanimity, and justice, and by confirming him in the early practice of moral duties, ensure him the happiness of well-regulated passions, and well-tempered dispositions.

In illustration of this duty I shall present a few observations on THE CHARACTER OF ENEAS, in which the finest and most prominent trait is FILIAL PIETY. It was, indeed, his diftinguishing virtue, his well-grounded title to the epithet In the course of that admirable poem, of which he is the hero, we admire this quality in him on a thousand interesting occasions, and under the most trying circumstances. In the fatal night, when Troy was stormed, ÆNBAS with patriot courage, rushed forth to arms, summoned his companions, and exerted himself to ftop the progress of the destroying GREEKS: he is unsuccessful, however, and is at last eye-witness to the murder of the aged PRIAM. At this fight he is struck with horror, and recollecting his own aged father, returns, terrified, to protect him. " At me tum primum," &c .- fays he in his description of that dreadful affair, or as Mr. DRY-DEN has translated it,

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elfent, "Then, not before, I felt my curdled blood Congeal with fear; my hair with horror flood; My father's image fill'd my pious mind; Lest equal years might equal fortune find."

B b 2

In his return he is commanded by Venus to leave the city. He proposes, therefore, to his father to accompany him, which Anchises refuses, on the ground of his extreme age, his inability to support the hardships of exile, and his determination not to survive the fate of his country. The son urges his proposal, and finding his father obstinately resolute, determines again to mix in the tumult, and hazard his own life, rather than seek a place of safety for himself, while his parent was lest behind.—" Rursus in arms feror," &cc.

"Urg'd by despair, again I go to try
The fate of arms, resolv'd in fight to die.
What hope remains, but what my death must give?
Can I without so dear a father live?
You term it prudence what I baseness call:
Could such a word from such a parent fall?"

Encouraged however by a celeftial omen, Anchises, at last, determines to go with his son, who addresses him, "Ergo age, care pater," &c.

44 Hafte, my dear father, ('tis no time to wait)
And load my shoulders with a willing freight.
Whate'er befals, your life shall be my care,
One death, or one deliv'rance we will share."

He then takes up his father, and carries him from the scene of saughter and death to the safe retreat of a neighbouring mountain—" Succeedeque eneri," &c.

"Then

Then on my bending back The welcome load of my dear father take."

Nº XXV.

What a sublime picture is this! what a great, what an uncommon display of filial affection! Who is there, that reads without rapture these delightful paffages? Who is there, that is not in love with the character of this dutiful fonthis truly magnanimous hero ! Scouring the ftreets of Troy in quest of the invading GREEKS, he was like a lion, undaunted-determined-Now he is all alarm, he ftarts at every found, and shrinks from every shadow. Why? Hear his own account.- " Et me quem dudum," &c.

" I, who fo bold and dauntless just before, The Grecian darts, and thocks of lances bore, At ev'ry shadow now am seiz'd with fear, Not for myfelf, but for the charge I bear."

How great must have been the influence of those principles of gratifude and affection towards a father, that could thus change the hero into the coward, and palfy the man with vain terrors, and womanish fears, who but a moment before had met the hostile foe in arms, with the calmeft intrepidity, and most resolute courage. It is not foreign to my purpole to remark that ÆNEAS demands our admiration equally in the characters of a father and a husband, because I have afferted that filial love is the root of other virtues-the fource of general duties. With his father

father he took also his fon and his wife from the ruins of Troy, but by an accident, the latter was lost in the hurry of their flight. When ÆNEAS had safely deposited his father, he missed his beloved Creusa, and selt, in its sullest force, all the bitter grief of a widowed husband—" Ascanium, Anchiseng:" &cc.

Stung with my loss, and raving with despair,
Abandoning my now forgotten care,
Of counsel, comfort, and of hope bereft,
My fire, my son, my country—gods I lest.
In shining armour once again I sheath,
My limbs, not feeling wounds, nor fearing death.

Careless of danger, and rendered wild by the loss of her, who was his "better half," he rushes again into the slames of the city, and again risks his own life for the recovery of his wife, till at last, having been miraculously informed of her fate, he returns disconsolate to his parent. Then—" Cess;" &c.

"I yield to fate, unwillingly retire,
And loaded, up the hill convey my fire."

We trace the filial piety of our hero not only in these acts of affection, and duty towards his father, but also in his obedience to him, and his regard for his admonitions. Although he was the leader and chief of the exiled Trojans, who were seeking another country on the shores of

of HESPERIA, yet we do not see him acting with the felf-will and authority of the first in command, but confulting and regarding, on all occasions, the advice of Anchises. Such conduct, had he been dependent on his father, or had absolutely needed his counsel, would have been less meritorious, but in the fituation of ÆNBAS, was a proof of the highest respect, and most dutiful deference.—I cannot pass over without notice their affecting meeting in the ELYSTAN groves, whither ÆNBAS had been admonished to penetrate by the repeated appearance of his father's ghoft. In obedience to his commands, and to obtain his further advice, the hero, conducted by the Sibyl, arrives at last in those delightful fields. where THE GOOD are fabled to refort. His father fees him first, and cries out, and and and and dear thould happen to him, it would be the mol

"Venisti tandem, tuaque expectata parenti
VIGIT ITER DURUM PIETAS!"

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res of O long expected to my dear embrace;
Once more 'tis given me to behold thy face!
The love and pious duty which you pay
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way."

Mr. DRYDEN in his translation seems to have had in particular view the illustrating of this great virtue in ÆNEAS, when he called him in so bold a figure THE FILIAL DUTY, an expression, which though not warranted by the original, is at once beautiful and appropriate.

4. () let not me the widow's cears tobow;

Your facred ghost before my sleeping eyes
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.

But reach your hand, oh parent shade, nor shun
The dear embraces of your longing son !"

The limits of my paper will not permit me to enlarge on this occasion, though the subject and the example are capable of a much better and more extensive elucidation; I cannot however leave the ÆNRID without remarking that VIRGIL evidently put the highest value on this duty, and makes it a prominent feature in all his good cha-I am particularly struck with that exquifite paffage, where he makes Nisus deliver as his concluding and firengest reason, why he was unwilling to take with him his friend Eury-ALUS on a dangerous enterprise, that if any accident should happen to him, it would be the most terrible affliction to his mother.-This was a great proof of the filial love of Nisus himfelf. though his concern, in this case, was not for his own, but for the mother of his friend, W New matri," &c.

** O let not me the widow's tears renew;
Nor let a mother's curfe my name purfue;
Thy pious parent, who for love of thee,
Forfook the coafts of friendly Sicily,
Her age committing to the feat and wind,
When ev'ry weary matron flaid behind."

The here harmaned

SYLPH.

Number XXVI.

SATURDAY, January 23, 1796.

Quadam parva quidem, fed non toleranda — Juv.

Some faults, tho' small, intolerable grow.

DRYDEN

To the SYLPH.

" SIR

IN your twenty-fourth number Littivous expresses his sense of the incivility of those people, who entertain their guests with specimens of their ill-humour, instead of a chearful hospitality; and who spoil a good table by quarrelling with each other about the qualities of their provisions; I beg leave to complain also of a grievance which is more vexatious, inasmuch as it harasses the guest, while it is not felt, or so much as perceived, by the authors of it. I allude also to a practice in many people of sinding sault with every thing that is brought to their table; but then, Sir, it is not a real, but

Cc

an affetted censure, practised either as a bait for approbation of their provisions, and in expectation that their guests will praise, in proportion as they depreciate, them; or as a mistaken point of politeness, and a supposed necessary attention to their friends. 'I am very forry,' faid a lady, at whose house I dined the other day, that we are obliged to put you down to fuch a dinner, Mr. B.'-by the way, the dinner was a very plentiful and elegant one, and provided expressly for the entertainment of myself and a few other friends on invitation, which rendered such a kind of apology abfolutely ridiculous.- When you condescend to take fare with us,' continued she, ' you must exercise your indulgence in allowing for deficiencies.' At table, putting the wing of a fowl into my plate, 'I can't indeed recommend this,' faid she, ' these fowls are not so fine as I could wish them.'- They're rather small, my dear,' interrupted the husband .- 'You don't find that wing tender, Sir?'- Yes, indeed, very tender.'- 'I fear not,' said the lady, 'I had fome suspicion they were not quite so young as they should be, when the poulterer brought them.' This was an observation so little warranted by their appearance and flavour, that nothing could be more abfurd: it brought out, however, a general commendation from the company. In the fame manner almost every thing we tasted was first depreciated on the one hand.

hand, and then commended on the other, to the great displeasure of myself, who love sincerity better than compliment; and prefer a hearty welcome to an oftentatious hospitality. But, Sir, it was not enough that I was obliged to protest repeatedly during dinner, that what I eat was very good,'- very excellent,'- the best I ever eat in my life,' and so forth; but after I had given unequivocal proofs of my fincerity by making a hearty meal, the lady of the house insisted ' that I had made a very poor dinner,'- was afraid I did not like it !- I affured her the was never more mistaken-'twas in vain-the asseverations of my tongue had no better effect to convince her, than the exercise of my teeth; she still affirmed that I had eat nothing; -and her hufband joined her in regretting that they had pro7 vided nothing better, or more to my palate. Now, Sir, this is downright provoking, that a man is neither to have credit for his words, nor his actions; and that after having swallowed more, perhaps, than he either defires, or likes, he must undergo the mortification of being told that he has 'eat nothing,' and hear his ' want of appetite' made the subject of lamentation. I assure you, Sir, I have fometimes suspected this kind of behaviour to be ironical, and have often restrained my appetite, for fear of incurring what I have deemed a circuitous censure upon it. I recollect a very humorous method which a friend of mine

mine once practifed, in order to put a stop to this kind of behaviour at a house which he often frequented. After having suffered (to use his own phrase) for a long time the politeness of his hoft, he determined to agree with him for the future, and to be directed entirely by bis opinions in every thing that should be offered to him. Accordingly when the gentleman put a bit of fish upon his plate with a doubt ' whether be would find it good,' my friend immediately fent it away. When he begged him to taste a dish (on which his cook had evidently taken great pains,) at the same time apologising for it, the other declined it. And when he depreciated the strength, or fineness of his ale, my friend directly called for table-beer, or water. This conduct at first alarmed our host for my friend's health; then astonished him; then led him to reflection; and at length feemed to be comprehended by him; for he gradually left off calumniating his own provisions; my friend's wonted appetite returned, and he can now, he fays, take a comfortable dinner, without compliment or ceremony, where before he could not get through a meal without stopping twenty times to praise it, nor prove his relish of it without argument, as well as eating.-For the advantage of those who have not fortitude enough to follow my friend's example, I beg you to infert this letter, Mr. Sylph; and I trust that if any of your readers readers are guilty of the errors it is meant to reprehend, it will have the effect of convincing them that politeness, when overstrained, degenerates into incivility; and that they who fish for praise, on whatever occasion, deserve to meet with disappointment.

" I am,

" Yours, &c.

" SIMPLICIUS."

To the SYLPH.

" SIR,

As I have often amused myself by tracing the different modes of Affectation, as they have occurred in various subjects that have come under my notice, I shall present you, for the entertainment of your readers, a few traits of this folly, no less disgusting, than laughably absurd.

"The first instance I shall mention is in the dancing-master, who comes to my house occasionally for the purpose of teaching my daughters. The pride of this gentleman, who has never been out of England, is to be thought un maître de danse de Paris—a French dancing-master. He has picked up a smattering of French language and manners at the Opera-house, and does every thing, therefore, à la Francoise. To shew

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fhew his familiarity with that tongue, he is continually pestering us with a jargon of unintelligible founds, and even fuffers his inftructions to be misunderstood by his pupils, sooner than give them in plain English. For to such a pitch does this fellow carry the joke, that he pretends, ' he cannot for de foul of him learn to speak dat English tongue avec facilité.' 'I affure you, Monfieur,' faid he to me one day, as I was present, while my daughters danced, ' dat I have taken all de pains in de vorld pour apprendre votre langue, but for all dat I have been en Angleterre more dan ten years, yet, Monfieur, I have been fo much wid de foreigners at de Opera-house, dat I have made de very bad progrès.-Hold up de head, Mam'selle, Tenez vous DROIT. - De right foot, Mis-bon-Dat was là là, Monsseur.-Hé bien, dat will do, ladies, for de present .- Monsieur, votre très-bumble et très-obéisant serviteur.

"I shall notice, next, the ridiculous conduct of a lady, whose affectation is a pretended reverence for learning and learned men. 'My dear madam,' said she to my wife the other day, 'I was in company lately with such and such gentlemen, who you know are littiraty, and you can't think how I was improved by their conversation—There's nothing so edifying as the discourse and company of learned men.' 'Pray,' replied my wife, 'what did these gentlemen say, that

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that you found them so edifying?'—' Why—I—
I can't say they said much—you know learned men don't like to say a great deal before women—but, however, I have often heard them talk about Mercury—and the plants—and clipses—and a—America—and you know all that must be vastly improving to us—For my part I'm quite delighted with their conversation, and could listen for ever—for I assure you, Madam, every time I hear them speak, I'm convinced more and more what a poor ignorant creature I am!'

" I shall only, at present, add one more character, which I copy from an acquaintance, whose friends will not regret his seeing his picture here, if it induce him to shake off his foible. He is a professional man, and his failing is, that he wishes to be thought a man of uncommon industry, and attention to business. With this view, if a friend call in to chat a little with him, he fuffers him to wait a quarter of an hour before he appears, and then apologifes with repeated professions of the pressure of business upon him, and regrets that he has hardly leifure to attend to his friends :- if he has invited a party to a game at cards, he will leave his wife to receive them, and let half the evening pass, before he makes his appearance, though he has, probably, been only loitering in the mean time in his study, or lounging over a newspaper; and

and if he is to fpend his evening abroad, he frequently does not arrive at his friend's house till ten o'clock, and then entertains the company with a tirefome account of some important buness he was obliged to go through, before he could come. This kind of affectation is as abfurd, as it is troublefome and fatiguing; for I think fuch a man must feel himself doing a very unpleasant penance, while he is endeavouring in fo strange a manner to inspire others with an idea of his confequence. I shall make no remarks upon these characters, as I conceive I have placed them in a light fufficiently striking to preclude any occasion for it; but if you think they will amuse, or instruct your readers, I may perhaps trouble you to infert a few more at another opportunity.

" I am, &c.

"Your most humble servant,

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SATURDAY, January 30, 1796.

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Laudis amore tumes ? funt certa piacula qua te Ter PURE LECTO poterunt recreare LIBELLO. Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinofis, ametor) Nemo adet ferus est, ut non miteseere pesset,

ships their beautisms.

Is fame your pathon? Wisdow's sewharut CHARM If thrice read over, shall its force difarm. The flave to envy, anger, wine, or love The wretch of floth, its excellence shall prove Fiercenes itself hall hear its rage away, When lift ning calmly to the instructive lay.

with and my bas you

FRANCIS

O dethe infruction in a pleating deefs, and present with the first mind under the garb of amusement, in the policy of the morality While the character fiction and the powers of invention and the devices to invite they that a nappy medium so with a coast trace of the toverness. by any bing those with the third of and of

fancy, and gratify curiofity. It is when they are displayed without design, or pressed into the actual fervice of vice, that they become either foolishly useless, or destructively dangerous. So when the pencil of the artist spreads living scenery on the canvas, if it present to the eye a pleasing landscape of nature, or to the mind a pictured moral in disguise, the work is beheld with rapture, and contemplated with advantage. But if the painter proftitute his talents to the interests of vice, and pourtray licentious scenes of immorality and luxury, he debauches and corrupts his fpectators, and configns himself and his productions to execration and contempt. The following tale. which has lately come to my hands, appears to possess every requisite to gratify curiosity, and amuse the fancy, while it conveys a moral of the nobleft kind. I publish it, therefore, without hesitation, in confidence that it will be found at once amusing and instructive.

THE TABLETS,

An Eastern Allegory.

THE sun was now lost behind the losty mountains of Marsarat, when the coolness of the evening invited Leysac and Letima into the neighbouring plains. Leysac was the pride of the frepherds, and the desire of the maidens, flourishing,

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rishing, like a young plantain, in all the vigour and comeliness of youth. Letima, fairest of women, like the heliotrope opening to the newly-risen sun, seemed to court, while she commanded, the irresistible homage of beauty, at once the idol of the youths, and the envy of the daughters of Saarlem. Such was the pair, who were now arrived beneath the branches of an aged palm. Rapt in each other, they had not a thought beyond themselves, nor perceived the approach of an old man, who was gradually advancing towards the tree, till he addressed them in the following words.

" My children, AMRAW, the guardian of innocence, the friend of virtue, falutes you. I have long watched over your growing years, and beheld you, like the cedars of Marfarat, increasing in beauty, as in stature. I have seen you, in the fensibility of youth, cherishing in your breafts the early impressions of love, and exchanging, in the ardour of your feelings, reciprocal vows of fidelity. Would to ALLAH, my children, ye were never destined to pass bewond the plains of Saarlem, and that the skytinged mountains of Marsarat might limit the utmost wanderings of your feet. Then might the innocence of your infancy remain with you to the days of old age; and your lives flow on gently, without temptation, and without Dd 2 danger,

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danger, like the still stream of Liannah, that winds its course among the vallies without impediment, or noise. But the book of fate has been presented to my sight, and I have perused the dubious language of your destinies. Various will be the adventures of both; but chiefly thou, O Leysac, art defigned for an example to future ages. The events of thy life will be trying and extraordinary, and thy virtue will undergo a severe probation. Yet remember, my son, that whatever be the will of ALLAH, his goodness is ever pre-eminent. If he raise up to his creatures temptations with one hand, he holds out the means of refifting them with the other, and to thee He is in this respect particularly gracious.

"Know then, O Leysac, that in antient times two fages, renowned for their knowledge of human nature, and their skill in abstruse sciences, composed each a book for the use and instruction of man; both of wonderful, but very different properties, agreeable to the opposite tempers of the inventers.—The Tablet of Osmyn (so called from its author) is an unerring guide to man; or at least, it approaches in its precepts as near to infallibility, as human wisdom can arrive. But, as a counterposse to this valuable quality, it is so contrived as to be peculiarly difficult and laborious in its use.

When

When it is consulted, it must be read carefully from the beginning, till the subject of enquiry is met with, which though it frequently lie in the third or fourth page, yet fuch is the attention and penetration necessary for the perusal, that the book may be read over feveral times before it is discovered. And not only on every fubiect, but every time it is used, it must be recommenced from the beginning, from which repetition no frequency of confultation will exempt any one. Whoever shall open these sacred pages, and endeavour to come at the wisdom of OSMYN by readier means than he has prescribed. shall fail in the attempt. As an encouragement, however, to its perusal, the oftener it is read, the easier is it of comprehension, and the somer will any subject be found; for by a magic contrivance, its precepts appear in language more, or less, distinct and intelligible, and in situations nearer, or farther, from the beginning of the book, in proportion to the frequency and diligence of perulal.

"The TABLET OF OMRAD, on the contrary, is easy of consultation, and clear in its precepts. Though comprehensive in its subjects, it is yet so concise and plain in its method, that it may be read by the indolent and the thoughtless, without loss of time, and with hardly any other trouble or attention, than merely looking on

it; nay, fuch is the simplicity of its contrivance. that if opened even at random, it will not fail to present the advice required. But the most admirable property of this tablet resides in a certain MIRROUR enclosed in the lid at the end. This mirrour, on the flightest wish of the posfessor, will present to his eye pictures on every fubject and occasion, and represent in lively and glowing colours the past, present, and future scenes of his life; so as to form both a retrospect and prospect of all that has, or is to happen to him, of all the various revolutions and transactions of his life, and of the iffue and circumstances of all his projects and desires. Such are the amazing qualities of the TABLET OF OMRAD; but liften, my fon, to their nature. The precepts of this book are eafily attained, but they are uncertain and fallible; the objects of the mirrour too are almost always overcharged. mifrepresented, or too highly coloured; fo that the knowledge derived from this tablet, though fometimes true, is generally falle, and can never be relied on.

"When the fages had completed their tablets, each was ambitious of their being adopted and used by mankind, and of perpetuating their fame by thus becoming the universal counsellors of suture ages. They mutually, therefore, petitioned Allah to savour their wishes. Now it happened,

happened, one morning, that in their travels they came to the fame place, and surprised each other in their respective prayers on the subject of their tablets .- On a fudden IMALLIAH, the messenger of heaven, stood before them. 'Thy Tablet, O Osmyn,' faid the angel, ' is the confummation of human wisdom, and thy precepts are the refult of truth and experience; but it is not the will of ALLAH that man should possess alone so infallible a monitor. Whoever, therefore, obtains the TABLET OF OSMYN, shall receive also the TABLET OF OMRAD, that the occasional inspection of the latter may relieve the difficulties of the former; and that man, having both in his possession and choice, may exert his freewill, and derive from them truth or falshood, advantage or misfortune, in proportion to his virtue, and the pains he is willing to take.' The fages submitted to the will of heaven, and their tablets have fince been bestowed together.

"THESE, my son, I now put into thy hands. Look sparingly and cautiously into the pages of OMRAD, suspect the advice they offer; and above all, trust not the doubtful and unsubstantial shadows of the MIRROUR. They will envelope your understanding in the mists of error, and buoy up your mind with fallacious hopes, and deceitful promises. Such too is the insidious and baneful influence of this book, that the oftener

oftener you inspect it, the less inclination you will have to consult the other, and the more laborious will be your researches, where true knowledge can alone be found. Equally will the frequent perusal of the pages of Osman give you a disrelish for those of Omrad, and lessen their influence on your mind. The Genius finished here, and putting two small tablets into the hands of Leysac, was lost in a moment to their sight.

sort lich www. O so manin the state Scarcely had they recovered from their aftonishment, when they were impatient to examine the present of AMRAH. LETIMA caught the tablet of OMRAD eagerly from the hands of LEYSAE, who had already opened the facred pages of Osmyn. In a moment the interrupted his attention by lively exclamations, while her eyes sparkled with joy, as she looked into the glowing MIRROUR. Recollecting the prohibition of the GENIUS, LEYSAC chid her curiofity, and was about to refume his reading, when fhe cried out with rapture, " See, my LEYSAC, it is ourselves-they join our hands-they unite us for ever." * Dove all sing Side like sydd.

deadons of the man god. I'd grand envelope Four airder such is not and to all salar, and Taken way ar miles which the harms home and about all reported. Such the is the lackage

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SYLPH.

Number XXVIII.

SATURDAY, February 6, 1796.

Simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vita.

Hor.

And with the pleasing have th' instructive join'd.
FRANCIS.

T these words she threw her arms round his neck, and held up the MIRROUR to his eyes. Incited by her passionate admiration, he refifted not his defire, but looked also on the picture, while she continued-" There, my love, look how the shepherds dance before our cottage, how they crown us with chaplets of flowers, and feem to hail us the happiest pair among the villiagers of Saarlem."-" And shall we not be the happiest?" faid she, raising her sparkling eyes from the tablet, and beaming their lustre on the face of Levsac. The appeal of love was irreliftible, his foul caught rapidly the fweet contagion, he followed her Ec eyes

eyes again to the flattering picture, and they hung over it together in a reverie of filent rapture. The wild pencilings of fancy were fpread before them, and the colouring of hope gave them spirit and splendour. Seized with the illusion, they dwelt on it delighted, and thoughtless of the specious fallacy; while the varying talifman prefented continually new fcenes of wonder, and fed their aftonished fight with the magic of enchantment. Roused at length from the pleafing reverie, LEYSAC began to reflect; and reflection presently taught him the error of his conduct. Straight the colours of the mirrour died gradually away, and at the moment when he trembled at the apprehension of having offended the GENIUS. not a trace was left upon its furface of all its gay delufions.

He was now folicitous to expiate his fault by recurring to the pages of Osmyn; but the prediction of Amrah was fulfilled. He could not command his attention, nor understand what he read; the visions of the mirrour still played about his fancy, and the book was closed with remorfe. Leysac, however, was not discouraged; he was a youth of an active mind, and desirous of knowledge; and he was determined by continued application to overcome the difficulties of the tablet. An interval

of several weeks had now intervened, during which his diligence was rewarded. His mind became calm and dispassionate, his understanding was improved, and he was struck, particularly, with the propriety of the following precept written in larger characters than ordinary. Beware how thou trustest they schemes of suturity. Youth is the season of sanguine expectation; but change and uncertainty are the characters of life. He that hopes too much, shall meet with despair.

Leysac deelt thoughtfully on the lines. He felt their truth with encreased conviction, and hastening to the presence of LETIMA, " Read, my love," faid he, "the wisdom of Osmyn. which I have discovered after much perseverance in the laborious perusal of his tablet. Uncertain, O LETIMA, are all the flattering plans we have so often formed together in the eagerness of youthful confidence, while the ecftacies of present happiness have seemed to give us a sure earnest of future felicity. But we must beware, it seems, how we build our hopes too high, or promise ourselves a certainty of their fulfilment. Even our union, much as it is defired by us both, may never take place, for the changes of life are many and unavoidable."

As he finished these words, he embraced her; but it seemed not to LETIMA like the embrace of Leysac. Reflection had tempered its wonted ardour. She perceived the difference; and it encreased the chagrin to which his speech had given birth. "LEYSAC," faid fhe, "what means this language? Who shall disappoint our hopes but yourfelf? What change shall befal us, if you are constant? Did not our parents defign us for each other from our infancy? Have we not grown up together in the same hope, and engaged ourselves to each other by every tie, that love could invent? And laftly do not all the villagers of Saarlem wait with expectation for the day that shall unite us for ever, and make the mountains of Marfarat rebound with joy? Why then should we reject such wellfounded hopes, and distrust the goodness of ALLAH."-Softened by her vehemence, LEYsac gave way: he repeated, however, a part of the precept he had read, and faintly pronounced the name of Osmyn .- "Osmyn!" faid fhe, se why should he predict misfortune to us? Ah, LEYSAC, it is yourfelf I fear more than your desponding tablet. You are changed. Some happier shepherdes-" A burst of tears stopped further utterance. Leysac, whose love, though fomewhat tempered, had loft but little of its force, could not support them. He caught her eagerly in his arms, while her head dropped

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dropped gently on his shoulder. At this critical moment the tablet of OMRAD, which she had kept lately in her possession, and which she had put up hastily in her bosom on his arrival, fell open to the ground. It caught his eye, and he read-Wrong not, O LEYSAC, the affection of LE-TIMA who lives but in thee; and who errs, if the err at all, but through love. It was enoughthe mind of LEYSAC was too much perturbed for reflection. He had the fanction of the tablet, and he confidered not that it was the tablet of deceit, but took it up, and read in it with eagerness to his beloved LETIMA, whose ears drank in with greedy joy the lessons she fo much delighted in. Love was the subject, and constancy, and faith, and happiness. perused with rapture the delightful preceptsthe delusive promises; nor ceased they, till night closed halfily upon them, and the shade of the hills scattered darkness upon the vallies of Saarlem.

The lovers were now thoroughly reconciled. Day after day succeeded, as usual, without a cloud of sorrow, while the pleasures of their evenings seemed to be interrupted by night, only to make room for an encrease of happiness with the rising of the morning's sun. As they were sitting one day at the door of Letima's cottage, they discerned several horse-

men approaching, and while they were admiring the novelty of the fight, the strangers infensibly came up, and one of them, forwarder than the rest, thus accosted LEYSAC, "My friend, we are feeking the shepherd LEYSAC, who is faid to inhabit this valley: perhaps thou capft direct us to his dwelling."-" I am that shepherd," replied Leysac. The stranger, after a moment's paufe, turned suddenly round to one of the horsemen, who from his dress and mien appeared to be their chief, and exclaimed, " O Emir, our fearch is at last successful. hold the man."-" We will try him." faid the Emir stedfastly regarding Leysac, and at the fame time addressing him in these words, "O shepherd, we are affured by our priests that thou possessed the celebrated tablet of the fage OSMYN, the fountain of wisdom, and the source of human knowledge. Tell us then the first precept it contains."-" It is this," replied the shepherd, " Remember to undertake no affair of consequence on the day it is proposed to thee. Let the night first pass over thy councils, and in the morning thou shalt set about thy work diligently."-"Thou art right," replied the Emir, "Though we possess not the tablet, our priests have collected some scattered fragments of its wisdom; and the precept thou hast delivered, they have declared to be the first. Receive then, undoubted favourite of ALLAH, the commission we bring thee.—MISNEEL, sultan of Tisgal, salutes Leysac, the shepherd of Saarlem. Understanding that the wisdom of Osmyn is with thee, and that thou art destined to raise our kingdom to the highest pitch of glory and happiness, we send to invite thee to our court. Come then without delay. Direct our councils, enlighten us with thy knowledge; and as thou shalt make us the first of earthly sovereigns by thy wisdom and conduct, so be thou, under Oursels, the first throughout the mighty kingdom of Tisgal."

Leysac heard with aftonishment the words of the Emir, and it was some time before he could be perfuaded to give credit to his fenses, or believe the fincerity of his earnest exhortations. LETIMA, who was struck with the finery of the strangers, so rare in the plains of Saarlem, and inflamed with their discourse and promises, was fecretly in favour of his going with them; and indeed he himself was not less inclined. but his conscience would not suffer him to comply without at least a shew of consulting the advice of OSMYN. He entered, therefore. with LETIMA into the cottage for that purpose. The tablet was opened, but without effect. He found, to his furprise, every page throughout the book blank, except a small part of each, on which appeared the precept already mentioned in his answer to the Emir, This repetition of

a fentence, which feemed to give no folution to his enquiries, aftonished him. The Emir without was impatient. He determined at length to take the counsel of OMRAD, encouraging himself with the hope that its errors might be rectified afterwards by the other. He opened the obedient volume, and read immediately, " Go Leysac. The door of prosperity is open to thee. Power and wealth are beld out to thee in one band, bonour and greatness in the other."-The mirrour too presented itself. They looked, and beheld themselves sitting on a throne of state, amidst the splendour and magnificence of a court, furrounded with nobles and courtiers—the fultan himself was at their feet. and feemed to furrender his crown into the hands of Leysac. They were interrupted in their prospect of this delightful vision by the entrance of the strangers; and Leysac fignified immediately his determination to go with them. A delay however arose. The Emir, whose commission was to Leysac only, was unwilling to take his fair companion. This unexpected refusal disconcerted both. LETIMA was first alarmed, then exasperated. She was at length, in some measure, pacified by the solemn promifes of her lover, who affured her his first object, when he arrived in Tifgal, should be to procure the fultan's permission to send for her. Relying on his promises, she took a forrowful farewel; and Leysac, in a few days, reached that populous city.

SYLPH.

Number XXIX.

SATURDAY, February 13, 1796.

Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque suturæ, Et servare modum Rebus sublata secundis!

O mortals, blind in fate! who never know

DRYDENS

DRYDENS

NEW and unusual fights were now presented to his view. The filence and tranquillity of the country were changed for the noise and bustle of a great city. The multitudes of the people, the buildings, the shops, and the splendour of every thing about him, blotted from his memory the simple scenes of Marsarat, and the humble vallies of Saarlem. He was conducted with all the forms of state to the presence of Misness, he was awed by ceremonies which he little understood, and astonished with magnificence and luxury, which exceeded even his

utmost ideas .- "LEYSAC," said the sultan, "the prophecies of my kingdom are upon thee, and the hopes of my people rest upon thy wisdom. Behold these grave and aged Emirs, the counfellors of my realm! By their advice I have invited thee to affift me in the administration of my government. Though thy years, like mine, are young, and experience has not yet matured thy judgment, yet the favour of ALLAH is with thee, and the key of human knowledge, the talisman of Osmyn, composed after the labour and study of many years, is in thy possession. Shew us then, O Leysac, the facred pledge of thy identity, that my Emirs may be fatisfied, and I may trust thee fafely with the reins of power."

At these words of the sultan, Leysac produced his tablet, explaining at the same time by what means he had become possessed of it. Some of the Emirs were desirous of examining it; till he informed them that the Genius had sorbidden him to surrender it even for a moment, or hazard it in the hands of another.—
"Keep it then," said Misneel, breaking up the assembly, "if such be the will of Amrah, sacredly and carefully in thine own hands; use it rightly for thyself, for me, and for my people; that none may hereaster repent, that I make thee my chief vizier; but that happiness and prosperity

prosperity may flourish among us, and honour attend the man who governs by the TABLET OF OSMYN."

LEYSAC was now conducted to a stately edifice allotted for his residence. The grandeur of its apartments, the richness of its furniture, the multitude of domestics, and the magnificence that reigned throughout, struck him with encreased surprise. He had been, as it were, in a state of stupefaction during the whole of this extraordinary adventure, and every fresh occurrence ferved but to augment his aftonishment. Such a contrast to the rude simplicity he had been used to, seemed inconceivable. Every thing bore the appearance of enchantment, and feemed like the visions of a dream. Such, however, is the vanity of man, that LEYSAC found little difficulty in accommodating himself to his new condition. His attendants hailed him vizier of Tifgal, and he presently believed himself fo. They put on him a robe of purple, and a vestment of filk; and he forgot that moment the shepherd of Saarlem. He seated himself with affected dignity, and threw haughtily one leg over the other, while a dozen flaves contended for the honour of fitting the slippers to his feet .- " My lord," faid one of them-the found startled him, but he furmounted it in a moment-" My lord," Ff2 continued continued the man, "your feraglio is prepared, and the flaves of your pleasure await your highness's commands."—The vizier, in the simplicity of his education, knew not what they meant.—"Seraglio!" stammered he.—"Yes, my lord."—

Desirous of understanding what was meant by feraglio, he felt for his tablets, and discovered that they were left in his shepherd's-clothes. "Give me my tablets," faid he in a tone of authority.- "What tablets, my lord?"-" My tablets," repeated he angrily.—the flaves flared at each other-" We know not what tablets your highness means, nor where they are to be found."-" In my"-(he was about to fay his (hepberd's-clothes, but the words faultered on his lips)-" in those clothes," faid he .- They searched but found only that of OMRAD. "Where is the other," faid the vizier. "What other, my lord? We can find none but this." LEYSAC was enraged, he ordered his flaves from his presence, and when they were gone, felt for the tablet himfelf, but without fuccefs. It was not to be found. Mad with disappointment, he gave way to a paroxysm of rage, and in the frenzy of his mind had almost cursed the author of a gift, of which he had taken so little care.

Casting his eyes, at length, on the pages of OMRAD,

OMRAD, as they lay open on the table, his attention was arrested by them, and he read in an audible voice-O LEYSAC, vizier of Tifgal, in whose wisdom the mighty MISNEEL confides, and to whom the government of his numerous people is entrusted, grieve not on so trivial an occasion. Hast thou not unlimited power throughout the dominions of the fultan? And will not the knowledge and counsel of all be laid at thy feet? Why then regret the loss of a book, which has hitherto been both troublesome and useless to thee? Rather enjoy quietly thy present condition, nor interrupt the current of felicity with useless lamentations .- The vizier difcovered in these lines a consolation for his los; and to drown the memory of it at once, he turned hastily to the MIRROUR, resolving to indulge his fancy in the contemplation of its wonders.

The magic scenes arose at his wish.—The divan from which he had lately returned, revived again in the mirrour, with all its attending pomp. The sultan on his throne seemed again to receive him with gracious condescension, and the Emirs of the court were again officious in shewing him honour, after the example of their sovereign.—In a moment all was changed, and the crowds of a populous city were presented to his view: he himself appeared riding through the streets in great state, and

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and with numerous attendants; while the people feemed to adore him, as he passed, and to rend the air with acclamations of joy.—Next came the soldiery in sight, and the vizier was presently at their head.—A consused succession of images now sollowed rapidly after each other, and hurried along his giddy sensations. Camps, battles, victory, and triumph crowded upon him—his senses were berest with astonishment—the tablet dropt from his hand, and he sunk down upon his couch in a trance of amazement, unable to support any longer so wonderful a vision.

He was roused at length to other sensations by the entrance of an officer, who came to confult him on business of the state. This was a thunderstroke to the new vizier, who knew not fo much as the forms of business, or the slightest fubjects of political knowledge. He had been used only to the dominion of a sheepfold, and the direction of rural economy. How then should he be acquainted with the weighty business of an extensive kingdom, and the multifarious policy of human government? Conscious of ignorance, he felt his inability; and dismissing the officer with an evafive answer, began to reflect with a desponding heart on the difficulties of his fituation. In this dilemma he resumed the tablet he had dropt, but alas! its pages were were blank. Not a vestige of writing could be traced on them. Struck with the alteration, and finding no instruction could be derived from this fource, he recurred to the MIRROUR; but ah! what a greater change was here !-Difgrace and derifion hooted him from his palace-Misneel frowned upon him-and the Emirs of the court infultingly fourned him.-Now he beheld himfelf chained down in the dismal depths of a dungeon-and now led through the streets in the mockery of state amidst the taunts, the hisses, and the sneers of. an infolent mob. This moment he was dragged to a terrible tribunal—and the next hurried off without mercy, or compassion, to an ignominious death. - Fear shook the talisman from his hand-terror and difmay fastened on his fouland the chill of horror froze up his veins. Pallid and aghaft he stared with wild stupidityhis eyes rolled giddily in their fockets-his knees knocked rapidly under their tottering weightand he fell with a horrible groan, lifeless to the floor.

Suddenly the scattered senses of the vizier' were recalled as by a power from heaven, and the voice of Amrah sounded awfully in his ears. "Leysac," said the Genius in a calm but severe tone, "is this the result of my savour towards thee?—this the use thou hast made

made of the precious gift?-but the punishment of thy disobedience is upon thee, and the recompence of thy folly is at hand. In the valley of Saarlem the tablet of OMRAD, and his deceitful MIRROUR, were oftener in thine hands than the pages of OSMYN. When thou camest hither with the Emir, it was in defiance of a precept, pronounced even at the time by thyfelf, whereby thou wast directed to let the night pass over thy deliberations. Hadst thou complied with that golden precept, thou wouldit, in all probability, have feen the folly of undertaking an employment fo foreign to thy life, and for which thou art so little adapted. And when thou didst undertake it, instead of gratifying thy vanity with the filly flatteries of the MIRROUR. thou shouldst have consulted that invaluable book, which would have taught thee wifdom, and inspired thee with knowledge. Instead of this, unhappy and careless mortal, thou hast lost it! and while thy pride was foothed with the finery of purple robes, thou wast content to fourn from thee the shepherd's coat, though it contained fo precious a jewel. - O LEYSAC. destined to be an example to future ages, it is not yet too late to take warning. I will furnish thee with the knowledge and the abilities neceffary for thy present station; I will make thee, in reality, vizier of Tisgal; and I will restore thee thy loft tablet."

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SYLPH.

Number XXX.

SATURDAY, February 20, 1796.

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danish data de da dinake IN the course of thy administration thou wile have frequent occasions to confult it, and if thou wilt be happy and prosperous, thou must confult it. Let not then its difficulty deter thee. Perseverance will conquer it; and the reward is great. Guard it then facredly;" continued the GENIUS, raising him from the ground, and putting the tablet again into his hands, " keep it always about thee, in thy bofom by day, and on thy pillow by night. As for the other it must still remain with thee; nor indeed do I diffuade thee from a sparing and prudent use of it. As an amusement it may occasionally relax the cares of state, but thou hast experienced enough of its deception Gg

deception to be cautious." Having finished these words, he breathed enlightening inspiration on the soul of Leysac, and was seen by him no more.

The appearance of AMRAH at this critical time, and the preparatory fituation of Leysac had a beneficial effect. He studied with affiduity the facred precepts; he confulted them on every occasion, and obeyed them with scrupulous exactness. He entered on the functions of his office, and every thing prospered under his hands. He redressed the grievances under which the state had long groaned, and distributed impartial justice throughout the land. The kingdom of Tifgal was never at a higher pitch of prosperity and happiness; none of its rulers was ever fo respected and honoured as the vizier LEYSAC, the glory of the fovereign, and the favourite of the people.

Some months had elapsed, when he was sitting in his chair, after a day of uncommon application to business, weary and satigued. To divert the languor of his spirits, he opened the pages of OMRAD, and read them carelessly, till his attention was more closely arrested by the following passage; Great, O Leysac, are thy exertions; noble and meritorious thy persevering industry in the duties of thy station. The kingdom of Tisal

Tifgal flourishes under thy bands, like a garden watered with the rains of beaven, and warmed by the genial sun. Peace, prosperity, and bappiness, like rivers from a common source, have flowed from thy government over all the grateful land. But thou, O LEYSAC, partakest not this bliss: thine is the life of labour and fatigue, of care and anxiety, incessant and comfortless. But why, when every object, that can lure thy senses, or indulge thy appetites, tempts thee to enjoyment? Amusement courts thee in her gayest mood; and thin-robed pleasure beckons thee to bliss. Unbend thy mind then, O LEYSAC, and enjoy thyfelf. Behold even now gratification is at hand, and the rapture of delight awaits thee in the seraglio .-LEYSAC started at the found; he recollected to have heard it before, and was now determined to comprehend its meaning. Summoning. therefore, a flave, he demanded to be conducted to the feraglio. The will of the vizier was obeyed: he was led to the apartments of the women, and lost in a moment of time a virtue hitherto immaculate.

He was now transported beyond himself. As his senses dissolved in the luxuries of pleasure, his understanding was lost in astonishment. awaked from the trance of enjoyment only. to the contemplation of the wonders around him, and funk again from contemplative wonder into the bosom of actual enjoyment. Such a number

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number of women, fuch charms, fuch beauties, fo willing, fo attractive, almost exceeded the belief of reality; and he drank intoxicating draughts of fo novel and delectable a blifs .--He had been now two days in his feraglio, forgetful of time, and of his station. The courts of justice, where he presided, had been crowded as usual with people, but the chair of his tribunal was empty. The officers of the state. who had regular business with the vizier, had waited in vain for an audience; his flaves not chusing, or not presuming to interrupt his pleafures. At length he returned to the functions of his office, but with a mind estranged from its duties. In his most ferious moments his imagination wandered to the seraglio; and he longed, each day, for the hour that should dismiss him from the councils of his prince, and restore him to the arms of his women. The affairs of the state were daily more neglected; hurry and inattention gave birth to injustice, and injustice created complaints and disaffection. But in the midst of this licentious course, he was not without his moments of fevere reflection. When he consulted the pages of Osmyn, which he now did only on state-affairs, he met frequently with reproofs, which condemned his conduct, and fuggestions, which alarmed his fears. These, however, he was refolved to neglect; and for that purpose closed the book, as often as he met with

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Po L to with the unwelcome admonitions. Pride too. which had lately taken possession of his heart, aided him in his contempt of the warning talifman, and taught him to confider it a diffrace to be controlled even in his pleasures and retirements by reproofs, which continually called in question his judgment, or his honour. A circumstance at length occurred, which relieved him at once from this difficulty. It had frequently happened before he was inured to these reproofs, that he had been seized with a temporary remorfe. On fuch occasions he would abfent himself from the seraglio, or repair to it dull and distrustful, from the consciousness of guilt. His women, inquisitive of the cause. tried all their arts upon him, and succeeded, at last, in discovering it. He unburdened himself to them, and confessed the secret restraint under which he laboured. They were alarmed: they plotted to deprive him of the tablet, that they might riot without controul, and entangle him irretrievably in the snares of dissipation.

The management of this scheme was entrusted to Lamia, his chief savourite. To accomplish it she entreated the vizier's presence at an entertainment prepared, as she said, in testimony of her gratitude and affection. The night, appointed for this purpose, was now far advanced; Leysac had retired from a sumptuous banquet to the inner recesses of the palace; and every thing

thing around him inspired dissipation. The youngest and loveliest of his women, decked in dreffes of voluntuous fancy, wheeled before his eves the giddy mazes of the dance, varying continually their motions, and their postures. On every change new beauties arose, new graces were displayed, luxurious and free. Meanwhile the sprightly music attuned the playful gestures of the dancers, diffused its harmony o'er all their actions, and breathed upon their spirits liveliness and mirth. Then came the fingers, entering by pairs, and rivalling in the loofeness of their dress, the fanciful luxury of the dancers. They had prepared their fongs for the occasion; songs of flattery and love, of pleasure and delight, incentive of the vizier's passions, and grateful to his pride. These they poured into his ravished ears, till sympathy was kindled in his breast: His lab'ring foul now fwelled with expectation; his heart panted with the fierceness of defire; and turning round to his favourite, who was fitting by him on the fofa, he funk down, enraptured, on her bosom.

"Give me," faid Lamia, as she threw her arms round his neck, "that cursed tablet, which embitters all thy enjoyments. If my lord is happy in the arms of his slave, who shall reprove his pleasures, or dare to prescribe rules to the potent vizier of Tisgal? Believe me this book is thine enemy. It professes to teach thee

thee wisdom: but the means are avowedly laborious: while it forbids thee the indulgence of thy most natural and innocent desires .- Ah, my dear lord, what is there reprehensible in thy present felicity? What but malicious envy, or the most cruel tyranny could wish to deprive thee of it?" "My dearest LAMIA," replied the vizier, "I feel the ungrateful yoke by which I am restrained; but what can I do? Can I reject the wisdom of OSMYN? Can I difobey the voice of Amrah?"-" Who are OSMYN and AMRAH?" replied she, "invisible tyrants perhaps, who have imposed this check on thee, to abridge thy happiness and enjoyments. while thou art destined to toil at their command. the flave of their will, and the tool of their power. Ah, my lord, beware of their artifice. Break the trammels of mean submission. on thine own wisdom, and thine own power: then shalt thou be in fact vizier of Tisgal; then shalt thou be great and happy indeed!"-LEYSAC, weary of restraint, and wanting only a pretext to throw it off, that might feem to justify his conduct, caught eagerly at this fuggestion. "Thy suspicions," replied he, " are just. Long enough have I been controlled in all my thoughts and actions by an unreasonable and capricious tyranny. Take it my dearest LAMTA," continued he, "dispose of it as you please. No more shall it interrupt our pleafures; no more throw its envious gloom o'er the

the raptures of love."-At these words he put into her hands the invaluable tablet; giving up, in one fatal and delirious moment, the guide of his life, the wisdom of a sage, the gift of an angel: and furrendering himself to the baleful and destructive empire of sensuality and lust!-From this miferable hour every thing was changed. Leysac, like a roe-buck escaped from the toils, rejoiced in his newly recovered liberty: unconscious alas! such is the blindness of human folly, that he had incurred the most desperate slavery, in the very moment when he thought he had attained the fulness of liberty. He rioted without bounds; diffipation and licentiousness reigned over his foul; lust and effeminacy preyed upon him incessantly: his faculties became enervated; his understanding impaired; and his heart corrupted. At first he merely neglected his duties, and fuffered the inferior officers of the state to pervert their power. and plunder their country with unbounded peculation. By degrees, as his depravity encreased. he became unjust, revengeful, and cruel. He would iffue orders from the feraglio in the wantonness of power, marked with carelessness. with cruelty, or with malice, just as his own capricious humour, or the imperious will of his women dictated. Ruin and desolation, therefore. made rapid strides over the kingdom of Tifgal; tyranny and injustice stalked abroad, erect and uncontrolled.

SYLPH.

Number XXXI.

SATURDAY, February 27, 1796.

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Spectat inexpleto mendacem lumine formam.

OVID. MET.

Unfated still with eager gaze,
The faithless MIRROUR he surveys.

MEANWHILE the vizier revelled in retirement. He was seldom seen abroad; and whenever he was obliged to appear in the streets, pale and spiritless as he was, there seemed to be lurking in his countenance a secret disgust of the public eye, and a wishful impatience to bury himself again in the privacies of his palace. Indeed his public reception well justified timidity, and struck him, conscious of demerit, with sear and hatred of the people; for the tongues that once raised his name to the stars, and filled the joyous city with his praises, were now mute with indignation, and sullen with despair.

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It was not long, however, before LEYSAC difcovered the fallacy of his happiness, and the infufficiency of his pleasures. Their novelty was gone, and with it their spirit had evaporated. By degrees a liftless hebetude crept upon his fenses, and satiety bereft him even of the semblance of enjoyment. Music no more poured melody into his foul; the fong no more dropped flattery into his ears: no longer could the dance excite defire: or the blandishments of love revive fensation. Beauty, potent as it is, had loft its wonted influence; its bloom was faded in his eye: even the charms of his LAMIA were fallen into frigid infipidity, and difguft had fucceeded to the languor of indifference. Such was the vizier's fituation, when he threw himfelf one evening, dull and discontented, on his The tablet of OMRAD, which had of late become the guide and counsellor of his life. was open in his hand; but alas! the magic of its charms was gone. Fled was the pleasing influence of its diction, its fascinating flow of language, its fprightly spirit, and its animated life. Dull were now the heavy laboured fentences, vapid the descriptions, and tasteless the subjects. His eyes were fixed on the book; but his thoughts wandered, broken and confused. He read; but he read without emotion, without comprehension, and without delight. Attention flept upon the fluggish lines; and drowfmess stole,

ftole, like a lethargy, over his enervated fenses. To rouse himself from this torpor of mind, the vizier had recourse to his MIRROUR—that mirrour, which was once the fancied representative of blifs, the pledge of promifed happiness; but here too disappointment was prepared. As it was the nature of this talifman to hold out to the mind at ease fallacious pictures and exaggerated views; fo in the hour when confedation was needed, would its flattering prospects vanish, and its treacherous furface change, like a false friend, that flies from his companion in the moment of diffress. So was it now. The flitting images passed indistinctly over the surface. without order, and without design. Faint, broken, and evanid, they were like the clouded landscape reflected by the sun on the troubled waters. Fancy itself could not combine their parts; nor the quickest apprehension catch them, ere they Red .- LEYSAC disappointed and chagrined, was about to close the lid, when on a sudden a novel view presented itself, unlooked for, to his eyes. He flarted at the fight; he gazed with aftonishment; he rose in agitation from the fofa; again he gazed, and exclaimed with emotion, "LETIMA!"-It was she. The vallies of Saarlem were stretched before his eyes; the shepherd's cottage rose among the hills; and all the glowing landscape of Marsarat elistened in the MIRROUR.

Hh 2

Under

Under the branches of a palm-tree stood the pensive LETIMA, pale and emaciated. Melancholy had preyed upon her beauteous form; meagre dejection fat upon her cheeks, and triumphed in the spoil of health. Her right arm, as the leaned against the tree, supported her reclining head; the other hung liftless by her fide: while her eyes were fixed, in musing filence, on a stream that rolled before her feet, emblem of inconstancy. There stood she, motionless as a statue: save when her heaving heart swelled, at intervals, in her bosom; and a sigh, struggling to escape, discomposed for a moment the calmness of her features. Leysac was moved at the fight. Reviving tenderness sprung up in his heart; and all the fire of long neglected passion rushed upon his foul .- Suddenly the shadowy figure seemed to move from the tree. Its features assumed a look of dismal satisfaction; it hastened to the stream; and stood over it. wild and anxious, as if struck with some strange defign.-LEYSAC was inftantly alarmed; a fearful apprehension seized him. "What, my LE-TIMA," cried he, as if she were really present, "what art thou doing? what dire meditation urges thy thoughts?"----While he was speaking, the mournful image bent forward over the stream, not, as when it approached, wild and aghaft, but placid and disconsolate; looking calmly on the waters, as if to fee what a wreck love

love had made in its beauteous form .- As the gazed wiftfully on the watry shadow, a tear started from her eye, and fell into the flood: in a moment it mixed, and was loft in the paffing current. LETIMA feemed to follow it greedily with her eyes, as it floated down the stream; her bosom heaved its deepest figh; she folded her arms; she shook her head; and her lips feemed to utter the pregnant thoughts of her heart. Then haftily the turned her eyes to a ring that was tied on her finger-the ring, which LEYSAC had given her at parting, as the pledge of love-and again she shook piteously her head. One might imagine she was likening the fugitive tear to the faithless Leysac; and chiding it for leaving her, as he had done, and roving with the wandering stream, regardless of its forsaken mistress. "What," one might fancy she said, " thou discontented tear! thou image of my faithless shepherd! must thou too leave me? My weary eyes have wept, till they were drained. Scarce yesterday could they strain one solitary drop to wet this ring, which my grief has daily bedewed; yet thou, the last perhaps that was left, hast thrown thyself wantonly from me, and fee, my ring is dry !"

The utmost power of the talisman had now been displayed; and the fading picture began to change. The stream, the figure, and the landscape

scape, running into broken confusion, sunk rapidly from the eye; and in a moment the furface of the mirrour was colourless and blank. The influence, however, of this affecting picture was not fo transitory. The mind of LEYSAC was now a fea of agitated paffions, and turbulent reflections: remorfe touched him to the quick. and conscience shook her terrors on his soul. He accused himself of having driven his LE-TIMA to despair he raved he was franticthen, as returning love foftened him to forrow, he melted into tears; he called upon her by a thousand tender names, and conjured her to pardon him with all the vehemence of contrition. In this condition he retired to his chamber; and shutting himself up for three days from the fight of all, gave way to a boundless and unmanly grief, irrefolute of action, and torn with despair. No consolation could now be sought in the comforting precepts of OSYMN; no resource could be had to that wisdom, which would have given him fure advice under every difficulty. His folly had left him only that worthless book, which ferved but to mislead his judgment, and to tofs him in a continued whirlwind of lawless defires.-He resolved at length to fend for her, and horsemen were dispatched immediately to the valley of Saarlem.

Several days had now elapsed since their departure; ſ

parture; and in the mean time the agitation of the vizier subsided. It had been, indeed, too violent to continue, and was more the effect of a fudden furprife, and a reproving conscience, than of real penitence, or returning affection. He was still indeed anxious for the arrival of LETIMA; not that he might compensate his cruel perfidy by pouring into her broken heart the balm of renovated love, and cherishing in his bosom that injured form, which grief had now almost despoiled of its forsaken charms; but that he might indulge a licentious pleasure, and number her with the hapless wretches, that crowded his feraglio. The mind of LEYSAC was no longer susceptible of love. That generosity and tenderness of sentiment, that delicacy of thought and action, that chafteness of desire, which is the foul of an elevated and virtuous passion, were no longer to be found in him, Luxury had vitiated his tafte; lawless indulgence and voluptuous pleasure had debauched him. He had no longer strength enough for virtue, nor inclination to defire it.

The messengers were now returned from Saarlem; and reported, that after the most deligent search, they could not meet with Letima, or hear any tidings of her. The vizier selt sorely the disappointment; and gave himself up, as was usual with him now, to a surious sit of anger

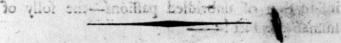
anger and despair. An adventure, however, took place about this time, which directed his attention to a new object, and buried in a second oblivion the ill-sated Letima.

MISNEEL was a youth of warm propensities and luxurious appetites. Having placed the administration of his kingdom in the hands of a man, who was thought to possess the favour of heaven, and the wisdom of a sage, he gave himfelf up to every licentious gratification, which ingenuity could invent, and power command. His feraglio was filled with the handsomest women of Tisgal; and his emissaries were continually traverling the country in quest of fresh beauties. Among others that were daily fent up to the seraglio, was one of an uncommon disposition and behaviour. She was beautiful and young; but spiritless and inanimate. features, cast by nature in the mould of symmetry, were proportioned to the nicest eye; but fickness and melancholy seemed to have thrown over them a veil of irregularity and languor, which at once excited pity, and rebuked defire. There was, moreover, a latent fweetness in her looks, and a delicate foftness diffused over her countenance, which feemed to indicate a foul fusceptible of every tender sentiment. But, after all, she was averse to love-she hated man.

il whetted by Mance Ond eiger in the pyrint. In the wildness of his

Number XXXI

SATURDAY, March 5, 1796.



O mifer ! inque dies ultrà mifer, huccine rerum 9 Venimis guores and oregan to yellow Pars.

si modifier

s O wretch! and ftill more wretched ev'ry day!" Still more and more from virtue's paths aftray!

WHEN MISNEEL (who, to do him justice, was more defirous to win, than command) had thrown himself at her feet-when, in the ardour of defire, he pressed her by every tender argument for one kind look-one favourable fymptom to keep alive his hopes-fhe would hear him fullenly with averted face. Then, looking sternly upon him, she would forbid him to hope, or to love-while disdain kindled in her eyes; and, for a moment, flushed her glowing features with a vivid animation.

Such was the flave, whom not MISNEEL's authority could influence, nor his entreaties move.

move. Defire is whetted by resistance; and the sultan, bassled in his attempts, was more eager in the pursuit. In the wildness of his despair he had recourse to his vizier; and, strange as it was! consulted the first minister of a mighty kingdom on the means of subduing the obstinacy of a semale slave. Such is the infatuation of unbridled passions—the folly of human conduct!—

The curiofity of Leysac was excited by the warm descriptions of the youthful sultan. He returned to his palace, full of new and tumultuous desires, which he indulged without reftraint; and at length, in the violence of his passions, formed the design of rivalling his mafter, and intriguing with the mistress of his fovereign. The scheme was daring and dangerous; but it opened to him a view of variety in his pleasures, and he was now, alas! foolish and abandoned enough to attempt any thing. Prefuming on the credit, which the fame of his tablet, and the wisdom of his early measures had given him, and which his late mal-administration had not yet totally effaced; and taking advantage of the disposition of MISNEEL, who had put into his hands unbounded poweroriginally from confidence in his integrity and knowledge; but latterly to procure himself more leifure for his private pleafures, and relieve lieve himself at once from the cares of business, which dissipation had rendered odious to him—the vizier had become vain and tyrannical to the greatest degree. He tyrannised over the state by corruption and intrigue; he domineered over his sovereign by presumptuous arrogance, and crasty artistice. Misness sell the yoke; but was unable to shake it off—and perhaps unwilling, while it enabled him to gratify his secret inclinations. The present design of his minister was, however, the most insolent.

In pursuance of his scheme, it was not long before he contrived to corrupt the integrity of the chief eunuch-a man, who for feventy years had been the faithful fervant of the fultans of Tifgal!-what is it that wickedness in power cannot effect?—The appointed hour was now arrived for his introduction into the feraglio. He went privately to the palace, and put himfelf under the guidance of the eunuch, who conducted him to the door of an inner apartment, and retired. The vizier entered without noise. A lamp, which had nearly spent its oil, threw a gloomy shade around the room. At the further end was a female thrown negligently on a fofa. Her face was averted from him, and rested on her left arm, which hung loofely over the fide of the couch. Round her neck had fallen her hair in crowded and dishevelled ringlets, as if anxious to cover a bosom whiter than ivory, and which its mistress had too carelessly exposed. On her head was no other covering than a narrow faffron-coloured fillet; and her whole attire, loofe and disordered, bespoke a mind restless and un-"Ah," exclaimed she at this moment in a weak and melancholy voice, " wretched, miserable is our lot, born to be the slaves of love, the victims of the perfidy of man!" At these words she raised her head, and beheld the vizier. Suddenly she started from the seat, and turning herfelf indignantly from him, exclaimed, "Why, my lord, dost thou continue to perfecute me?" --- She had mistaken him for the fultan, whose habit he had assumed to facilitate his entry; and the faintness of the lamp aided the deception. The vizier was awed by her firmness, while he beheld her with silent aftonishment, and doubtful contemplation.

Her form, as she now stood before him, was symmetry itself—her posture the graceful attitude of elegance and beauty. Her body, averted from him, had assumed a position favourable to the view, and calculated to exhibit her shape in its finest proportions. Her head, bending a little forwards, had arched her fine, taper neck into a beauteous curve, in which the soft, blue veins, unhidden by her hair, that

fill hung on one fide, wandered playfully along. Before her face she held a handkerchief to stay the tears, that were starting from her eyes; while her right hand, with the palm inverted, was stretched behind her, and seemed as if it bad him retire. At this moment the gasping lamp threw a fudden blaze round the room-he beheld her more distinctly-he seemed to recognise a form, to which he had not been unaccustomed-and stepped forwards with hesitation.-Turning round hastily to reprove him, she let her hand fall from her face-again the glimmering light flashed upon her - " LE-TIMA!" exclaimed the vizier-" LEYSAC!" cried she, finking to the floor.-Instantly he caught her in his arms-they funk together on the couch-and light fled for ever from the lamp.—

In a moment the room was again illuminated, and the fultan Misneel entered. The reftless-ness of desire preyed upon his soul, and he was come again to try the perseverance of his lovely slave.—What a sight was here! He beheld her in the arms of a man, motionless and stretched. Life seemed to have slitted from her lips; her hands hung languid at their length; while her head rested nerveless on the vizier's bosom, where she seemed to have taken up er last repose—her resuge from the world.—

Jealousy

Jealoufy boiled in the veins of MISNEEL. He would have spoken; but rage choaked the pasfage of his words, and he stood gasping for breath, and for utterance. The vizier too was confounded. Terror bereft him of his mind. He let his precious burden fall propless to the floor; and started upon his feet aghast, and staring with wild vacuity in the face of his for vereign.-" Villain!" cried the sultan at last, "Traitor-" He could utter no more. The tide of his passions returned with double violence. At length he stooped down over the proftrate body of LETIMA, as if to raise her from the floor .- At that moment a dire thought sprang up in the heart of Leysac. He drew his dagger from beneath his cloak, and aimed it furiously at the loins of the stooping sultan .-Instantly it was wrested with violence from his hands by an invisible power; and a voice, that shook the very palace, cried out, "Wretch! wouldst thou also murder thy sovereign?"-Difmay shot, like lightning, through the foul of LEYSAC; his fenses wandered, and the flitting image of AMRAH seemed to pass before his swimming eyes. He fled at length from the room; he escaped from the palace; and entered breathless and terrified into a house, which flood open in his way, and which in his agitation he had mistaken for his own.

1

1

It was the house of an Emir, who was an enemy to MISNEEL; and who was just returned home from an entertainment. Seeing a stranger had entered with him, he turned round-" My lord the vizier!" cried he with furprise, " your highness seems perturbed? Hath any mishap befallen you?"-LEYSAC, scarce able to support his trembling limbs, was filent. Speech and recollection at length returned to him; and retiring with the Emir into an inner apartment, he recounted his whole adventure at the palace, omitting only the circumstance of the dagger. "And is your highness," said the Emir, " for terrified at this discovery? Look on it rather as a lucky incident, and improve it to thy advantage. Long enough has this mighty kingdom been ruled by thy wisdom, while a weak and effeminate boy wears the regal diadem, and robs thee of the honour and pre-eminence due to thy extraordinary talents. Be fultan, O LEVsac; it is in thy power, and let the worthless MISNEEL fuffer the fate, which, be affured, he is preparing for thee."-LBYSAC was ftruck with the idea; he consented—a plan was hastily formed-and the Emir went forth to fecure the affistance of some friends, on whom he thought he could depend -The vizier was now left alone. His late alarm was rapidly fubfiding; and in the pride and folly of his heart. he already thought himself sultan of Tisgal, and ipurned.

fourned, in idea, the prostrate Misness from his feet. So full was he of anticipated grandeur, that he could not forbear glutting his eyes with a prospect of it in his enchanted MIRROUR.

Straight the never-failing imagery forang spontaneously forth; and all the pageantry of flate glittered on his fight. But chief, the foldiery attracted his notice. They filled the streets of Tifgal-they surrounded the palace. -they entered it with arms-destroyed all oppolition—and forced themselves into the retreat of the fultan. Him they feized-dragged forth into the streets-threw at the vizier's feet. and then feemed to hail their new mafter fultan of Tifgal.—Leysac, as he beheld, caught the inspiring ardour, and he cried out with emotion. "Yes, I am fovereign-LONG LIVE LEYSAC, SULTAN OF TISGAL."-Scarce had he spoken the words, when a noise, as of a rifing wind, affailed his ears; he turned fuddenly round, and behold! the GENIUS stood before him.

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to overturn in one night a throne that has their for ages Number XXXIII

SATURDAY, March 12, 1796

were parted afunder—the whole city of Tilgal funk down thro the cards befole the eyes of Luysar, and in a moment he found himself.

Quem res plus nimio delectavere secundat, and a posicional Mutata quatient.

They, who in fortune's imiles too much delight, I ad Shall tremble when the goddels takes her flight, and see the state of the point and the state of the

elements. The chapter buchley or relieve

of Leysac, broke with a horrible "WRETCHED mortal," faid AMRAH, " where will be the end of thy guilt? See the fatal iffue of licentiousness and luxury ! They have led thee, first to a neglect of thy duties, and a fufferance of evil-then to actual injustice, to rapine, and tyranny. Thou hast entered. like a thief, into the palace of the fovereign—thou halt drawn thy dagger against his life, and art now in open rebellion. The peace of thy country, and the blood of its inhabitants thou fetteft at naught, while ambition hurries thee on to every crime. Yet thinkest K k thou, hovel

thou, inconsiderate man, that insurrection hangs upon thy nod, and that a mighty nation can be so easily led to treachery and rebellion, as to overturn in one night a throne that has stood for ages? O Leysac, ere thou are sultan of Tisgal, thou must learn wisdom."—The Genius spake, and disappeared.—Instantly the house shook to its very soundation—the walls were parted as sunder—the whole city of Tisgal sunk down into the earth before the eyes of Leysac, and in a moment he found himself, alone, on a spacious plain.

It was now the depth of the night, and nature, fuffering a general anarchy, seemed to be maintaining unequal contest with her rebellious elements. The thunder burfting over the head of Leysac, broke with a horrible crash, as if the very universe were fnapt, and the rapid lightning deluged with fudden light the whole space of heaven, and covered the globe with one vast cope of fire; while thickest darkness brooded, at intervals, over the face of the earth. Meanwhile the struggling winds rent each other violently afunder; and the rain, driven as with a fledge, beat incessantly on the ground. Levsac, unable to refift the force of the florm, fell on his face to the earth; where he lay for some time, half dead with amazement and fear. He crept, at length, to the covert of a ruinous hovel.

hovel, which afforded him a miferable thelter. till the tempelt abated, and the morning restored order and tranquillity to the troubled world -Alas! it brought not peace to the foul of LEYSAC. Dreadful as was the from he had weathered, a more terrible one was rifing within him. Recollection, that perfecuting foe of the guilty, brought back to his mind the past scenes of his life, and reflection, like a worm, preyed upon his foul. Remorfe, contrition, terror, and regret, agitated his thoughts, and worked up in his diffracted bosom a tempest of turbulent passions. In this deplorable state of mind he travelled onwards the whole day, neither caring, nor perceiving, where he went, till approaching night again reminded him of his difmal fituation, and hunger gnawed in his stomach. At this juncture he cast his eyes hopelessly round the plain, and thought he difcerned horsemen approaching him. He halred; and by degrees they drew nearer .- They were a company of merchants, to whom, when they had overtaken him, the wretched Leysac applied himself in the voice of lowliest supplication.

"Who art thou," faid one of them, "that art wandering alone on these desert and extensive plains, over which none pass but the merchants of Carmel?" "Alas!" answered he

in a weak tone, "I am Leysac, vizier of Tifgal."-" Vizier of Tifgal!" replied the other, "thou lookest indeed like a vizier in this miserable condition, and that peafant's drefs."-He was indeed in a shepherd's dress—that very dress which he had brought to Tisgal from the valley of Saarlem; but he had not perceived it, "I am,", repeated he, " in truth vizier of Tifgal, but give me to eat, or I starve."-The merchants, hearing him perfift in his affertion, thought him disordered in his senses. They relieved, however, his present want, and took him into their company. On the morning of the third day after, another party of horsemen, but different in their appearance, were difcovered at a distance. The merchants, who were now croffing the skirts of an enemy's country, were alarmed. The horsemen approached—they were a troop of foldiers. fistance was useless, they were made prisoners . together with Leysac, carried off into the hostile country, and thrown into a prison. lofs of liberty was a more irkfome calamity than any that had yet befallen Leysac; and it was not long before he devised, and proposed to the partners of his fate, a scheme for their escape. It was attempted; but without fuccess: and he himself, as the author of it, was separated from the rest, and thrown into a solitary dungeon. His condition was now more horrible. Bereft

of company, and almost of light and food, he pined in unavailing complaints, and unnoticed forrow.

his facilities were this ended a while he litting Several months had now passed over his confinement, and as he had no longer any hopes but to end his days in this miserable place, he became gradually more reconciled to his los. It was a time too for reflection—for fober penitence; and he loft not the opportunity. He turned again and again in his thoughts the events of his life; he acknowledged in the earnestness of his contrition, that he had merited a thousand times the fate he now experienced; and his mind by degrees affurned. the temper of patient submission, and pious refignation. Thus disposed he was sitting one day in pensive meditation, when he perceived fomething glittering at a small distance from him on the floor.-He took it up with a careless air—it was the TABLET OF OSMYN! Scarcely could he believe his fenfes-" My tablet! my precious tablet," cried he with doubtful joy. " which I fo foolishly cast away !- O AMRAH, still the friend of an undeserving wretch, I recognise again thy gift-I acknowledge thy repeated goodness. Now, though I perish in this dungeon, I shall perish with happiness; fince thou hast youchfased to pardon my transgreffions, and haft bleffed me again with the tablet Ligar

tablet of wisdom."-No sooner had he spoken these words than a sudden giddiness seized upon his fenfes-his eyes closed involuntarily-and his faculties were suspended; while he seemed to himself to be raised up by an irresistible power, and hurried rapidly through the air. Presently his senses were restored. He opened his eyes, and beheld himfelf in the habit of a flave, amidst many other unhappy wretches, who were clanking the chains of fervitude, and labouring under the cruel tyranny of mercilefs talk-mafters. They were employed in erecting a ftrong, extensive superstructure on the borders of a desolate and barren plain. The aftonishment of Leysac was extreme; but he was prefently roused from admiration by the lash of authority, and driven, fettered, with the rest, to the labour of the place. The fudden indignity touched him to the foul. Referement forung up in his heart; and with fury in his eyes he curfed the petty tyrant who had ftruck him. Useless relistance! repeated blows soon convinced him of his error. Still, however, his spirit was unconquered. He submitted to bunishment, but refused labour; and when crucky itself was tired of the whip, he threw himself on the ground swelling with rage, and fullen with despair.

The events of the last few hours had been to rapid

rapid and strange, that LEYSAC had not yet had time for reflection; but, as his passions now fubfided, the danger, from whence he had escaped, arose in his thoughts, and with it the happy recollection of his recovered tablet. "Ah," cried he, "I am wretched-I am a flave-I am beaten-but why do not I confult my precious tablet-my heavenly comforter?" Straight he opened the facred volume; and, though he read not with immediate advantage. yet foon his steady resolution prevailed, and salutary wisdom dawned upon his foul, "O LEXsac," read he, " where are thy late refignation, and bumility? Look round thee, and compare conditions. Art thou not rescued as it were from the grave?from a place where thou hadft no hope but to die. unpitied and forgotten? - Art thou not restored to the light of beaven, and to society, lordly as it is, where thou mayst gain by prudence and contentment, subat thy prosperity failed to procure thee, -a FRIEND? Be thankful then to ALLAH for the change. Bear thy lot with patience, with fortitude, with hope; fo shalt thou be wifer in thy submission to authority, than bitberto thou bast been in the exercise of it thyself, and bappier even in slavery, than erst in the plenitude of power." Here he closed the book. A placid consolation stole into his bosom, and melted down his soul to harmony and peace. Every passion was tranquillized; his mind was all submission-all grateful fenfibility, and chearful refignation. He He mixed immediately with the companions of his fate, and joined, even with alacmy, in the talk of their labour.

· A few days affer he had been here, he had the curiofity to enquire of his fellow-workmen, for what purpose they were creeting so strong a building. " It is deligned for a prison," faid they, " and destined to contain the haples wretches, whom the tyranny of the vizier Laysac has doomed to perpetual confinement," What a blow to the already-wounded heart of . LEYSAC! He started—he turned pale—he trembled at the shocking—the unexpected information. "And ye too," faid he faultering. "ye too perhaps are the victims. Oh! tell me-" " Ah," replied one, " and how many more! how many thousands are curling the day, that first saw that monster, vizier of Tifgal! and if heaven be just, their curies will light on him.-Righteous Allah! what was my crime? I faw a man at the tribunal of justice, whom the vizier was about to condemn. knew his innocence, I called out, that I could tellify it. I pleaded his cause. But the vizier had refolved to condemn him. Fired with the injuffice I protested against the sentence. vain! Alas! I was the advocate of truth-truth ever hated by corrupted judges and profligate governors, as these galling chains have forely convinced me."

the Table of Tries Table Y was my

fare to find him intoxicated with wine; he was furious, IVIXXX radimuM infrastly I was hurried by his command to this wietched condition!—"Oh," cried Lyssa, croaning deeply; 30 71, 101, "Cried Lyssa, croaning deeply; 30 71, 101, "Cried Lyssa, croaning to a fourth, "whole the looks had been whose venerable looks had controlled to a fourth of which his colour commander the brotality ship who was been and incashed the chief and the colour col

and read sing forges the enchanted landscape fimiles amore

comfort of my life, the funnation my years,

AND 1," faid one that stood by him, "am the man you so humanely, but uselessly, defended, doubly wretched alas! in our common calamity. I was wantonly assaulted in the street in your presence; but my insulters were the savourites of the vizier, the panders of his pleasure. Instead, therefore, of obtaining justice at his hands, I was condemned to perpetual servitude."—"Go on, go on," said Leysac, his eyes streaming with tears, "tell me, all of you, your hapless cases?"—"I," cried a third, "suffered a cruel injustice from an Emir of the court. In vain I appealed for redress to the

courts of equity. In my despair I rushed to the palace of the vizier, I fell on my knees at his feet, and implored relief. Alas! it was my fate to find him intoxicated with wine; he was furious, he spurned me from him, and instantly I was hurried by his command to this wretched condition."-" Oh," cried LEYSAC, groaning deeply; what a tyrant, what a monfter indeed! -But thou, poor old man," addressing himself to a fourth, " whose locks, heary with age, and whose venerable looks, seem to announce thee incapable of wrong, what could have been thy crime?" "Alas," replied he, tottering at once with age and affliction, "my daughter, the comfort of my life, the support of my years, was torn from my arms, and hurried to the vizier's seraglio. Oh, how was I frantic! how was I distracted ! With tardy steps I followed her-I entered the palace. There my wornout limbs failed me altogether. I fell, nerveless, to the floor; while my tears wetted the feet of LEYSAC. There belought I him to reftore me my only, my beloved daughter, my fole, my last consolation. I entreated-I conjured him. Alas! he did but deride me-he even infulted my years-he mocked my hoary head.—It was too much—I could not bear it— 'Allah,' cried I enraged, 'cut thee off, thou merciless tyrant, ere thy bead be hoary.'-That was my crime, and thou feest how I expiate it here." here."- The poor old man finished wa The tears trickled in ftreams adown his furrowed cheeks, while his fobbing heart shook, almost to disfolution, his time-worn frame. The miserable Leysac, too, was not less agitated. Every man around him was a monument of his cruelty and injustice; every eye feemed to reproach him; every word was a dagger to his heart. The agony of his foul was extreme. He feemed ready to fly from himfelf, his spirits fluttered, and his fenses were confused. Groans of mifery affailed his ears, and fighs of repining forrow. Chains, prisons, and slavery were jumbled incoherently on his fight; till his giddy brain was loft in the tumult, and he fell. in a convultive fit, struggling to the ground.

When he awaked from the trance of his fenses, he found himself reclined under a verdant bower in the midst of a delightful garden. Over his head shot ramblingly the rose, and the jessamine, vying, as it were, with each other, which should shed sweetest fragrance on his ravished nerves: yet were they not without a rival; the violet, that sprang up beneath him, gave too her tribute of odour, emulating, though humble, the persumes of her lostier neighbours. Wondering what had befallen him, Leysac arose; he lest the bower, and in a moment NATURE, in her richest dress, presented herself

in prace, in voice, dising I worthy indeed to be

to his view. She had put on her gayeft, her lovelieft garb-her embroidery of flowers and fruits-her painted, pendant scenery-her green, broad zone, diverlified with a thousand interwoven colours, and her circlets of living leaves, towering, like a crown, over her head, Above her was the sun, lingering over the western hills, as if in admiration of her beauty, and unwilling to leave fo defirable an object .- LEYSAC himself was enraptured; the charming prospect influenced his foul, and foftened all its feelings to melting fenfibility.—Suddenly as his eyes wandered over the scene, he beheld a female near him. "Ah!" cried he, "this is doubtless the happy miltress of so delectable a fpot."-She approached; in figure, in beauty, in grace, in voice, divine! worthy indeed to be the miftress of a paradise! the finest filks flowed loofely over her shape, and playing wantonly about her legs, hung down in Fancy's gay festoons, the sport of every varying motion. Round her waift ran a zone burnished with gold; on which, in filver, lay the laughing loves, disporting in each other's arms with playful gestures, and delighted looks: her bofom, proud as it were of its charms, difdained the envious veil of dress; and rivalling the uncovered beauties of her face, displayed its naked loveliness, too dazzling to behold. Among her hair, which hung loofely over her neck, were interwoven interwoven strings of half-blown roses, and within them (but half-difguifed) a circlet of poppies. As the moved along, violets forang up under her feet, and her breath diffused around odoriferous fragrance. "Welcome, favourite of heaven," faid the to LEYSAC, "welcome happieft of men, to the garden of delight, the refidence of PLEASURE. Come," faid the taking him by the arm, " let us retire to you bower, the retreat of the loves—there will we revel in the raptures of blifs, and riot in transports of joy." As the spake these words, they drew near the bower-they had reached the very entrance, when Leysac, recovering from the flurry of his fenfes, stopped suddenly .- At that moment a low voice feemed to whifper him " If thou enterest, thou art lost-remember what is paft." The artful female penetrated his thoughts .- " Come," faid she, " why dost thou linger," and inftantly the spread before his eyes the tablet of OMRAD. "Read, LEYSAC," faid she, " dost thou not find pleasure in every line, and love, and joy, and happiness, and mirth?" Ah," faid he, " deceitful book! its pages to me exhibit vice, misery, contrition, despair, death."-" You are foolish," cried she chagrined, "but look here in the joyous MIR-ROUR. What feeft thou here ?- beauty finking into thy grasping arms, and laughter-loving joys fporting around thee !"-" Ah," cried he.

M no more—take from my fight the hated vision -I fee only fearful and horrible phantoms.-There-fee that dagger in my hand raifed against-Oh, remove it-that dungeon-that prison-those chains-Ah, never, never more will I behold its treacherous furface. This book-this facred book (taking out from his bosom the tablet of OSMYN) shall be henceforth my only guide-my only pleasure." As he spake these words, he opened the volume; and presently confirming wisdom thus strengthened his resolve-Happy art thou, O Leysac, in the present resolution. Persevere in it; and sure felicity shall reward thy struggles. Pleasure is the boney of life: sweet and wholesome to the temperate palate; but nauseous and sickening to the greedy appetite. Tafte it then with moderation, and thou fhalt enjoy it : but MODERATION dwells not HERE. LEYSAC read aloud these words, and repeating the last fentence with energy, looked up to observe what impression they made on his fair seducer.

She was gone—and with her all the visionary scene! Of the bower, and the garden, and its painted beauties, not a vestige remained; but in their place appeared the well-known hills of Marsarat, the long-estranged vallies of Saarlem. "Am I then bere again," cried Leysac, in rapturous astonishment, "restored again to this beloved spot—this only scene of my happines—and

the, " doft they need ad electure in every line,

and alas! the only scene too of my innocence? Now then it is enough. By this I perceive, O AMRAH, thou hast completely pardoned my transgressions. Here will I pass my future days in peaceful tranquillity, far from ambition, and from courts; far from destructive pleasure, and corrupting power,-Were even the diadem of Tifgal on my head, I would cast it from me with horror. O prospect, dear to my fould welcome. Welcome, ye beloved scenes of my youth! ye vallies grateful to my fight! Never again will I leave ye-never more will I pass beyond the mountains of Marfarat." Thus wildly did he give himfelf up to the first transports of joy, which this unexpected restoration to his native village raised in his bosom. Down he fat himself on that very seat, whence he first beheld the Emir; and funk into a filent meditation, thoughtful and profound. All the bufy and diversified scenes of his life recurred upon his memory; and he rejoiced, like a mariner. who has reached his port, after a flormy, and tempeltuous voyage. A pleasing melancholy now stole into his bosom, and shed consolatory peace upon his foul. He was tranquil, he was calm; yet still the gladness of his heart was not complete-when his mind was again familiarifed to the objects around him, he felt a vacancy of blifs.—" Ah!" cried he at last, "I know what is wanting. LETIMA! it is thou, whom my foul

foul longeth after, it is thou whose presence alone can give to these scenes a permanent attraction, and to my craving heart the fulness of delight—but ah! where shall I hope to find thee, lost, deservedly lost as thou art to the wretched Leysac?" At these words the tears of regret streamed plenteously from his eyes, when suddenly the Genius Amrah stood before him.

welcome, Welcome, we beloved forms of my

"Grieve not, Leysac," faid he, "for thy trial is now over, and thy virtue will foon be newarded.—Thou hast feen the vanity and danger of pleasure; thou hast been witness to the effects of abused power; and thou art now wife enough to renounce ambition, and embrace humility. Thou only, O Leysac, art worthy therefore of sovereign authority, and behold, it awaits thee."—Instantly the gentus transported him to the city of Tisgal—he beheld the people in the streets tumultuous and wild, and heard them with astonishment proclaiming "Long live Leysac, fultan of Tisgal."

speace upon his tout. The was end on his a was a calmy per that the planties of the hour twee more ecomplete e-except his object and the first and the first and the first and the first except and the first except his object has at he first except the first except his at he first except his object his at he first except his distributions of the market his at he first except his distributions.

SYLPH.

Number XXXV.

SATURDAY, March 26, 1796.

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mid been written and in yet for me de de in

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

HOR.

To inform the judgment, nor offend the heart.

FRANCIS.

"AH!" faid he, "what means this wonderful scene?—this strange salutation, which greets my ears?"—"Know," replied AMRAH, "that Misneel is no more. The measure of his vices was this day complete. He had wearied his people by capricious sollies, and roused them to resentment by his tyranny and injustice. This very morning he had designed to violate by force the chastity of thy Letima, whose virtue he has never been able to shake, but lo, the vengeance of an injured people hath cut him off, ere the crime was completed. Thee,

fince the time of thy disappearance, they suppose to have been imprisoned by the sultan's command; and to him they happily impute all those enormities, of which thou, in fact, wert guilty. These dispositions in them I have still farther improved in thy favour, and behold they feek thee with impatience." --- When, the GENIUS had finished these words, Leysac found himself in the depth of a dungeon, fettered and Instantly the heavy doors burst openthe people entered by crowds—they freed him from his chains-clad him in the robe of fovereignty, and, joyfully proclaiming him sur-TAN OF TISGAL, led him with triumph and shoutings to the regal palace. There found he his LETIMA, whom AMRAH had prepared for the happy meeting, anxiously expecting her beloved Leysac, at once the reward of his recovered virtue, and herself not less rewarded for her persevering constancy. Long lived they together united in pure and reciprocal love; he the wifest, the most just, and most beloved of the fultans of the east, and she the loveliest, the happiest sultana, that ever shared the heart, or the throne, of the fovereigns of Tifgal.

Reader, dost thou admire the wonderful properties of the Tablets? dost thou wish for them?—Behold! they are already in thy pos-fession. The tablet of OSMYN is REASON.

The tablet of OMRAD is the emblem of THE PASSIONS, and the faitbless MIRROUR is the IMAGINATION. Give sparingly the rein to these, and beware of their insidious, their dangerous influence; let them be subject to the former—to REASON; which will counsel thee under every circumstance, and lead thee surely to VIRTUE, and to MAPPINESS.

As a part of this paper is occupied by the conclusion of the preceding tale, I shall fill up the remainder with a letter, which I lately received from a correspondent, who appears indeed to have had nothing else to do, when he sayoured me with so curious a communication,

To the SYLPH.

Smyrna-Sunday, Jan. 3d.

" Dear Syl-Sc.

SUPPOSE you know I'm now at the Smyrna -waiting for that confounded rascally dog Dick Dawdle-best friend you know-fon of a turnip's own appointment too, and faith not here yet, tho' it's upwards of half past three, and been waiting here-'pon foul near five minutes. -Just spied pen and ink in corner of room to my great consternation—what can fool of a waiter mean by putting fuch lumber in my way-does jack-ass mean to affront me-great mind to break dog's head-want fomething for the present however to kill the enemyold father Time you know-fee nothing but ink-stand-think therefore may as well scrawl for moment or two-tho' plaguily out of practice that way-but who the deuce is there to fcrawl to-That's the thing you fee-If write to daddy in Cheshire, must scrape up and fermonize-and palaver old boy you know-in fhort short must sap-quite sick with the ideabeginning to yawn already-If I tune up to Iack-who by the by has fent me ever fo many-at least if can guess by directions (never strain eyes farther you know)-nothing in world to fay to rogue-As for Wbiffle-hearty cock to be fure-but know he always orders fervant to throw letters into fire as quick as they come -as much as place is worth to bring 'em to him-don't like to loofe labour either-And if write to Eliza-or little Mawbey-former can't read you know-latter'd be fure to show letter all round the world you knowget me prettily quizz'd and row'd indeed-no mind for being exposed like man in pillory either-All of a fudden d'ye know thought struck me-for I'm deuced clever fellow when please—that I'd seen t'other day—(won't tell you where, or what use made of it) a kind of a bit of a fort of a thing call'd the Silph, or Sylf -can't spell't without fight-which had a P.S. at its tail giving notice it received letters from any body that chose to write to it-at T. Long. man's-fome long-winded row or othercouldn't scrape up objection to writing to this kind of correspondent-'cause nothing else to do, and nothing else to write to-Want to see. old boy, what you'll fay to way I jog on-kill time-carpy dyem-as old Grecian fays you know dare fay your mouth'll water at rare rate at th'

th' account—take for granted you never knew what fashion was till now—thought 'twas spelling and reading dare say—he, he, he,—Titire term patule recubanz ub tegmine sagi—he, he, he !—keep this close however—for your soul don't let Buckskin, or that son of mischies—what's his name get hold of it—shall be fin'd a bumper else for ev'ry word—and never hear end of it into bargain—Well now you shall have my journal of yesterday, old curmudgeon—statter self you'll like it—must brush up memory however before I strike up—like old Dr. Hemand-haw—always clears way in Red-lane you know before he sets out.—

Saturday, Jan. 2d.

Ten o'clock in morning—Woke—(Mem. to throw jorden in man Ralph's face next time he wakes me fo rombustically) went to sleep again on purpose to spite him—

Half-past eleven—Ticking of watch woke me—swore at unmannerly brute near quarter of an hour—impudent sellow didn't seem to mind me—N. B. Not to wind him up next night for his bad behaviour—

One o'clock—Finished dressing—sad work with new leather breeches—worse with boots—Mem.—to give man Ralph kick on the nose, while

while dog's helping to drag on my boots, for

Half-past one—Seated snug at breakfast—
forc'd to take Sal volatile in tea—nerves so
affected by horrid tugging at breeches and
boots—terrible labour—verily believe should
have fainted away else—Mem.—not to give
up hot rolls or mussins when ev'ry body is
starving—

Two o'clock—Sauntered out towards Old Bond-Street—met Vapour and Jack Daffodil—went our rounds—i.e. St. James'-Street—Pall-Mall—Hay-Market—Piccadilly—so into Bond-Street again you know.

Half-past three—Leg caught in beau-trap—
petrified with this misfortune was hurrying
home—quick as fashionable you know—intercepted by rain—new leathers dished—wet thro'
—dirtied and splashed like post-horse—spit in
Ralph's face as soon as got home—dog didn't
open door soon enough—

From four to fix—Quite worn out with fatigue of morning—leather breeches stuck—half an hour getting 'em off—doctor'd ankle sprained in beau-trap—Mem.—to change arquebusade man—swear it's adulterated—ate boiled fowl and chicken-broth—

Seven

Seven o'clock—Went' to Covent Garden—quite bore—staid five minutes, and off to Drury-Lane—From thence landed in Opera-room—monstrous empty that night you know—got home very early—one o'clock in morning—to bed as soon as possible—told Ralph not to call me till twelve o'clock next day—

Twelve o'clock, Sunday morning — Man Ralph woke me—gave dog warning for not coming two bours earlier—jumped up in great passion—found watch stopped—worst watch in world—never will go without he's wound up—

Two o'clock—But holloa!—hear Dick at door—Good-bye, old Codger—can't write any more at present—be sure you don't tell any of friends of this—and be hanged to you—you lucky thief you—

dien son name en Ga-Cree ware out with a second out with a second resident principal out in the second resident as the first out a second resident for a second resident as the second resident as a second resident a second resident as a second resident reside

Your's,

VACUONS - CONTRACTOR OF THE CONTRACTOR OF CO.

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SYLPH.

Number XXXVI.

SATURDAY, And a 1796.

humani ingeni

Mansuetique animi officia.

TERENCE.

The courtefies of a feeling mind and obliging disposition.

Control Spring when the second states

It has been frequently the subject of dispute between the rigid moralist and the man of the world, whether the precepts and principles of politeness, contained in the letters of a celebrated nobleman to his son, be destructive of sincerity, and consequently of virtue. The moralist has urged that they recommend duplicity; that they justify deception, and hypocrisy; that their object is to regulate the external ceremonies of behaviour only, and that even at the expence of truth. It has been said, on the other side, that politeness has no connection with the heart,

that it consists merely in the knowledge and practice of certain forms of behaviour, which render a man agreeable and acceptable to others; that it is not, therefore, in all cases, to be literally understood, but to be interpreted with a certain latitude, which precludes the imputation of infincerity. This is certainly a very bad defence: first, because it is evident that those professions, which have no connection with the heart, can have no real value, or be entitled to our regard; and secondly, because it is making selfishn-ss the basis of politeness, as if a man were civil and affable in his behaviour, merely to promote his own purpoles, or enfure to himfelf a good reception from the party he addresses: which, though it be in many respects very necessary and allowable, yet where it is the only motive, is doubtless a very unworthy one.-But without entering deeply into this dispute, it requires very little penetration to discover, that the letters alluded to were written with a view to the formation of the manners, rather than of the morals; and that however, on the one hand. an unqualified observance of their precepts may be, as it undoubtedly is, prejudicial to the openness and honesty of truth, yet, on the other hand, a judicious and reasonable attention to external ceremonies of conduct is neither immoral, nor illaudable. For, furely, Virtue may affociate with the Graces, without losing her innocence, or her fimplicity. Having Having thus dismissed this controversy, I shall proceed to the intention of this paper, which is, to consider politeness in two points of view; first, as it regards the manners; secondly, the sentiment,

Politeness of manners is external. in certain ceremonials and modes of behaviour, which are respectively influenced by time, place, and fashion. Its rules are rules only of etiquette and form, and are as variable and different as the opposite opinions and customs of different ages and different places. The polite manners of former ages differed very much from those of the present times; and I doubt not but that the well-bred ladies of these days, could they inspect the deportment of their great great grandmothers, would be aftonished to find it, in their opinion, so aukward and unpolished. Not less are we surprised, and in many cases disgusted, at the accounts which navigators and travellers give us of the odd customs and ceremonies, which take place in different parts of the world; and which are there confidered as the effentials of politeness, and good-breeding. And no doubt the people, who practife those customs, were they to be witnesses of our conduct, would think it equally ungraceful, or illbred. A Chinese, for instance, " to give a mark of bis politeness, absents himself while his N n 2 guests

guests regale themselves at his table." Would a similar conduct be deemed bere a proof of a similar accomplishment. Politeness of manners is, therefore, local; or rather it exists not at all but as the phantom of opinion—the offspring of caprice, or of custom. Even amongst people of the same age, and the same country, it has no fixed standard; but varies with the whim of the day. Are we not continually seeing new habits introduced by some great man, or some celebrated beauty; which, becoming sashionable among the croud of imitators (who, by the way, are generally the bulk of a nation) become also polite and genteel?

The species of politeness, of which I am now writing, has no reference, therefore, to the heart; nor is it connected with subjects of any consequence or moment, farther than exterior customs, and the living manners of the world assign it. It is occupied in trisles; such as, who shall enter first into a room, give the first salutation, or make the first visit—whether it be genteel to rise, or sit still, on the entrance of a stranger into a room of company—whether the men shall make it their whole employment to pay minute attention to the ladies—catch their thoughts, as it were, from their looks—and gratify their wishes almost before they are formed—or whether (as in some countries), the

women shall wait altogether upon the men, and watch their looks with fimilar anxiety. All these ceremonies, therefore, derive their confequence, and their modes, from tocal opinion; and perhaps there are (generally speaking) few polite customs among men at present, of which the very reverse is not, or has not been, at fome time, or in some place, considered as the highest proof of good-breeding.-Lastly, this kind of politeness is very frequently (I will not fay, always) founded on felfishness. I am very far from meaning a criminal, or, in many cases, a reprehensible selfishness; but, certainly, whoever can look into the human heart, and observe the fecret springs that move it, may perceive that the forms of politeness (and of those only I now speak) are often practifed by men from a vanity of exhibiting accomplishments, from a defire of recommending themselves, and not infrequently, from interested and base views. The innocence, or criminality, of these motives must depend in the eye of strict morality, on the degree of observance, or dereliction of fincerity, which may attend the professions, to which they give birth.

I now proceed with pleasure to delineate that species of politeness, which is the result only of cultivated, refined, and humanised feelings—of a mind, formed to sensibility by the plastic plastic hand of education, or happily-moulded, and highly-finished by nature hersels. This kind of politeness may be emphatically and characteristically termed, DELICACY OF SENTI-MENT.

This politeness of sentiment is in every refpect different from a politeness of manners only. Instead of being merely external, and displaying itself in outward forms, it more frequently confifts in forbearing to do, or fay, things from motives of humanity and feeling, which many, who possess the other species only of good-breeding, are apt to do, without reflecting on the confusion, or affliction, they may cause, in the bosoms of others. Again, it depends not on the changes of time, or the differences of places, and opinions; but is in all ages the same, namely, the honest and humane dictates of a feeling mind. It is, moreover, invariable; and its standard is the human heart. Lastly, it is so far from being selfish, that it is never actuated by interested motives: nay, it cannot be, for selfishness and delicacy of sentiment are as opposite as the poles.

How then is it exerted?—In consulting always the feelings of others; and that under every varying circumstance. Being itself the offspring

offspring of the heart, it enters into the hearts of others; it perceives what may give them pain, and what may give them pleasure, and regulates itself accordingly. It refrains from saying, or doing any thing, which may revive the memory of misfortune, or misconduct—every thing which may bring a blush into the sace of inexperience, renew the pangs of the unfortunate, or recal the recollection of pardonable, or expiated, errors. In a word, it will forbear to open the closing wounds of the heart, or wound it afresh by indelicacy and grossness of treatment, but will, in every case, study the ease, the satisfaction, and the pleasure of others,

It is clear that these two kinds of politeness, different as they are, are not incompatible. They may exist together; and where they meet, the latter gives energy to the former;—purifies it as it were, directs its object, and renders it not unworthy a man. Nay, I will go farther; I will say that a delicacy of sentiment converts the mere politeness of manners into an useful and ornamental dress, with which it not only clothes, but decorates itself; like a beautiful woman, who contrives to make the necessary article of dress at once an object of utility and embellishment.

Fortunate, then, is the man who can unite in himself both these qualifications; and whose conduct,

conduct, dictated by honour and humanity, is dressed in the pleasing garb of exterior elegance; but if a man is to possess only one of them, it can hardly be a question which of the two is preferable, or which is more conducive to morality and virtue.—I shall close this paper with two anecdotes, selected from the pages of Rollin, which I think are beautiful examples of that delicacy of fentiment, which I "The Athenians, even have been describing. to the common people, had a natural fund of humanity and benevolence, whence it was that they were fo attentive to the rules of politeness. and so delicate in point of just behaviour. In the war against Philip of Macedon, having intercepted one of his couriers, they read all the letters he carried, except that of Olympias his wife; which they returned fealed up and unopened, out of regard to conjugal love and secrecy; the rights of which are sacred, and ought to be respected even amongst enemies."

"The same Athenians having decreed, that a strict search should be made after the presents distributed by Harpalus among the orators, would not suffer the house of Callicles, who was lately married, to be visited; out of respect for his bride, not long brought home.—Such behaviour, so delicate and so refined, is not very common; and upon like occasions people do not stand much upon forms and politeness."

SYLPH.

Number XXXVII.

SATURDAY, April 9, 1796.

Qua magno animo, et fortiter, excellenterque gesta sunt, ea nescio quomodo quasi pleniore ore laudamus. Hinc rhetorum campus de Marathone, Salamine, Platæis, Thermopylis, Leuctris.

As for those actions, which are valiantly, magnanimously, and successfully performed, we are apt to describe them with I know not what swell and latitude of expression. Hence the wide field of rhetoricians in speaking of Marathon, of Salamis, of Planae, of Thermopyles, and of Leuctra.

I Have somewhere seen it observed that the actions and exploits of the Athenians, which shine with so much splendour in the pages of their historians, have not, probably, obtained such renown in the estimation of mankind, because they were intrinsically greater and more illustrious than those which have been performed by other nations, and in other times; but because

cause they have been celebrated and handed down to posterity by men, whose talents and abilities have rarely been equalled. This remark, whether it may be thought just, or not, is specious enough to authorize an examination; since, in all ages and countries, the number has been undoubtedly much greater, of those who have been capable of performing great actions, than of those who have possessed the abilities duly to celebrate them, and transmit them with their merited eclat to the knowledge of suture times.

To those who are acquainted with the wonderful power of language, it will not feem remarkable that actions should be viewed through a magnifying medium, when they appear in the rich colouring of description uncommonly fplendid, and are decorated with all the heightening ornaments that taste and ingenuity could But let us see how far it is the case with regard to the affairs of Greece. Greek historians, whose writings are at once their own and their country's immortality, were men of extraordinary genius, and rare abilities. They recorded the transactions of a people, among whom every thing conspired to make men great. At Athens the most trying emergencies of state gave birth to unexampled efforts of virtue, of valour, and of patriotism. Emulation

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tion was excited by the fame and glory of illustrious examples; and industry continually spurred on by contemporary rivalship, and the struggles of numerous competitors. Among a people fo urged to deeds of celebrity, fo forcibly impelled to the path of glory, it was impossible that repeated instances should not occur of extraordinary courage and talents, of fuperior fortitude and magnanimity, and of rare and fuc-Accordingly, the Athenian cessful fortune. state arose to an unparalleled height of grandeur and renown. Her citizens, illustrious for every quality and endowment, that can dignify and adorn the human race, were prodigies of greatness .- Science, the mother of the arts, selected them for her favourite pupils; she initiated them into her facred mysteries, in preference to the unhallowed nations around her. Hence the elegance and the polish of their manners. Philosophy too, which enlightens and expands the mind, diffused her influence over them, and formed them to justice, to fortitude, to temperance, and to all her train of virtues. And lastly, LIBERTY, the patroness and inspirer of elevated fentiments-liberty, in whose defence the Athenians, conscious of her value, and grateful for her benefits, fo strenuously and triumphantly contended-gave energy and vigour to their fouls, infused into their bosoms her own enthusiastic spirit, and rendered them competent

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to those glorious, and almost incredible, efforts in behalf of their freedom and their country, which succeeding ages have learnt with astonishment, and contemplated with rapture.

These were powerful causes of pre-eminence, and their effects were adequate. Athens excelled. She furpaffed the nations of the world in every pursuit of laudable and honourable ambition; and that with a career so bold and irrefiftible, that she seemed to have monopolized superiority, while she bore down all competition; like the fun, which illuminates the face of nature; outflining at the same time, and extinguishing every leffer light. The fine arts she cultivated and perfected with a taste and execution, which succeeding ages have been content to imitate, without a hope of furpaffing: well-fatisfied, if they but equal the works of an Apelles, or a Praxiteles. The scattered seeds of knowledge collected by her philosophers, she matured into a rich harvest of learning and wifdom, and treasured up the choicest fruits of intellectual produce. From her stores, as from an inexhaustible fund, the resources of genius have to this day been drawn; and will be drawn, as long as the divine conceptions of Plato shall be clothed in the sweetness of Attic expression; as long as the reasoning and refearches of Aristotle shall remain as monuments

of human ingenuity; and the noble morality of Socrates preserve its connection with, and influence over, virtue. In a word, whether Athens be contemplated by the artist, by the philosopher, by the moralist, or by the warrior, to each she is a subject of astonishment and applause, of admiration and improvement.

But, with regard to the observation at the head of this paper, it is her military character which we must consider. In her struggles against the Persian invasions, when the Hellespont poured forth into her plain's fuch multitudes as baffled calculation, the performed those amazing exploits, and displayed those instances of refiftless valour and determined opposition, which have not fince been paralleled in any age or country. It was her fortune at that time to have for the protectors of her liberty, and the defenders of her cause, a Themistocles, and a Miltiades; but not less was it her glory to have her victories and her heroes celebrated afterwards by an Herodotus, whose elegant, yet animated, descriptions have preserved the memory of those illustrious times, and present to our imaginations, as it were visibly, the triumphant struggles of Marathon and Salamis, and the glorious scenes of that decisive day, which gave a double victory to Greece at Mycale and Platææ, and finally relieved her from the attempts

tempts of her invaders. And afterwards, in her unfortunate contest with Lacedæmon, -in a war, of which the fortune and viciffitudes were as remarkable, as the inftances of courageous intrepidity to which it gave birth,-a Thucydides was her historian :- a man, whose pen, as his fword, was like fire, impetuous, irrefiftible; who in the warmth and enthuliasm of genius, has described scenes, in which himself was, in part, an actor and spectator, as if he aimed at making all posterity actors and spectators in them too. Nor let us forget the gentler, though not less attractive, eloquence of Xenophon, who traces out in his history the wonderful retreat of his Greeks with the same incomparable skill, and the same masterly hand, with which he conducted them through the dangers of a hostile country, and restored them, hopeless of their fate, to the bosom of their country.

Great as were these events, and prodigious the efforts of valour which attended them, it cannot be denied that they have received additional lustre from the brilliant pens, which recorded them. The fire and heat of battle, which kindled in the bosoms of the Grecian heroes such a dauntless and intrepid spirit, was transfused into the pages of the historians, there to be preserved for ever, as a sacred slame, to animate and warm succeeding warriors. The same

fame love of liberty, and the fame abhorrence of servitude, the same independent spirit, and the same courageous bravery, which inspired and supported those heroes in the hour of combat, silled also the bosoms of their historians—the former were superior to the latter only in having been actually the agents of exploits, which these would have performed with as much heroism in the same situations; and the latter were inserior to the former only in having been denied by sate opportunities of displaying the same magnanimity and courage, which they have celebrated in their writings with so much feeling and energy.

When, therefore, we consider in this manner the character of the Greek historians, that they were themselves men of a martial and warlike spirit; and in part, as I have observed before, concerned in the transactions they record, that they were men, moreover, of most exalted genius and talents, it will not seem surprising that events should be pourtrayed by them with such warmth of expression, and such magnificence of description; or that passages should occur of such brilliancy and strength, which from the pens of inserior writers would have dwindled into mere record and insipid narration.

But after making due all wance for this powerful influence of language, and for the enthuliasm of kindred souls, when describing actions to congenial to their own feelings and principles, it is not probable that they have greatly exaggerated the accounts, which they have delivered down to posterity. For, as I have faid already, the grand cause, which became the foring of action in the bosoms of the Grecian heroes, and the fource of all their heroic deeds, was fully adequate to its effects. Great as was the glory, great as was the heroifm of Athens, an entbufiaim for liberty, equally ardent, equally energetic, would doubtless produce in other nations a fimilar independence of foirit, and stimulate them to efforts no less determined in defence of their freedom. But it is not every nation, that is so enthusiastically in love with liberty; nor every determined refistance of oppression, that is so successful; nor laftly, is it in all ages the fortune of the world to possess such able historians to register illustrious actions, and perpetuate their fame.

SYLPH.

Number XXXVIII.

SATURDAY, April 16, 1796.

Ορεξον, ὧ μακαιρα, σην Χειρα, και πΊερῶν εμῶν Λαθέσα, συγχορευσον. Αιρων δε κεφιῶ σ' εγω.

ARISTOPH.

Happy favourite, reach thy hand, Take my wings, and touch my wand; Then with me together rife, Light I'll bear thee through the skies.

ALTHOUGH I profess to have manifested myself to the world for the general good of mankind, and to have had originally no partiality for any individual upon earth, yet I will not disavow that I have contracted, since my sojourning here, an attachment, which will in time, probably, concentrate my cares upon a single object. The bosoms of spiritual beings admit not the turbulence of human passions, but they are not insensible to the softer insluence of love, nor exempt from the pleasing solicitude which attends it. It is a love, however, very different from that which occupies mortals: pure, voluntary, and disinterested, its only gratification

P

is to render the beloved object good and happy; to that end it is builed incessantly, and ceases the very moment, in which its object ceases to merit its regards.

Eliza! lovelieft of women! accept the tribute of celestial praise. Persect as thou art, it is not the symmetry of thy form, the elegance of thy shape, or the blushing beauties of thy face only, that I admire; for these are advantages which are common to thee even with the worst of thy fex. It is VIRTUE, Eliza, which gives to beauty an ineffable charm, and to comeliness of person a real and durable value: may then thy bosom be ever, as it is now, the pure, the confecrated temple of VIRTUE. When I look upon thy beauty, I admire it, because it is simple, unaffected, and modest; but when I enter into the recesses of thy heart, when I trace the lineaments of thy mind, it is then that I am enraptured; for it is then that I discover the tender susceptibility of thy nature, the athiable fentiments of thy foul, and those rare and valuable qualities, which feem to raife thee above humanity. These are the charms, Eliza. which have captivated my heart, which have flolen my affections, and enchanted my foul with the fascination of witchcrast. I love thee. because thou art chearful, honest, and sincere; because thou art artless and unsuspecting; in a word, because thou possesses that high characteristic of innocente, a singleness of beart. Reader! Reader! forgive me, if in this apostrophe I have wearied thy patience; for where is the lover, who knows where to stop, when he is speaking of the charms of his mistress? To reward thy attention, or rather to interest thee in her welfare, I will recount to thee the scenes, which I have just been exhibiting to her; and happy strak thou be, if thou derivest from them that improvement which I trust she has received; and if thou profitest by the detail of those instructions, which my affection has induced me to bestow personally and directly upon her.

Eliza, in the innocence and simplicity of her heart, entertained an anxious desire to fee and converse with that Sylpa, whose indirect instructions she delighted to obey. Romantic as was this wish, I resolved to indulge it; that I might impress her with a due sense of the value and dignity of virtue, by shewing her that in her own person it had attracted the notice and favour of a superior being; and that I might furnish her, in a novel and forcible manner, with such precepts, and such a knowledge of mankind, as might be of most essential power to preserve both her virtue and her peace inviolate through the mazes of life.

The evening had now shed over her spirits its wonted serenity—for the day always closes

P p 2

peacefully

peacefully on the good-when I chose the opportunity of gratifying her wishes. Enrobed in the full folendour of celeftial beauty I stood fuddenly before her; and by an act of my power at once disclosing myself, and removing all astonishment and awe which might prevent that ease and freedom which I desired, " Happy favourite," faid I, " the wish of thy foul is granted; afcend with me into the space of heaven; trace with me the varied surface of the earth; observe what thou seeft, and profit of my precepts."-At these words, touching her shoulders with my ivory sceptre, I winged them for flight, and we rose together in a moment. My first object was to conciliate and please her. I conducted her, therefore, to the golden palace of my aerial residence, where every thing that could raise delight, or create astonishment, rushed upon her senses. My Sylphs and Sylphids crowded around her, and paid that homage to purity and virtue, which they faw their chief so honoured. Every illusion of sportive, but guileless, fancy, every shadowed image of delight, that could attract and gratify the wondering Eliza, presented its unbodied folendour before her. With charming simplicity fhe gazed, and rejoiced; transported with the gay fuccession, while all, in fact, was airy nothing, the specious fabric of my power .-And is Eliza then the only one, who has been deceived by gay appearances? Are the scenes, which

which ambition sketches, always realised? Do they, who purfue fo greedily the gaudy phantom of pleasure, grasp at last a reality? Are the numerous structures, which fond imagination raises, or the highly-coloured draughts, which the ready pencil of Hope to eafily delineates, more flable and permanent than airy visions ?- I did not then think it necessary to undeceive Eliza; but, anxious to commence the course of in-Aruction through which I was about to lead her, I transported her fuddenly to the confines of earth again, and we entered, invisibly, Into a fpacious room, where a large company of both fexes was affembled. The first object that attracted my companion was a lady in the midft of the room encircled by young men, who crowded with admiration around her. In her looks dwelt youth, and beauty, and liveliness. and joy; while every voice was echoing her praife. " Ah," faid Eliza, " what a happy creature is that ! how do I envy her the love of fo many charming young men!"-" Look again, Eliza," faid I.—She looked, and started with aftonishment. Under those admired features, and that lovely form, she beheld a heart now swelling with vanity, with pride, and with wantonness, and now torn with chagrin. remorfe, and disappointment. Again the scene was changed, and the young men, that flattered her so lately, now accused, and derided, and infulted her, whilft those of her own sex, whose faces

faces were before distorted with envy, and rancorous jealoufy, now grinned with cruel fatisfaction o'er the fallen beauty. " See" faid I, "the end of coquetry, the punishment of folly."-The next spectacle I presented to her was a pair who were retired from the rest into a solitary corner of the room. "Maria," faid the young man taking his fair partner by the hand, "it is with thee only that I am harpy. How I hate this crowd, whole presence prevents me from throwing myself at thy feet, and swearing how I love thee-thee with whom I could be content to pass all my days even in a desart, and think myself furrounded by company, when thou only wert near me"-" Oh, Ariel" faid Eliza, " might I not wish for such a lover, so affectionate, so difinterested, one that would sacrifice all the world for me?"-" Liften again," faid I .- " Foolish girl," whispered the young man at that moment to one of his intimates who approached him, " the believes me; but let me once possess myself of her fortune; and then Jack,-the world for you and me-and folitude for her."-" See, Eliza, the delign of extravagant professions, which no man intends, and no man is able, to perform. But regard yonder pair. That man is professing similar fentiments; and honeftly, for he loves the girl with fincerity; but, Eliza, they are both deceived. Love is not the fole business of life; nor is it capable of enduring with unabated ardour. The little

little absences and avocations which the interests of the world occasion, frequently keep alive to the last those sparks of affection, which languish always under the hand of Time, and which uninterrupted enjoyment often extinguishes totally.—But look now, Eliza, at that artful parasite, who is flattering the vices, and pampering the appetites of the rich man at his elbow, mark how he smiles and cringes beside him, how he laughs applause, and echoes praise into the greedy ears of his patron—a wretch

4 As smooth of face, as fraudulent of mind."
POPE'S LLIAD.

His defign is to deceive and plunder, while he fecretly despises the filly dupe of his treachery. Beware, then, Eliza, of flattery under every shape, and from every mouth."-" What man is that," fald the at this inftant, " apart there, in whose countenance appears a noble modesty mixed with regret and confusion?"-" That," faid I, " is an honest and good man. He has been guilty of some involuntary errors, and who of men is not? but he has expiated them by a fincere confession and amendment, and is now giving way to that ingenuous shame, which is the fore-runner of returning virtue. If ever thou shouldst deviate from rectitude, imitate the candour and honesty of this man. There is, my dear Eliza, fuch loveliness in an ingenuous mind,

mind; such attraction in an open disposition, and fuch charms in a well-meaning heart, that we can hardly be angry even at the errors of a perfon, in whom so many proofs are found of natural goodness. Such a character at once disarms refentment, and annihilates reproach .-But turn to another object. Look at that young man." Ah," faid fhe; " how hand fome he is! how engaging are his manners! what elegance, what grace in his actions and behaviour!-Surely he peffeifes a heart and understanding equal to his person?"-" So," replied I, " that lady judges, who leans upon his arm; but hear his conversation." "First stile, first stile, Madam,-Bend-Areet, 'pon my honour,-but if it is not to your tafte, I'll not wear it another hour, for I know you are the very empire of fashion! he! he! he! But what think you of this waiftcoat? is'nt it charming? Do you know that filly fellow Beetle can't fee the beauties of it-but, entre n'us, Sophy, I have no great opinion of his understanding, for I never faw him wear a well-made coat in my life!"-" Oh heavens, let us turn from this gentleman," faid Eliza, " he is only fit to be a taylor's foreman." I was pleafed with the observation; and enforced it by remarking, how readily a graceful and splendid external gains credit for inward accomplishments, which, in fact, do not always correspond with fo promifing an appearance.

YLI

Number XXXIX

SATURDAY, April 23, 1796.

cia, or for were they were affected by Bould Warn'd by the Syern, Oh pious maid, beware. This to dischose is all thy guardian can; Beware of all, but most beware of man.

out freming to have any feets at content is

ROM the affembly I transported my beauteous charge to the theatre; and hovering for a moment over the front of the stage, we alighted in its centre. Our prospect of the company from thence was magnificent and grand; and Eliza burst out into those raptures, which naturally agitate the mind, when it contemplates novel and aftonishing objects. I defired her, however, to remark, the actions and behaviour of that affemblage of people; and at the same time rifing, we skimmed across the pit, and paffed flowly before the fronts of the boxes; to which I chiefly confined her attention. " Oh Ariel,"

Ariel," faid she, " for what purpose are these gaudy circles fo crowded? I fee here a great number of people; but cannot comprehend the defign of their meeting. Some are talking, fome laughing, and fome crying. Many of them appear to be afleep, while others are staring about with vacant countenances, or nodding, and whispering, to each other. Indeed the greatest part seem to be so listless and weary, that one might imagine they did not know what to do, or for what they were affembled. I should think the men, in general, the most ill-bred, or the most impudent, imaginable, for they stare full in the faces of the ladies for whole minutes, without seeming to have any sense of politeness or decorum, did not these latter encourage them by their reciprocal glances, their bold looks, and indeed by their whole behaviour and appearance. But tell me, what means this idle and incomprehenfible collection of people?"-" This is a play-house, Eliza, and these people are assembled to hear one of the tragedies of your favourite author enacted-look yonder-those actors are now in the midst of their performance."-" Is it possible," cried she, looking eagerly towards the stage, which I had till this moment concealed from her observation, " that a composition of the divine Shakespeare can be now performing, and that these people can sit here unmoved by the mighty master's art? what pardon is there for

for fuch tafteless inattention? what excuse for fuch an ill-timed exhibition of folly and depravity?"-" Amiable girl," replied I, " I admire the warmth of thy indignation: but thou art the fimple child of nature. These are the children of art, the pupils of the world; and the leading principles they have been taught are, fashion and gallantry. Very few, of all this crowd, come here for the purpose, or with the least defire, of gratifying their mental feelings with the divine conceptions of the poet, thus powerfully bodied forth by the energy of acting. The greatest number visit the theatre because they have nothing else to do. Many enter in the midst of the second act-lounge on their seatsstare about them-criticise the players-and then fink into a liftless lassitude of mind, which gives them indifferently an air of vacant infenfibility, or fleepy attention. As they are fuccessively roused from this ennui by the interruptions of the acts, and the busy moments of chattering and ogling which then take place, they recover fufficient animation to repeat the fame rounds of infipidity till the middle of the last act, when their impatience is fo great, that they begin to steal away in silence, ashamed, as it were, of their inattention. Of the women many are handsome: they have beauty, grace, and ease; and in some these charms are heightened by decency of deportment; but, in Qq2 general

general their beauty is devoid of modesty and simplicity—their graces are glaring, artificial, and without delicacy—and their ease is very nearly allied to impudence. As for those infignificant coxcombs, whom you fee continually popping their heads in and out of the boxes, and interrupting even those who are attentive to the performance with their noise, their laughing, and their other impertinencies, they are altogether unworthy our notice. That boifterous quarter above, in the highest part of the house, is the receptacle of those who come to see the play, and do as they pleafe. Those who occupy this fpot below us, called the pit, come, in general, to bear the play; and indeed are the most rational and commendable of all the spectators. Their only fault is, that imagining themfelves superior in judgement to the rest of the house, and jealous of their prerogatives over. the matter and manner of the stage, they are apt to be overbearing and obstinate." I was proceeding in this strain, when I perceived that the attention of my companion was absorbed by the representation on the stage. Nature had been powerfully arrested in her, and was shedding plenteously the tears of sympathetic feeling. "Come, Eliza," faid I, wiping the tears from her eyes, " let us leave this place, where grief assumes but the mockery of woe; and where fenfibility is put out of countenance by the impertinence

pertinence of fashion, or the grimace of affectation." Our next scene was at the house of an opulent and luxurious man, where the pomp and folendour of life glittered in every apartment, and Pleasure seemed to have taken up her residence. Throughout reigned merriment and joy; but chiefly in the most spacious of the rooms, where was the master of the house enjoying himself with his friends, while the hours tripped merrily along with music and dancing. " Is not this man happy?" faid Eliza with hefitation, for the had learnt to diffrust appearances. "He possesseth," I answered, "all that the world can give to make him fo, He is, moreover, unjust, and wicked to a degree; he has acquired his wealth by oppressive plunder, and his power by the blackest intrigues, and even by murder. He has no compassion for misery or misfortune, no regard for virtue or truth. In a word; he loves no man; he fears no man; and he enjoys, as you fee, every good which this life can bestow." to Ah, said Eliza, how is this? Should vice be fo triumphant? Should the most infamous and wicked of men be fo loaded with those bleffings to which, furely, good men are only entitled?"-So, Eliza, is the will of Providence. But, come, thou hast feen the house of jollity, let us now go to the house . of mourning. At these words we entered a room, where a very different spectacle presented itself.

itself. On a wretched pallet was stretched the mother of a numerous offspring, dead; -by her fide lay her eldest daughter delirious and dying; and around their father, who was on his knees, pressed the rest crying for bread. "I have none, my children," faid he, and at the fame time raising his eyes to heaven, "O God, thy will be done."-" This man," faid I to Eliza, who was too much agitated to speak, "is miferable, yet his heart is undefiled, and his life has been spotless: but misfortune has pursued him bitterly, and she has not yet done with him." At that moment entered an unfeeling creditor, arrested him, and hurried him to a prison. "Oh Ariel," faid she, " can this too be the will of Providence?"-I answered not her question; but took her back again to the house of joy; the company were gone, and the great man was alone in his chamber. "What means this." faid Eliza, "he feems in an agony of terror, now absorbed in wild meditation, and now starting with fear."-" Yes," faid I, " he now fees, or thinks he fees, the menacing forms of those whom he has deprived of their possessions, and of life. The lightning too, which is now purifying the air he breathes, flashes horror upon his foul, and the rolling thunder overwhelms him with difmay. Such, Eliza, are the private moments of guilt, how fplendid soever it appear in public. But let us return

to the wretch, who is in prison."-We entered the gloomy cell, and beheld him extended upon his straw. At that moment he exclaimed -" My children are then starving ! O God, thou hast plunged me in the depth of misery. What then ?- I cannot make myself happy, but I CAN DESERVE TO BE SO. O my just God! I am even now contented, thy will be done."-" Eliza, thou who hast already judged like the world, where is the injustice of Providence? To the one is given pleasure which he cannot, and deserves not to, enjoy; to the other is sent misfortune, under which he cannot, and deserves not to, fink .- I will not vainly dispute with thee upon bappiness; but judge thou which of these two men possesses at this moment the most enviable feelings. But I will relieve the mind with a more pleasing prospect. Let us take a view of domestic comfort. See that young woman, whose beauty, not vainly decorated with superfluous ornament, nor neglected because she is married, is yet heightened by the decent dress of modesty. Behold those little cherubs that press upon her lap, and smile in her face; while they draw from her lips that fweet instruction which maternal love knows fo well how to temper to their infant understandings, and the opening powers of their

^{*} N' importe; qui ne peut se rendre heureux, peut au moins mériter de l'être. Rousseau.

minds. Oh, Eliza, what an employment Behold mother indeed! And fee how the is rewarded I fee how the harmony of her looks pourtrays the peaceful ferenity of her mind! how the mother's joy sparkles in her eye! how the mild, yet enrapturing, fenfations of her bofom give to every feature an expressive animation, to every beauty a heightened charm! With what pleasure does the read in their little eyes each prattling question! With what endearing fondness answer them! while kisses interrupt the pleasing task, and the stood of affection overflows upon her offspring to Oh, Eliza shouldst thou ever be a mother, remember this example. There are women who think these employments of the wife, unworthy of the lady; and who aftigm to others the duties of thefe tens der and felf-recompensed offices. Such are the votaries of fashion and pleasure; that is, Eliza, of folly and diffipation; with whom drefs and intrigue is the bufiness of life, and whose souls incapable of any enjoyments but what the world is witness to are insensible to the refinements of domestic felicity. Avoid thou such, Eliza and thun their contagious company:"-Having now given my fair charge all the instruction I at present designed ber, I suddenly left her: in a moment the found herself on the spot from whence I had taken her, and the whole appeared as a dream. or of two out for company of

Pilling Pon to Imain Y for Richer

Number XL

SATURDAY, April 30, 1796

Latusque deget, cui licet in diem

Dirisse, vixi.

AND DESCRIPTION AND DESCRIPTION OF THE PARTY OF

Happy the man, and he alone,

Who mafter of himfelf can fay,

To day at least hath been my own,

For I have clearly liv'd to day.

RELNOIS

entionaly executes

THE emperor Tirus, when he recollected that he had suffered a day to pass without having done any good action, exclaimed in those remarkable words, which have given to his name an everlasting honour. Amici, diem perdidi. My friends, I have lest a day. How worthy the man, who could utter such a sentiment, to be the sovereign of the world! How deservedly was he honoured with that gratifying appellation with Delight of Manking!

But if the noble regret, which characterizes these words, expressive both of the importance of doing good, while the time now is, and of sorrow to having suffered the energy of a benevolent

nevolent disposition to remain but for a few hours inactive, has conferred upon Titus the praise and admiration of ages, what must be the merit, and what ought to be the praises of a man, who, with the same allusion to the exertions of a generous mind, can honestly and conscientiously exclaim, I. bave gained a day?—The beneficent man does indeed gain his days—he gains all the advantages of time well-spent, the comforts of an approving mind, the sublime feelings of a generous heart, and the conscious merit of an active charity—he gains, in a word, the blessed earnest of present selicity, and the sure reversion of suture reward.

Whoever reflects on the fugitive nature of time, on the many and important duties, which are laid upon man, and, above all, on that active and restless spirit, which is one great characteriffic of his race, cannot but confider IDLE-NESS, or a state of doing nothing, in a point of view; which will render it as unnatural, as it is finful, destructive of the end of his existence, and baneful to himfelf and his fellow-creatures. Yet lamentable as it is to fee men reduced, as it were while living, to a flate of annihilation, by that fluggish lethargy of foul, which gives them a disrelish to all exertion and activity; or by that more criminal apathy, which renders them indifferent to the incitements of virtue. and to those calls of humanity, which give to the feeling mind fuch pleafurable opportunities

of employing itself; the prospect is very little better, and alas! frequently worse, when we contemplate the great busy scene of men, where inactivity is banished by the struggling efforts of industry; and where diligence and perseverance are as indefatigable in their labours, as varied in their pursuits.

The two grand objects, which excite the defires of men, and stimulate their active powers, have been long defined. They are wealth and and ambition. " Or mes woxxor weer ras xrnoeis, or de xapientes wegi tur toune" AR. Polit. 1, 2. Ambition exhibits its attractions under a thoufand different forms, adapts itself with wonderful adroitness to an infinite variety of taftes, and tempts its votaries respectively with glory, with honour, with power, with reputation, or with pre-eminence. And indeed were these pursuits excited always by a laudable emulation, and directed in their progress by virtue alone, they would be as honourable and ufeful to men, as they are in general destructive and disgraceful. But the misfortune is, that this is feldom the case; nor would it be difficult to shew, that of all the various characters both of antient and modern celebrity, there have been very few. whose ambition has not proceeded originally from a depravity of heart, or been contaminated in its progress. However, among the ambitious, of every description, there is something ingress, fomething noble, though fre-Rra quently . quently obscured by the most hateful and pernicious qualities, which raises, at times, sentiments of admiration in generous and liberal bosoms. We can trace in them a greatness of
soul, a noble freedom of thought and action,
and super eminent abilities—qualities, which,
however perverted, are yet signs of excellence
and dignity, which cannot but be admirable.
But in the pursuits of avarice, there is nothing
like this to palliate, or veil its deformity; nothing to diminish its odium, or entitle it, on
any ground, to the smallest approbation. It is
engendered in a corrupted heart, where meanness, inhumanity, and cruelty, reside, amidst the
want of every virtue.

But, it was neither with a view to the laborrious employments of ambition, nor to the lefs worthy and less honourable occupation of amasfing wealth, that the Roman emperor fo emphatically exclaimed, I bave loft a day. It was an opportunity of exercifing his benevolence, which he had loft, and which he fo pathetically lamented. A man who is in the exercise of sovereign authority, has a thousand more opportunities than others, and is obliged particularly by the nature of his fituation, to fpend his life in doing good. Yet let no man of inferior flation imagine that beneficence is less his duty, or that he has less ability to perform it, for the obligations of humanity are universal; it is in this respect equally possible for the highest . + the low-

eft, the poorest, and the wealthiest to lose a day. The exertions of benevolence have a double " object: the absolute relief of temporal wants and worldly misfortunes; or the confolation of mental uneafiness, and the relief of the afflictions of the heart. With regard to the first, it is, indeed, only those fortunate men, to whom the lot of wealth may fall, who can execute their intentions: it is they only who can stretch forth the full hand of charity to the needy, and the unfortunate; or bestow upon indigent merit, and unfuccessful virtue, the rewards of munificent bounty. But is it, therefore, even in this respect, to the rich alone that Providence hath given a capacity to be charitable? Far from it. The glowing wishes of the heart, when it breathes an ardent defire to do good, and the genuine fympathy of the foul, when it feels. as if they were its own, the miseries of the wretched, are in the eye of heaven the fublimest charity: and these are in the power of all. With respects however, to the second object of benevolence, the rich have no peculiar privilege at all, for wealth has no connection with this charity, nor is it wanted for its use. The tender offices of humanity, the confolations of friendship, the courtesies of a mild disposition. and the amiable motions of a good heart, may be found in a cottage, as well as in the palace; they may have place in the bosoms of the poor as well as of the rich; and, in all probability, ci amiglio notitible for the menett and the lowwill be more frequently found among those who, from their own experience of mifery, can feel more fentibly the misfortunes of others, as it was faid had all so smooth of the seasons when all

received the finday and the entitled office office Non ignara mali, miferis fuccurrere disco. VIRG.

To fad misfortune not unknown, "I learn to pity woes fo like my own."

Let not then the man of benevolence lament, because he has it not in his power to follow up the dictates of his heart with complete and actual relief, for even where he can bestow no more than his wishes, if they flow from the genuine fources of humanity, he has done his duty, and may hope for his reward. Has he a friend, who unburdens to him the forrows of his foul? let him pour into his wounded bosom the consolation of a friend—the balm of affectionate fympathy, and the chearing comfort of one who participates his grief. Has he a neighbour, whom the rod of affliction has chastened? let him visit him in the meekness of charity-support his spirits that droop under misfortune, and advise him, if it be necessary, with the gentleness of brotherly love. Does the cry of poverty strike his ear? let him listen to all its complaints, and its injuries, and its wants. What though he cannot relieve them? let him calm and tranquillize the troubled spirit, let him stay the hand of despair, let him open the volume of religion, let him point out

to fuffering milery the promises of futurity, and exhort it to patience and refignation. Let him. in short, be the friend of mankind, the compofer of quarrels, the peacemaker of families, the advifer of the thoughtless, and the refuge of the comfortless. These are the duties of a manthe offices of humanity, from which no one is exempt, and which all are capable of performing. Whenever a man has been fo happy as to have acquitted himself of any one of these good actions, be it but a simple matter of advice, or consolation, he has gained bis day; and whenever he has wantonly omitted an opportunity of doing good, he has as certainly loft a day. Nor need any one look far for fuch opportunities; they are to be found almost every hour, and in every house. A thousand little occasions are perpetually arifing, which call upon the exertions of benevolence. To conceal a fault, to palliate an error, and to clear up the little mifunderflandings of friends, are amongst the least of them; to arrest the voice of slander, to vindicate an injured character, and to plead the cause of innocence, are more important employments; and fuch alas! is the state and depravity of men, that these latter occasions are numerous enough to give full employment to charity, and to draw forth its most active energy. Let me then most feriously press it upon every one-even upon the lowest and poorest of men, for they also have their sphere of action, their days to lose

or gain-let me, I fay, entreat them to do goodto be kind-hearted towards each other, and to remember that they are all brethren. Nor let any one fay that he has nothing but his good wishes to bestow on others, for they are enough. It is a confolation to the poor and the humble of this world, that the duties of all men are proportioned to their respective powers and capacities-that every allowance will be made by infinite mercy to those who are too ignorant, or too weak, to perform, what infinite rectitude demands-that, finally, their lives and actions will be judged by a God, who, though he is the beginning and the end of all wifdom, knowledge, and power, is not however, fuch is the goodness of omnipotence! too wife to hold converfe with the poor and the ignorant, nor too powerful to respect the submission of the lowly. What an important leffon to mankind! what a check upon the arrogance and folly of pride! But it is enough. Let the rich treat their humble brethren with kindness, remembering that God is the avenger of the poor; and let the poor be kind and benevolent to each other, knowing they have a Father in heaven, who will make up their deficiencies of power, and will do unto them, as they would wish to do unto others.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.